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THE TAMING OF POWER

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'In passing by the side of Mount Thai, Confucius came on a woman who was weeping bitterly by a grave. The Master pressed forward and drove quickly to her; then he sent Tze-lu to question her. "Your wailing," said he, "is that of one who has suffered sorrow on sorrow." She replied, "That is so. Once my husband's father was killed here by a tiger. My husband was also killed, and now my son has died in the same way." The Master said, "Why do you not leave the place?" The answer was, "There is no oppressive government here." The Master then said, "Remember this, my children: oppressive government is more terrible than tigers."'

The subject of this paper is the problem of ensuring that government shall be *less* terrible than tigers.

The problem of the taming of power is, as the above quotation shows, a very ancient one. The Taoists thought it insoluble, and advocated anarchism; the Confucians trusted to a certain ethical and governmental training which should turn the holders of power into sages endowed with moderation and benevolence. At the same period, in Greece,

democracy, oligarchy, and tyranny were contending for mastery; democracy was intended to check abuses of power, but was perpetually defeating itself by falling a victim to the temporary popularity of some demagogue. Plato, like Confucius, sought the solution in a government of men trained to wisdom. This view has been revived by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, who admire an oligarchy in which power is confined to those who have the 'vocation of leadership.' In the interval between Plato and the Webbs, the world has tried military autocracy, theocracy, hereditary monarchy, oligarchy, democracy, and the Rule of the Saints — the last of these, after the failure of Cromwell's experiment, having been revived in our day by Lenin, Mussolini, and Hitler. All this suggests that our problem has not yet been solved.

To anyone who studies either history or human nature, it must be evident that democracy, while not a complete solution, is an essential part of the solution. The complete solution is not to be found by confining ourselves to political conditions; we must take account also of economics, of propaganda, and of psychology as affected by circumstances and

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education. Our subject thus divides itself into four parts: (1) political conditions, (2) economic conditions, (3) propaganda conditions, and (4) psychological and educational conditions. Let us take these in succession.

I

The merits of democracy are negative: it does not ensure good government, but it prevents certain evils. Until women began to take part in political affairs, married women had no control over their own property, or even over their own earnings; a charwoman with a drunken husband had no redress if he prevented her from using her wages for the support of her children. The oligarchical Parliament of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries used its legislative power to increase the wealth of the rich by depressing the condition of both rural and urban labor. Only democracy has prevented the law from making trade-unionism impossible. But for democracy, Western America, Australia, and New Zealand would be inhabited by a semi-servile yellow population governed by a small white aristocracy. The evils of slavery and serfdom are familiar, and wherever a minority has a secure monopoly of political power the majority is likely to sink, sooner or later, into either slavery or serfdom. All history shows that, as might be expected, minorities cannot be trusted to care for the interests of majorities.

There is a tendency, as strong now as at any former time, to suppose that an oligarchy is admirable if it consists of 'good' men. The government of the Roman Empire was 'bad' until Constantine, and then it became 'good.' In the Book of Kings, there were those who did right in the sight of the Lord, and those who did evil. In English history as taught to children, there are 'good' kings and 'bad' kings. An oligarchy of Jews is 'bad,' but one of Nazis is 'good.' The oligarchy of Tsarist aristocrats was

'bad,' but that of the Communist Party is 'good.'

This attitude is unworthy of grown-up people. A child is 'good' when it obeys orders, and 'naughty' when it does not. When it grows up and becomes a political leader, it retains the ideas of the nursery, and defines the 'good' as those who obey its orders and the 'bad' as those who defy it.

Such a point of view, if taken seriously, makes social life impossible. Only force can decide which group is 'good' and which 'bad,' and the decision, when made, may at any moment be upset by an insurrection. Neither group, if it attains power, will care for the interests of the other, except in so far as it is controlled by the fear of rousing rebellion. Social life, if it is to be anything better than tyranny, demands a certain impartiality. But since, in many matters, collective action is necessary, the only practicable form of impartiality, in such matters, is the rule of the majority.

Democracy, however, though necessary, is by no means the only political condition required for the taming of power. It is possible, in a democracy, for the majority to exercise a brutal and wholly unnecessary tyranny over a minority. In the period from 1885 to 1922, the government of the United Kingdom was (except for the exclusion of women) democratic, but that did not prevent the oppression of Ireland. Not only a national, but a religious or political minority may be persecuted. The safeguarding of minorities, so far as is compatible with orderly government, is an essential part of the taming of power.

This requires a consideration of the matters regarding which the community must act as a whole, and those regarding which uniformity is unnecessary. The most obvious questions concerning which a collective decision is imperative are those that are essentially geographical. Roads, railways, sewers, gas mains, and so on, must take one course and not another. Sanitary precautions, say against

plague or rabies, are geographical: it would not do for Christian Scientists to announce that they will take no precautions against infection, because they might infect others.

Where there is a geographically concentrated minority, such as the Irish before 1922, it is possible to solve a great many problems by devolution. But when the minority is distributed throughout the area concerned, this method is largely inapplicable. Where Christian and Mohammedan populations live side by side, they have, it is true, different marriage laws, but except where religion is concerned they all have to submit to one government. It has been gradually discovered that theological uniformity is not necessary to a State, and that Protestants and Catholics can live peaceably together under one government. But this was not the case during the first one hundred and thirty years after the Reformation.

The question of the degree of liberty that is compatible with order is one that cannot be settled in the abstract. The only thing that can be said in the abstract is that, where there is no technical reason for a collective decision, there should be some strong reason connected with public order if freedom is to be interfered with. In the reign of Elizabeth, when Roman Catholics wished to deprive her of the throne, it is not surprising that the government viewed them with disfavor. Similarly in the Low Countries, where Protestants were in revolt against Spain, it was to be expected that the Spaniards would persecute them. Nowadays theological questions have not the same political importance. Even political differences, if they do not go too deep, are no reason for persecution. Conservatives, Liberals, and Labor people can all live peaceably side by side, because they do not wish to alter the Constitution by force; but Fascists and Communists are more difficult to assimilate. Where there is democracy, attempts of a minority to seize

power by force, and incitements to such attempts, may reasonably be forbidden, on the ground that a law-abiding majority has a right to a quiet life if it can secure it.

II

I come now to the economic conditions required in order to minimize arbitrary power. This subject is of great importance, both on its own account and because there has been a very great deal of confusion of thought in relation to it.

Political democracy, while it solves a part of our problem, does not by any means solve the whole. Marx pointed out that there could be no real equalization of power through politics alone, while economic power remained monarchical or oligarchic. It followed that economic power must be in the hands of the State, and that the State must be democratic. Those who profess, at the present day, to be Marx's followers have kept only the half of his doctrine, and have thrown over the demand that the State should be democratic. They have thus concentrated both economic and political power in the hands of an oligarchy, which has become, in consequence, more powerful and more able to exercise tyranny than any oligarchy of former times.

Both old-fashioned democracy and new-fashioned Marxism have aimed at the taming of power. The former failed because it was only political, the latter because it was only economic. Without a combination of both, nothing approaching to a solution of the problem is possible.

The arguments in favor of state ownership of land and the large economic organizations are partly technical, partly political. The technical arguments have not been much stressed except by the Fabian Society, and to some extent in America in connection with such matters as the Tennessee Valley Authority. Nevertheless they are very strong, especially in connection with electricity and

water power, and cause even Conservative governments to introduce measures which, from a technical point of view, are socialistic. We have seen how, as a result of modern technique, organizations tend to grow and to coalesce and to increase their scope; the inevitable consequence is that the political State must either increasingly take over economic functions or partially abdicate in favor of vast private enterprises which are sufficiently powerful to defy or control it. If the State does not acquire supremacy over such enterprises, it becomes their puppet, and they become the real State. In one way or another, wherever modern technique exists, economic and political power must become unified. This movement towards unification has the irresistible impersonal character which Marx attributed to the development that he prophesied. But it has nothing to do with the class war or the wrongs of the proletariat.

Socialism as a political movement has aimed at furthering the interests of industrial wage earners; its technical advantages have been kept comparatively in the background. The belief is that the economic power of the private capitalist enables him to oppress the wage earner, and that since the wage earner cannot, like the handicraftsman of former times, individually own his means of production, the only way of emancipating him is collective ownership by the whole body of workers. It is argued that if the private capitalist were expropriated the whole body of the workers would constitute the State; and that consequently the problem of economic power can be solved completely by state ownership of land and capital, and in no other way.

Before examining the argument, I wish to say unequivocally that I consider it valid, provided it is adequately safeguarded and amplified. *Per contra*, in the absence of such safeguarding and amplifying I consider it very dangerous, and likely to mislead those who seek liberation from economic tyranny so complete-

ly that they will find they have inadvertently established a new tyranny at once economic and political, more drastic and more terrible than any previously known.

In the first place, 'ownership' is not the same thing as 'control.' If, say, a railway is owned by the State, and the State is considered to be the whole body of the citizens, that does not ensure, of itself, that the average citizen will have any power over the railway. Let us revert, for a moment, to what Messrs. Berle and Means say in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* about ownership and control in large American corporations. They point out that in the majority of such corporations all the directors together usually own only about one or two per cent of the stock, and yet, in effect, have complete control: —

In the election of the board the stockholder ordinarily has three alternatives. He can refrain from voting, he can attend the annual meeting and personally vote his stock, or he can sign a proxy transferring his voting power to certain individuals selected by the management of the corporation, the proxy committee. As his personal vote will count for little or nothing at the meeting unless he has a very large block of stock, the stockholder is practically reduced to the alternative of not voting at all or else of *handing over his vote to individuals over whom he has no control and in whose selection he did not participate*. In neither case will he be able to exercise any measure of control. Rather, control will tend to be in the hands of those who select the proxy committee. . . . Since the proxy committee is appointed by the existing management, the latter can virtually dictate their own successors.

The helpless individuals described in the above passage are, it should be noted, not proletarians, but capitalists. They are part owners of the corporation concerned, in the sense that they have legal rights which may, with luck, bring them in a certain income; but, owing to their lack of control, the income is very precarious. When I first visited the United States in 1896, I was struck by the enor-

mous number of railways that were bankrupt; on inquiry, I found that this was not due to incompetence on the part of directors, but to skill: the investments of ordinary shareholders had been transferred, by one device or another, to other companies in which the directors had a large interest. This was a crude method, and nowadays matters are usually managed in a more decorous fashion, but the principle remains the same. In any large corporation, power is necessarily less diffused than ownership, and carries with it advantages which, though at first political, can be made sources of wealth to an indefinite extent. The humble investor can be politely and legally robbed; the only limit is that he must not have such bitter experiences as to lead him to keep his future savings in a stocking.

The situation is in no way essentially different when the State takes the place of a corporation; indeed, since it is the size of the corporation that causes the helplessness of the average shareholder, the average citizen is likely to be still more helpless as against the State. A battleship is public property, but if, on this ground, you try to exercise rights of ownership, you will be soon put in your place. You have a remedy, it is true: at the next General Election you can vote for a candidate who favors a reduction in the Navy Estimates, if you can find one; or you can write to the papers to urge that sailors should be more polite to sight-seers. But more than this you cannot do.

But, it is said, the battleship belongs to a capitalist State, and when it belongs to a workers' State everything will be different. This view seems to me to show a failure to grasp the fact that economic power is now a matter of government rather than ownership. If the United States Steel Corporation, say, were taken over by the United States Government, it would still need men to manage it; they would be either the same men who now manage it or men with similar abilities and a similar outlook. The attitude

which they now have towards the shareholders they would then have towards the citizens. True, they would be subject to the government, but, unless it was democratic and responsive to public opinion, it would have a point of view closely similar to that of the officials.

Marxists, having retained, as a result of the authority of Marx and Engels, many ways of thinking that belong to the forties of last century, still conceive of businesses as if they belonged to individual capitalists, and have not learned the lessons to be derived from the separation of ownership and control. The important person is the man who has control of economic power, not the man who has a fraction of the nominal ownership. The Prime Minister does not own No. 10 Downing Street, and Bishops do not own their palaces; but it would be absurd to pretend, on this account, that they are no better off than the average wage earner. Under any form of socialism which is not democratic, those who control economic power can, without 'owning' anything, have palatial official residences, the use of the best cars, a princely entertainment allowance, holidays at the public expense in official holiday resorts, and so on and so on. And why should they have any more concern for the ordinary worker than those in control have now? There can be no reason why they should have, unless the ordinary worker has power to deprive them of their positions. Moreover the subordination of the small investor in existing large corporations shows how easy it is for the official to overpower the democracy, even when the 'democracy' consists of capitalists.

Not only, therefore, is democracy essential if state ownership and control of economic enterprises are to be in any degree advantageous to the average citizen, but it will have to be an effective democracy, and this will be more difficult to secure than it is at present, since the official class will, unless very carefully supervised, combine the powers at present

possessed by the government and the men in control of industry and finance, and since the means of agitating against the government will have to be supplied by the government itself, as the sole owner of halls, paper, and all the other essentials of propaganda.

While, therefore, public ownership and control of all large-scale industry and finance is a *necessary* condition for the taming of power, it is far from being a *sufficient* condition. It needs to be supplemented by a democracy more thoroughgoing, more carefully safeguarded against official tyranny, and with more careful provision for freedom of propaganda, than any purely political democracy that has ever existed.

III

I come now to the propaganda conditions for the taming of power. It is obvious that publicity for grievances must be possible; agitation must be free provided it does not incite to breaches of the law; there must be ways of impeaching officials who exceed or abuse their powers. The government of the day must not be in a position to secure its own permanence by intimidation, falsification of the register of electors, or any similar method. There must be no penalty, official or unofficial, for any well-grounded criticism of prominent men. Much of this, at present, is secured by party government in democratic countries, which causes the politicians in power to be objects of hostile criticism by nearly half the nation. This makes it impossible for them to commit many crimes to which they might otherwise be prone.

All this is more important when the State has a monopoly of economic power than it is under capitalism, since the power of the State will be vastly augmented. Take a concrete case: that of women employed in the public service. At present they have a grievance, because their rates of pay are lower than

those of men; they have legitimate ways of making their grievance known, and it would not be safe to penalize them for making use of these ways. There is no reason whatever for supposing that the present inequality would necessarily cease with the adoption of socialism, but the means of agitating about it would cease, unless express provision were made for just such cases. Newspapers and printing presses would all belong to the government, and would print only what the government ordered.

Can it be assumed as certain that the government would print attacks on its own policy? If not, there would be no means of political agitation by way of print. Public meetings would be just as difficult, since the halls would all belong to the government. Consequently, unless careful provision were made for the express purpose of safeguarding political liberty, no method would exist of making grievances known, and the government, when once elected, would be as omnipotent as Hitler, and could easily arrange for its own reelection to the end of time. Democracy might survive as a form, but would have no more reality than the forms of popular government that lingered on under the Roman Empire.

To suppose that irresponsible power, just because it is called Socialist or Communist, will be freed miraculously from the bad qualities of all arbitrary power in the past is mere childish nursery psychology: the wicked prince is ousted by the good prince, and all is well. If a prince is to be trusted, it must be not because he is 'good,' but because it is against his interest to be 'bad.' To ensure that this shall be the case is to make power innocuous; but it cannot be rendered innocuous by transforming men whom we believe to be 'good' into irresponsible despots.

The British Broadcasting Corporation is a state institution which shows what is possible in the way of combining freedom of propaganda with government monopoly. At such a time as that of the Gen-

eral Strike, it must be admitted, it ceases to be impartial; but at ordinary times it represents different points of view, as nearly as may be, in proportion to their numerical strength. In a Socialist State, similar arrangements for impartiality would have to be made in regard to the hiring of halls for meetings and the printing of controversial literature. It might be found desirable, instead of having different newspapers representing different points of view, to have only one, with different pages allocated to different parties. This would have the advantage that readers would see all opinions, and would tend to be less one-sided than those who, at present, never see in a newspaper anything with which they disagree.

There are certain regions, such as art and science, and (so far as public order allows) party politics, where uniformity is not necessary or even desirable. These are the legitimate sphere of competition, and it is important that public feeling should be such as to bear differences on such matters without exasperation. Democracy, if it is to succeed and endure, demands a tolerant spirit, not too much hate, and not too much love of violence. But this brings us to the psychological conditions for the taming of power.

IV

The psychological conditions for the taming of power are in some ways the most difficult. Fear, rage, and all kinds of violent collective excitement tend to make men blindly follow a leader, who in most cases takes advantage of their trust to establish himself as a tyrant. It is therefore important, if democracy is to be preserved, both to avoid the circumstances that produce general excitement and to educate in such a way that the population shall be little prone to moods of this sort. When a spirit of ferocious dogmatism prevails, any opinion with which men disagree is liable to provoke a breach of the peace. School-

boys are apt to illtreat a boy whose opinions are in any way odd, and many grown men have not got beyond the mental age of schoolboys. A diffused liberal sentiment, tinged with skepticism, makes social coöperation much less difficult, and liberty correspondingly more possible.

Revivalist enthusiasm, such as that of the Nazis, rouses admiration in many through the energy and apparent self-abnegation that it generates. Collective excitement, involving indifference to pain and even to death, is historically not uncommon. Where it exists, liberty is impossible. The enthusiasts can only be restrained by force, and if they are not restrained they will use force against others. I remember a Bolshevik whom I met in Peking in 1920, who marched up and down the room exclaiming with complete truth, 'If vee do not keel zem, zey vill keel us!' The existence of this mood on one side of course generates the same mood on the other side; the consequence is a fight to a finish, in which everything is subordinated to victory. During the fight, the government acquires despotic power for military reasons; at the end, if victorious, it uses its power first to crush what remains of the enemy, and then to secure the continuance of its dictatorship over its own supporters. The result is something quite different from what was fought for by the enthusiasts. Enthusiasm, while it can achieve certain results, can hardly ever achieve those that it desires. To admire collective enthusiasm is reckless and irresponsible, for its fruits are fierceness, war, death, and slavery.

War is the chief promoter of despotism, and the greatest obstacle to the establishment of a system in which irresponsible power is avoided as far as possible. The prevention of war is therefore an essential part of our problem — I should say, the most essential. I believe that if once the world were free from the fear of war, under no matter what form of government or what economic system,

it would in time find ways of curbing the ferocity of its rulers. On the other hand all war, but especially modern war, promotes dictatorship by causing the timid to seek a leader and by converting the bolder spirits from a society into a pack.

The risk of war causes a certain kind of mass psychology, and reciprocally this kind, where it exists, increases the risk of war, as well as the likelihood of despotism. We have therefore to consider the kind of education which will make societies least prone to collective hysteria, and most capable of successfully practising democracy.

Democracy, if it is to succeed, needs a wide diffusion of two qualities which seem, at first sight, to tend in opposite directions. On the one hand men must have a certain degree of self-reliance and a certain willingness to back their own judgment; there must be political propaganda in opposite directions, in which many people take part. But on the other hand men must be willing to submit to the decision of the majority when it goes against them. Either of these conditions may fail: the population may be too submissive, and may follow a vigorous leader into dictatorship; or each party may be too self-assertive, with the result that the nation falls into anarchy.

If democracy is to be workable, the population must be as far as possible free from hatred and destructiveness, and also from fear and subservience. These feelings may be caused by political or economic circumstances, but what I want to consider is the part that education plays in making men more or less prone to them.

Some parents and some schools begin with the attempt to teach children complete obedience, an attempt which is almost bound to produce either a slave or a rebel, neither of which is what is wanted in a democracy. As to the effects of a severely disciplinary education, the view that I hold is held by all the dictators of Europe. After the war, almost

all the countries of Europe had a number of free schools, without too much discipline or too much show of respect for the teachers; but one by one the military autocracies, including the Soviet Republic, have suppressed all freedom in schools and have gone back to the old drill, and to the practice of treating the teacher as a miniature Führer or Duce. The dictators, we may infer, all regard a certain degree of freedom in school as the proper training for democracy, and autocracy in school as the natural prelude to autocracy in the State.

Every man and woman in a democracy should be neither a slave nor a rebel, but a citizen — that is, a person who has, and allows to others, a due proportion, but no more, of the governmental mentality. Where democracy does not exist, the governmental mentality is that of masters towards dependents; but where there is democracy it is that of equal coöperation, which involves the assertion of one's own opinion up to a certain point, but no further.

This brings us to a source of trouble to many democrats — namely, what is called 'principle.' Most talk about principle, self-sacrifice, heroic devotion to a cause, and so on, should be scanned somewhat skeptically. A little psychoanalysis will often show that what goes by these fine names is really something quite different, such as pride, or hatred, or desire for revenge, that has become idealized and collectivized and personified as a noble form of idealism. The warlike patriot, who is willing and even anxious to fight for his country, may reasonably be suspected of a certain pleasure in killing. A kindly population, a population who in their childhood had received kindness and been made happy, and who in youth had found the world a friendly place, would not develop that particular sort of idealism called patriotism, or class war, or what not, which consists in joining together to kill people in large numbers. I think the

tendency to cruel forms of idealism is increased by unhappiness in childhood, and would be lessened if early education were emotionally what it ought to be. Fanaticism is a defect which is partly emotional, partly intellectual; it needs to be combated by the kind of happiness that makes men kindly, and the kind of intelligence that produces a scientific habit of mind.

The temper required to make a success of democracy is, in the practical life, exactly what the scientific temper is in the intellectual life; it is a halfway house between skepticism and dogmatism. Truth, it holds, is neither completely attainable nor completely unattainable; it is attainable to a certain degree, and that only with difficulty.

Autocracy, in its modern forms, is always combined with a creed: that of Hitler, that of Mussolini, or that of Stalin. Wherever there is autocracy, a set of beliefs is instilled into the minds of the young before they are capable of thinking, and these beliefs are taught so constantly and so persistently that it is hoped the pupils will never afterwards be able to escape from the hypnotic effect of their early lessons. The beliefs are instilled, not by giving any reason for supposing them true, but by parrot-like repetition, by mass hysteria and mass suggestion. When two opposite creeds have been taught in this fashion, they produce two armies which clash, not two parties that can discuss. Each hypnotized automaton feels that everything most sacred is bound up with the victory of his side, everything most horrible exemplified by the other side. Such fanatical factions cannot meet in Parliament and say, 'Let us see which side has the majority'; that would be altogether too pedestrian, since each side stands for a sacred cause. This sort of dogmatism must be prevented if dictatorships are to be avoided, and measures for preventing it ought to form an essential part of education.

If I had control of education, I should

expose children to the most vehement and eloquent advocates on all sides of every topical question, who should speak to the schools from the B. B. C. The teacher should afterwards invite the children to summarize the arguments used, and should gently insinuate the view that eloquence is inversely proportional to solid reason. To acquire immunity to eloquence is of the utmost importance to the citizens of a democracy.

Modern propagandists have learned from advertisers, who led the way in the technique of producing irrational belief. Education should be designed to counteract the natural credulity and the natural incredulity of the uneducated: the habit of believing an emphatic statement without reasons, and of disbelieving an unemphatic statement even when accompanied by the best of reasons. I should begin in the infant school, with two classes of sweets between which the children should choose: one very nice, recommended by a coldly accurate statement as to its ingredients; the other very nasty, recommended by the utmost skill of the best advertisers. A little later I should give them a choice of two places for a country holiday: a nice place recommended by a contour map, and an ugly place recommended by magnificent posters.

The teaching of history ought to be conducted in a similar spirit. There have been in the past eminent orators and writers who defended, with an appearance of great wisdom, positions which no one now holds: the reality of witchcraft, the beneficence of slavery, and so on. I should cause the young to know such masters of eloquence, and to appreciate at once their rhetoric and their wrong-headedness. Gradually I should pass on to current questions. As a sort of *bonne bouche* to their history, I should read to them what is said about Spain (or whatever at the moment is most controversial), first by the *Daily Mail*, then by the *Daily Worker*; and I should then ask them to infer what really hap-

pened. For undoubtedly few things are more useful to a citizen of a democracy than skill in detecting, by reading newspapers, what it was that took place. For this purpose it would be instructive to compare the newspapers at crucial moments during the Great War with what subsequently appeared in the official history. And when the madness of war hysteria, as shown in the newspapers of the time, strikes your pupils as incredible, you should warn them that all of them, unless they are very careful to cultivate a balanced and cautious judgment, may fall overnight into a similar madness at the first touch of government incitement to terror and blood lust.

I do not wish, however, to preach a purely negative emotional attitude; I am not suggesting that all strong feelings should be subjected to destructive analysis. I am advocating this attitude only in relation to those emotions which are the basis of collective hysteria, for it is collective hysteria that facilitates wars and dictatorships. But wisdom is not *merely* intellectual: intellect may guide and direct, but does not generate the force that leads to action. The force must be derived from the emotions. Emotions that have desirable social consequences are not so easily generated as hate and rage and fear. In their creation, much depends upon early childhood; much, also, upon economic circumstances. Something, however, can be done, in the course of ordinary education, to provide the nourishment upon which the better emotions can grow, and to bring about the realization of what may give value to human life.

This has been, in the past, one of the purposes of religion. The churches, however, have also had other purposes, and their dogmatic basis causes difficulties. For those to whom traditional religion is no longer possible, there are other ways. Some find what they need in music, some in poetry. For some others, astronomy serves the same purpose. When we reflect upon the size and antiquity of

the stellar universe, the controversies on this rather insignificant planet lose some of their importance, and the acerbity of our disputes seems a trifle ridiculous. And when we are liberated by this negative emotion we are able to realize more fully, through music or poetry, through history or science, through beauty or pain, that the really valuable things in human life are individual, not such things as happen on a battlefield or in the clash of politics or in the regimented march of masses of men towards an externally imposed goal. The organized life of the community is necessary, but it is necessary as mechanism, not something to be valued on its own account. What is of most value in human life is more analogous to what all the great religious teachers have spoken of. Those who believe in the Corporate State maintain that our highest activities are collective, whereas I should maintain that we all reach our best in different ways, and that the emotional unity of a crowd can only be achieved on a lower level.

The essential difference between the liberal outlook and that of the totalitarian State is that the former regards the welfare of the State as residing ultimately in the welfare of the individual, while the latter regards the State as the end and individuals merely as indispensable ingredients, whose welfare must be subordinated to a mystical totality which is a cloak for the interest of the rulers. Ancient Rome had something of the doctrine of State-worship, but Christianity fought the Emperors and ultimately won. Liberalism, in valuing the individual, is carrying on the Christian tradition; its opponents are reviving certain pre-Christian doctrines. From the first, the idolaters of the State have regarded education as the key to success. This appears, for example, in Fichte's *Addresses to the German Nation*, which deal at length with education. What Fichte desires is set forth in the following passage: —

If anyone were to say: 'How could anyone demand more of an education than that it should show the pupil the right and strongly recommend it to him; whether he follows these recommendations is his own affair, and if he does not do it, his own fault; he has free will, which no education can take from him': I should answer, in order to characterize more sharply the education I contemplate, that just in this recognition of and counting on the free will of the pupil lies the first error of education hitherto, and the distinct acknowledgment of its impotence and emptiness. For inasmuch as it admits that, after all its strongest operation, the will remains free, — that is, oscillating undecidedly between good and bad, — it admits that it neither can nor wishes to mould the will, or, since will is the essential root of man, man himself; and that it holds this to be altogether impossible. The new education, on the contrary, would have to consist in a complete annihilation of the freedom of the will in the territory that it undertook to deal with.

His reason for desiring to create 'good' men is not that they are in themselves better than 'bad' men; his reason is that 'only in such [good men] can the German nation persist, but through bad men it will necessarily coalesce with foreign countries.'

All this may be taken as expressing the exact antithesis of what the liberal educator will wish to achieve. So far from 'annihilating the freedom of the will,' he will aim at strengthening individual judgment; he will instill what he can of the scientific attitude towards the pursuit of knowledge; he will try to make beliefs tentative and responsive to evidence; he will not pose before his pupils as omniscient, nor will he yield to the love of power on the pretense that he is pursuing some absolute good. Love of power is the chief danger of the educator, as of the politician; the man who can be trusted in education must care for his pupils on their own account, not merely

as potential soldiers in an army or propagandists for a cause.

Fichte and the powerful men who have inherited his ideals, when they see children, think: 'Here is material that I can manipulate, that I can teach to behave like a machine in furtherance of my purposes; for the moment I may be impeded by joy of life, spontaneity, the impulse to play, the desire to live for purposes springing from within, not imposed from without; but all this, after the years of schooling that I shall impose, will be dead; fancy, imagination, art, and the power of thought will have been destroyed by obedience; the death of joy will have bred receptiveness to fanaticism; and in the end I shall find my human material as passive as stone from a quarry or coal from a mine. In the battles to which I shall lead them, some will die, some will live; those who die will die exultantly, as heroes, those who live will live on as my slaves, with that deep mental slavery to which my schools will have accustomed them.'

All this, to any person with natural affection for the young, is horrible; just as we teach children to avoid being destroyed by motorcars if they can, so we should teach them to avoid being destroyed by cruel fanatics, and to this end we should seek to produce independence of mind, somewhat skeptical and wholly scientific, and to preserve, as far as possible, the instinctive joy of life that is natural to healthy children. This is the task of a liberal education: to give a sense of the value of things other than domination, to help to create wise citizens of a free community, and, through the combination of citizenship with liberty in individual creativeness, to enable man to give to human life that splendor which some few have shown that it can achieve.

AN IRISHMAN AND A JEW

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

I

THE liner plunged down the first of the great Biscay seas and met the second with a crash and shudder that set in motion all movable objects within her. The sigh of human beings, each in his prison of paneled teak or painted iron, sounded through the *Alhaurin* like a passing ghost, while a loose water pipe, a chair sliding across the lounge, a falling shaving brush, and the crated locomotive at the bottom of No. 3 Hold mingled their sounds with a thousand others into one distant and all-pervasive groan.

Mr. Flynn, finding his feet suddenly higher than his head, was inspired to raise them still higher and to kick a tattoo against the springs of the empty bunk above him.

'Danno, me boy,' he said loudly, 'ye've been shipped to Buenos Aires like an old maid's dream. Ye're dishonored forever, Danno, and the little yellow man that bought your soul will be driving you to market seven days a week. Or would they be eating horseflesh, now, in Brazil? God help you, you have the drink taken, and there's none to listen to you!'

Danno Flynn heaved himself down his bunk until the small of his back was resting upon the foot of it. From this position he could reach the bell with his big toe; he rang it, propped up his heel on the rosette, crossed his legs, and fell asleep again.

His precarious balance was disturbed by the opening of the stateroom door. Mr. Flynn raised his knees to his chest,

and a simultaneous and violent pitch of the ship rolled him head over heels so that he came to rest on all fours. With his dark skin, his hair falling over his eyes, and the black and gray of his unshaven bristles and untidy moustache, he looked remarkably like an excited sheep dog. The steward stared at this tousled quadruped, which stared back at him.

'Wuff, wuff!' barked Danno Flynn, suddenly appreciating his own fantastic appearance.

'Is there anything you want, sir?' stammered the steward, carefully keeping all but his head and one shoulder behind the door.

'There is,' said Danno. 'Will ye tell the Canine Defense League of Conmemara that I am shipped to Buenos Aires?'

'It says on your card that you're going to Santos, sir.'

'Do you have the time now, steward?' asked Danno, seeing that conversation with this literal-minded Englishman would be difficult.

'Eight o'clock — and the second day out from London, sir,' answered the steward pointedly.

'And where the devil are we?'

'In the Bay.'

'Be God, if it's a bay,' said Danno Flynn, 'tis no liking I will have for the ocean. Or is it a bay now beyond the western isles where the waves dance from the four corners of the world, and the heroes catting into them from the

right hand and from the left as they sail to their long home?’

‘It’s the Bay of Biscay, sir,’ said the steward.

‘Then I’ll be having a beer.’

‘Sorry, sir! Bar’s shut!’

‘Ah, to hell with you!’ said Danno, rolling backwards and pulling the sheets over his head.

At midday the *Alhaurin* was a dripping nucleus of solidity between the low gray sky above her and the gray seas that she rode. The squalls blew up from the west, driving hard and low into the promenade decks. The spray and rain swept the main deck so that the hatches between the first and third class were low islands in a miniature surf that broke against them with every roll of the ship. There was no one about save an occasional oilskinned seaman or officer paddling grimly to duty. Under the lee of the smoking room two hardy Englishwomen were bundled up in chairs and regarding the Bay with well-bred contempt; they gave an impression of holding under their rugs Britannia’s shield and trident.

Mr. Flynn lurched out of the smoking room, attired in an old sweater and tweed trousers. He had neither shaved nor brushed his hair, and was wet, dirty, and unsteady as the *Alhaurin* herself. He greeted the ladies loudly.

‘Good morning to you!’

‘A nice, fresh morning,’ answered the elder Britannia cheerfully.

‘It is, ma’am. But it’s a poor ship, God help us!’

‘Oh dear!’ said the younger. ‘Don’t you think she’s safe?’

‘Safe, is it? She’d float with the gas that’s in the bottled beer,’ — Danno raised his hand to his mouth and produced a sound as sudden and alarming as a sergeant-major’s word of command, — ‘and I ask you, ma’am, would ye have shipped to Buenos Aires and you knowing there’s not a barrel of beer in her?’

‘My dear,’ whispered the younger Britannia, ‘I’m afraid he’s a little — er —’

‘Good morning,’ said the elder Britannia severely.

Danno Flynn took a turn round the promenade deck and looked in through the windows of the lounge and writing room. The *Alhaurin* was carrying two hundred first-class passengers to the Atlantic ports of South America, most of them enjoying a three weeks’ passage paid by an employer and without a worry except how to get the bar bill on to the expense account; but, under the circumstances, they were in no mood for conversation and glanced coldly at Danno’s wild, dripping, and cheerful head. He gripped the rails of the companion in both hands and slid from B deck to C deck, from C deck to D deck, and from D deck into a puddle of water on the main deck. In the hope of human society he splashed across to the immigrant saloon.

In the third-class were another happy group whose passages had been paid — Czech and Polish peasants contracted to work and expected to die in the Chaco — and an unhappy group of Central European Jews who had paid their own. The saloon stank of oilcloth, stale cucumbers, and sweat. Wooden benches ran along the walls, and opposite them were iron tables and uncompromising wooden chairs screwed severely into the floor.

On four benches Danno saw prostrate bodies ending in heavy knee-high boots. On another was a shapeless mound of greasy shawls that finally resolved itself into a Polish woman, her small son, and a bundle of pitiable possessions which she did not dare leave in the cabin. In the recess on one side of the steward’s pantry was a grave Jew in frock coat and skull cap staring at nothing and moving his lips; and in the other recess was a tall girl in a blue sweater and skirt with a red ribbon round her dark head. She was reading, and had bare, slim, impatient, and rather furry legs which ended in sandals.

‘Good morning to you,’ said Danno to the barman.

'Good morning, sir.'

'Have you beer, steward?'

'Draft or bottled, sir?'

'Now would ye believe that I must walk through six inches of raging ocean to quench my thirst when they have but to carry a barrel up a pair of ladders?' asked Danno triumphantly. 'I'll have draft, me boy, and will you be taking one with me?'

'Thank you, sir.'

'And the lady, too. Will ye have a beer, ma'am, or a drop of what you fancy?'

'Thank you,' said the girl with a slight foreign accent, 'but I don't drink.'

'Ah, and what would ye say to that?' exclaimed Danno, unabashed.

He turned to the old man on the other side.

'Will your reverence take a beer?' he asked.

The Jew looked up, startled, and met Mr. Flynn's dancing eyes. What had been said to him he did not know, but, seeing that he had to deal with a rowdy, aggressive, powerful, and incomprehensible Gentile, he assumed that it had been an insolence. He did not reply, and returned with dignity to his meditation.

'Be God, 't is an unsociable ship!' said Danno Flynn.

'He did n't understand you,' explained the girl. 'My father speaks hardly any English.'

'Like me grandad,' Danno replied. 'But he'd understand if you asked him what he would take — for it was not often he heard them words, he being the thirstiest man in Connemara. Beer?' he asked very loudly. 'Will ye take a beer?'

He swayed to the motion of the ship, the surface of the beer in his glass forming an acute angle to the level of the floor. The girl's father, overcome by this monstrous prodigy of plane surfaces, collapsed upon the table with a groan.

Danno slid a hand under his shoulders and deposited him at full length on the

bench with a rug beneath his head. His movements were so swift and confident that, though the girl had rushed simultaneously to her father, there was nothing for her to do but flutter anxiously around him.

'What is it?' she sobbed. 'He is worn-out. Is there a doctor? Get me a doctor.'

'I am a doctor meself,' said Danno, 'so let you not be troubling your pretty head. 'Tis the seasickness, and nothing else at all. I should not have been disturbing his reverence the way he is, and I the last straw that turns the camel's stomach.'

'Will it pass? Are you sure it will pass?'

'He'll be easy when 't is calm,' answered Danno positively. 'Is it the first time he is at sea?'

'The first time that either of us is at sea,' she replied.

'Ah, to be sure! You'll come from a far country.'

'From Germany.'

'And is it not a wonder,' exclaimed Danno cordially, 'that you are after leaving Germany and I Eire, and we meeting in the rainy ocean with no land under our feet at all?'

The smell of the saloon and the effort of listening to an unfamiliar dialect of English were too much for her.

'Oh, please!' she cried. 'You will excuse me. I — I am tired!'

She rushed into the open air. The wind seemed to pick up her slim, swaying body and carry it away.

'To be sure, 'tis not all of us have voyaged to Liverpool with the cattle as I have meself,' remarked Danno. 'Will ye take a beer, steward?'

The *Alhaurin* slid sideways down an invisible slope and recovered her balance with a lurch like that of a self-conscious drunk. A crate of bottles glided across the floor of the pantry, and the steward grabbed the edge of his sink with both hands. Danno Flynn, seeing the back of his neck turn from brown to green,

gave up hope of further conversation and returned to his cabin in the first-class.

II

Danno spent the following day drinking beer with the immigrants from eleven to one and six to eleven. While the ship was in Lisbon and the bar closed, he slept; but as soon as the steward, halfway down the Tagus, reopened his hatch he let in the upper half of Mr. Flynn's waiting body and began to serve his charges with Mr. Flynn's free drinks. So it went on for three days, until steady irrigation with beer broke the drought in Danno's interior. Thereafter he continued to spend his time in the third-class saloon and his hospitality was as promiscuous as ever, but he drank in half pints instead of pints; he shaved; he clipped his moustache; and he began to pay more attention to the slim Berta Feitel than to the bar.

The peasant immigrants did not worry themselves to account for the visitor and his streams of beer. If, having a first-class ticket, he chose to drink in the third-class bar, they assumed — those of them who were intelligent enough to assume anything — that it was because the drinks were cheaper. To the Jews, however, he was a mystery. They could not understand why anyone should prefer the cheerless, reeking immigrant saloon to the luxury, envied and therefore exaggerated, of the first-class. Most of them, sitting in melancholy resignation before the punishment their God had inflicted on them, welcomed Mr. Flynn as a comparatively pleasant chastisement. A few were suspicious.

'Oy, Berta! What has he been telling you? A doctor? That man? Of course he is no doctor! Did he tell you so, Berta?'

Her questioner laughed irritatingly, making a sound like *fee-fee-fee* through his little round mouth. He had a gross body, a pink and featureless face, and the habit of generally being right. She

disliked him intensely — the more so since it occurred to her that there was an air about doctors, Jewish or Gentile, that Mr. Flynn certainly did not possess.

'Why should he not be?' asked a small dark chess-player, coming to the rescue. 'He is an intellectual. I do not understand all he says, but he is an intellectual.'

'Everyone you like you call an intellectual,' said the fat man, nodding his head up and down with the air of one for whom human nature had no secrets.

'At any rate he has no prejudice,' Berta said.

'But why does he come here?' insisted the suspicious one. 'Why does he try to make us drunk? Why does he listen to us — tell me that! Perhaps he is paid to listen to us.'

'And perhaps he likes us,' answered Berta impatiently. 'Is it so very extraordinary?'

She was fascinated by Danno's shimmer of charm, drunk or sober; it was a light-hearted quality uncommon among her own people or indeed among any city dwellers. And it rested and healed her to be with him, a man who had never felt any prejudice against her race, never thought about it, never heard of it — or, if he had heard of it, then as a newspaper story of distant happenings in a very distant Europe. She was sure that he had not realized the two different religions in the immigrant saloon.

She was, however, uneasily aware that she knew nothing whatever about the man. His exuberance puzzled her and prevented intimacy. She longed for her father to come on deck; having spent a wise and simple life between the schools and the synagogue, he had a peculiar gift of seeing to the heart of any human being and could have summed up Danno Flynn for her. But Mr. Feitel was still in his bunk, continually sick though the sea was calm, and Berta had no wisdom to fall back on but the experience of her own agitated youth.

When one evening Danno turned up

in a boiled shirt and a dinner jacket, a hush descended upon the saloon. The peasants shuffled their preposterous boots, stared, and breathed very loudly. Such raiment was connected in their minds with the President of the Republic or a marriage or the excitement of a traveling salesman; they expected Mr. Flynn to unfurl a banner and pull a diamond ring or a bottle of medicine out of his pocket. Israel in exodus questioned its trust in him, questioned his motives. He was rich. He had no good right to be there.

The silence impressed even Danno. He was, for about the third time in his life, self-conscious. He had dressed himself up for a gala dinner in the first-class and saw no reason for changing merely because he craved a beer. He met Berta's ironical eyes, and flushed. It occurred to him that he had been guilty of wanting to be admired, that he could, after all, have drunk whiskey in his own smoking room.

'But why would I not be showing meself to the darling,' argued Danno loudly to himself, 'seeing she could know me for a hundred years and never see me in the like of these clothes again?'

He drank a beer with the steward and departed hastily, wishing the saloon a noisy good-night.

Meanwhile Berta had silently vanished into the night. She was hurt by his impudence in appearing amongst them with this bold admission that he belonged to another world. The suspicions which she had ridiculed haunted her. Paid to be here — was it possible? She determined to find out what he was. This was the moment to ask questions when she was at her coldest and he off his guard; she knew instinctively that he desired admiration.

Danno emerged from the severe cubical deckhouse which contained the immigrants' public rooms. The iron plates of the main deck and the tarpaulin-covered hatches were flooded with moonlight. The *Alhaurin*, at this level a

ship rather than a floating hotel, swished through the calm water while a band faintly sounded from somewhere in the towering terraces of the first-class and a light flashed on the horizon, reminding the traveler that even in the wastes of the Atlantic were the Azores.

Berta leaned over the rail, waiting. As the door of the saloon slammed, she turned and smiled invitingly at Danno.

'How is your da?' he asked.

'Still sick. He cannot eat or get up.'

'I'll see him,' said Danno.

'It's nothing,' she answered swiftly. 'It will pass. Stay here and talk to me.'

A strand of her black hair, fragrant in spite of the saloon and the peasants and the paintwork of a stuffy cabin below the waterline, blew gently against his face.

'What land is that?' she asked, pointing to the light.

'Tis Africa,' he replied, 'with Negro slaves, and they holding out a jewel to you that you shall pass no further on your journey to the west, but stop and be the bride of their great king.'

'I would rather be where I am,' said Berta dreamily.

Danno felt the wind cold against his unaccustomed shirt front as two drops of sweat shot down his chest from hair to hair like the balls on a pin table.

'Then I would not be changing places with any king in the wide world,' he said.

He laid his hand over hers. It did not return his pressure, but remained warm and unresisting while Abraham looked down approvingly — or so Berta hoped — upon his handmaiden.

'You must know all the lands we pass so well,' she suggested, hoping to find out whether he traveled regularly by the line.

'I was always a great reader,' answered Danno cautiously, 'and many's the beating I had for it. If it was not my da had the hide off me for not attending to the sheep, 'twas Father Donnelly for not attending to my book.'

He told her a little of his boyhood in Connemara, of the green hills and white villages, of the glimpses of the Atlantic and the soft rain that drifted inland like smoke from the sea. As he talked, it seemed to her that her budding suspicion had been utterly foolish. She protested to herself that the curse of her race was to suspect, always to suspect.

'So that is why you came here, down to the third-class!' she cried with a warmth that surprised him. 'You have been poor. You like simple people — true people!'

'And what more would I need to bring me here but the sight of your face?' he answered.

'But you did n't know I was there. And sometimes — those first days — you did not speak to me.'

'To be sure, I did not,' he admitted penitently. 'But it was the sorrow of my heart at leaving Eire, and the thirst was on me would have floated the ship from under our feet. And, God help me, it was the barrel of beer that brought me to the third-class and no other thing at all.'

'Have they no beer in the first-class?' she asked.

'Devil a drop!'

It could n't be true. Dear God, he was lying to her! And he was n't a doctor — that was now quite obvious, but she had overlooked it in her eagerness to trust him. They were right. He was paid to be there — some sort of immigration agent watching them, listening to them, making a filthy dossier for the police at their destinations. That wild exuberance of his was simple; it was as coarse an invitation to confidence as the overheartiness of a salesman.

'You expect me to believe that?' she cried. 'That we — cattle — down here can get something that you cannot?'

Her face was drawn and her mobile mouth twitching with disgust. Danno Flynn stared at the explosive young woman, his features showing a sudden and comical consciousness of guilt.

'You cannot harm us!' she stormed. 'We are not afraid of you. Nothing can happen to us now, nothing any more. We — we snap our fingers!'

She burst into tears and ran from him. Even the beating of her feet upon the deck was angry.

'Tis the long voyage,' said Danno, 'and a young girl is a chancy thing and a vain. I should not have been telling her that I came for the beer.'

He climbed back to his own quarters and strolled into the smoking room in the certainty of finding the ship's doctor. Part of the girl's unaccountable moodiness was due, he thought, to worry about her father. Mr. Feitel ought to have been up and about long since, for the sea had been calm as a lake since they sailed from Lisbon.

Dr. Pulberry was in his usual chair and was, as usual, alone. His little red face and little white moustache were perched perkily upon the high butterfly collar of his mess uniform. His brusque and hearty manner did not gain for him all the free drinks that he felt to be his due; he accepted Mr. Flynn's offer of a whiskey with gratitude, made a joke about an Irishman, and, finding it well received, became very communicative.

'Yes, I've seen the old fellow,' he said in answer to Danno's questions. 'I know those cases — have 'em every voyage! Nerves — funk — no stamina! Goes on being sick because it's less effort than exercising a little will power!'

Dr. Pulberry, having retired from practice ten years since, considered that his job should be a sinecure. One patched up the crew. One discussed their ailments with the first-class passengers, especially the good-looking women. But one resented immigrants. At his age one resented them very strongly. If they did n't have infectious diseases, they had diseases of malnutrition; and if they did n't have those they were seasick.

'Cannot ye give him a pill?' asked Danno.

'The usual sedatives. Of course! Certainly! But they don't stop him. I'll try a better cure on him soon.'

III

On his visit to the immigrant saloon the next morning Danno discovered that communication had become very difficult. Those passengers who had spoken English to him were absorbed in chess or meditation or excited arguments — which ceased when he drew near. Those who did speak to him, all of them fair-haired, spoke in tongues so utterly incomprehensible that Danno shouted back to them in Irish. This amusement, however, palled under the contemptuous gaze of Berta's large, clear eyes. She ignored his inquiries about her father by replying that he was better and instantly returning to her book.

Danno Flynn put a black curse upon the night that he had gone to the third-class in a dinner jacket, and passed two whole days moping in his own smoking room and hanging over the rail for a sight of Berta as she lay peacefully on the hatch of the main deck. Whether it was to emphasize the difference between herself and the shapeless bundles of peasant women or whether because she knew Danno would be looking, she made a habit of taking the sun for an hour a day in a yellow swimming suit. This delightful sight led Dr. Pulberry and other pillars of the bar to desert their usual chairs for chairs on the verandah.

'Now I know why you went slumming! Pretty, eh?' said the doctor, digging Danno in the ribs.

'You should not be looking at her, Doctor,' said Danno severely, 'and her da dying on you.'

'We'll have him up this very afternoon,' Dr. Pulberry answered, rubbing his hands. 'Sedatives won't do it, so we'll use shock. Done it before! Always works! Come down with me about four o'clock and I'll show you!'

'Shock, is it?' asked Danno gloomily.

'If he's a decent man, 't would beenough for him to see his daughter parading herself the way an actress would not be doing in the moving pictures, and she paid a hundred pound a week for it.'

At four o'clock Danno accompanied the doctor into the maze of passageways below the third-class deck. They pushed past motionless peasant women, staring blankly at nothing, and cannoned off bands of Czech, Polish, and Rumanian children pointing fingers at each other round corners and shouting their international word — 'Stikummup!'

Dr. Pulberry hammered smartly on a cabin door, and walked straight in. Mr. Feitel lay in a narrow lower berth, his shoulders imprisoned between the white rail of the bunk and the cheerless, bolt-studded iron of the white bulkhead. His face was sunken and gray, and he was breathing deeply as if the tiny cabin contained all the air that he could ever reach. Berta sprang up from the opposite bunk and faced the doctor challengingly, the distrust and anxiety of her face changing, as soon as she saw Danno Flynn, to an expressionless mask in which her large eyes burned with anger.

'Captain wants you at once!' said Dr. Pulberry roughly to Mr. Feitel. 'Up with you!'

Berta translated to her father, who struggled painfully and raised himself on one elbow.

'What is it?' she asked. 'What have we done?'

'No business of mine,' said the doctor briskly. 'You're not allowed to land. Wireless from the Brazilian Government — and I expect you know why.'

Berta's voice as she poured out the Yiddish translation to her father was like the cry of a whole people going up to heaven against injustice.

'On deck in ten minutes!' said the doctor, unmoved. 'Come on, Flynn!'

He left the cabin brusquely. Danno remained behind watching the sick man, who sat up, swayed, and fell back again on to the pillow.

'Whatever you want to let him alone,' said Berta slowly, as if every syllable were a tense muscular act, 'I will give you. Do you understand?'

'I should not be mixing meself in this,' murmured Danno thoughtfully, feeling Mr. Feitel's pulse, 'but if he goes on deck 't will be the death of him.'

'Leave him alone!' Berta cried. 'Don't you believe me? I will come to you when you like.'

Danno glared at her, suddenly aware of her presence.

'And are you not ashamed to be talking so with your da on his deathbed?' he roared. 'You will stand up now and do what I tell you. You will go to the cook and turn your rolling eyes on him and ask him for an ounce of sugar and a teaspoonful of baking powder.'

'What do you mean? You're no doctor!'

'I am in a manner of speaking, though 't is sheep I treat the most of.'

'Sheep?'

'Sure, if you saw one stand on his hind legs,' shouted Danno, exasperated by her tone, 'you would know 't is only human like the rest of us. Be off with you now!'

'I will not. He shall be on deck if I carry him on my back,' she said. 'I know your sort. You only want a chance to say we were disobedient. Your sheep will go where they are told. They have learned that much.'

'The devil is in the girl!' said Danno. 'Now will ye listen? The doctor is after telling you your da must see the captain. 'T is a lie — though, bejabbers, the shock would have cured him if it were the seasickness he had! But 't is not the sea — 't is his stomach.'

'What do you know?' she asked contemptuously.

'Am I not telling you I am a veterinary surgeon and the best sheep doctor in all Eire? And I know that if it were a sheep or a pig or a horse or a saint from heaven, and he seasick, he would be breathing fast and slow and jerky

as if the soul of him were in torment, and not hungry for air and breathing deep, as is your da. 'T is what they call acidosis he has, and though 't was the sea that started it, 't is not the sea any longer nor the fear of the sea that turns his stomach.'

Berta stared at him, unable to take in all he said, unable as yet to escape from her fantastic vision of him, but aware that she was in the presence of kindness and knowledge. Huge tears of relief spilled silently on to her cheeks.

'Sure, if she has n't murder in her eyes, 't is crying they are! Will ye go to the cook now,' he coaxed her, patting her hand, 'and bring me a teaspoonful of baking powder and an ounce of sugar?'

Berta nodded, and vanished down the passage. Meanwhile Danno soothed, groomed, and massaged her father as if he had been a thoroughbred recovering from severe fright — which indeed he was. The old man thanked him in scraps of broken English and, when Berta returned with the remedy, took it trustfully and in absolute faith that it was going to stay down.

'Now keep him quiet, and he'll be better before night,' said Danno. 'I will tell the doctor 't was the shock that did it, and he will be speaking of his cure from one end of the ship to the other, and that pleased with himself he will order special food for your da.'

'But you'll come and see him?' asked Berta anxiously.

'You will have him on deck under the awnings to-morrow afternoon, and I will see him then. And I will send you one of them canvas chairs for him,' added Danno dryly, 'so he shall not be sprawling on the hatches and the doctor and the proud English turning their opera glasses on him and jiggling their feet on the planks.'

By nightfall Mr. Feitel's condition had shown a marked improvement. A breakfast of eggs was followed by a lunch of chicken — obtained through Danno's outrageous flattery of the doctor — and

at five o'clock he was sitting in a deck-chair, watching the flying fishes in the strip of blue sky and blue water between the awning and the rail, and thankful for his return to so brilliant and curious a world.

A group of his compatriots gathered round him; they were oddly out of place in the South Atlantic, for they had no clothes but those in which they had left their cities, and they all wore cloth caps bought in the firm belief that a sea voyage demanded them. They seemed to have just stepped out of an office to visit a shop across the road.

'All the same,' said the chess-player, now determined to be a cynic, 'he is here to watch us.'

'To watch over us,' Mr. Feitel corrected him dreamily. 'To watch over us.'

'He has nothing to do with immigration,' added Berta indignantly.

'But what did he come here for?' insisted the fat man. 'Would you come down from the first-class for nothing? No! Would I? No! Would Berta? No! Why did he come here? Tell me that!'

He put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and walked two steps away and two steps back. For him, said his serious expression, there was logic, nothing but logic.

'I do not know,' Berta answered truthfully.

She was convinced, however, that she did know why he had returned again and again. She blushed. Mr. Feitel saw her embarrassment unmoved. He had long since resigned himself to the fact that, while his friends commiserated with him on his daughter's thinness, she was devastatingly attractive to the Gentiles.

'What is he?' he asked.

'He doctors animals,' said Berta faintly.

'Animals! Do animals have doctors? What kind of animals?' exploded the fat man incredulously.

'Sheep,' answered Berta, waiting for the outburst of comment.

It came. When the hands had ceased to wave and the mouths to gabble, Mr. Feitel murmured:—

'He doctors sheep? So gentle, so humble that even sheep he cares for? My daughter, the man should be a Jew.'

'He is not,' said Berta.

'In the eyes of God he has a Jewish heart. Has any one of you seen hatred in him? Has he ever shown that he knows a difference between Jew and Gentile?'

'No,' the fat man admitted. 'But he is a fool.'

'You have well said the man is a fool. To such God allows greatness, and from such shall come deliverance,' said Mr. Feitel.

IV

Danno Flynn appeared at the after end of the promenade deck. There was no immediate evidence of greatness in him, nor did he descend to them in a manner befitting the deliverer of Israel, for he slid down the rail of the ladder to the main deck; but he undeniably had an air, and he was not in the least put out by the eyes that, almost reverently, gazed at him.

'Sure and I knew me old cock would be on deck!' he exclaimed.

He seemed to slap Mr. Feitel on the back, but his patient felt the hand alight firmly, gently, giving strength.

The chess-player moved his lips, rehearsing a speech that he had just composed in his school English; he considered that there were still too many mysteries unsolved.

'Pardon me, noble Mr. Doctor, will you have the kindness to tell me please whether it is your purpose to practise in Brazil?'

'Tis not me purpose, 'tis the curse that is on me,' answered Danno. 'For, God help me, I am the biggest fool in Eire!'

Mr. Feitel smiled benignly and began to talk to himself in a soft singsong. Danno looked at him anxiously.

'Now be off with you!' he said, waving

his arms at the little group as if they had been an obstinate herd of sheep. 'And let you not be troubling his reverence with your foreign talk and him with no strength to listen to his own!'

Mr. Feitel's friends hastily moved on. The deck had become for them a street with a person in authority to prohibit loitering.

Berta laughed.

'He is not light-headed,' she said. 'He is praying for you.'

'Tis very civil,' Danno answered. 'But he should be sleeping now.'

He stood behind the old gentleman's chair and gently stroked the prominent veins of his temples. In two minutes Mr. Feitel was asleep.

'Tell me,' she asked, 'do you know that we are Jews?'

'Jews, is it?' answered Danno with cordial surprise. 'Then 'tis no great wonder they are saying the Irish are the thirteenth tribe. Or is it the twelfth? Be God, I am miscounting the tribes and holy apostles! All I know, 'tis the thirteenth that's unlucky.'

'What is the curse that is on you? Did something happen to you too to make you leave your country?'

There was no longer any tone of cross-examination in her voice; she asked with the trust of a child that she would be answered.

'Twas like this, Biddy,' replied Danno. 'A little yellow man came to me house, and he telling me that he was spending a great fortune to raise sheep on the far mountains of Brazil, and begging me to work with him — for if the sheep did n't die on him, 'twas only because the ewes were barren.'

"I will not," says I, "for what would I be doing in India?" "'Tis not India," he says, "'tis America." "Then do you go to my uncle," says I, "who is in Wyoming these thirty years and as good a man with the sheep as I am meself." So he told me 'twas South America and pressed a thousand pound into me hand, but I would not take it.

"Will ye come so far as Dublin with me, Mr. Flynn?" he asks. "I will that," I said — for he was a friendly little yellow man and free with his money, God forgive him! And when we had drunk three parts of the whiskey in Dublin, he would have me come to London and drink French wines. And how many days we were in London I misremember, but I signed me name on a paper and when the drink passed from me I found meself in a first-class cabin on the raging ocean, with all the money in the world in me pocket and a two-year contract.'

'But that is terrible! It's criminal!' she cried, all her pity for the exiled welling up.

'It was surely!' he laughed. 'But 't is no fool that I am after all, for would not a man be glad to leave his country for a sight of your sweet face?'

'Then we'll comfort each other, Daniel,' she said frankly, linking her arm in his. 'There is only a week more before we land, but it shall be a happy week for us.'

'Let you not be talking so, Biddy!' cried Danno, much shocked by the nearness of her and the openness of her speech. 'Would I be telling you of your eyes and your hair and the shape of you like a young tree and it heavy with fruit? And would I be kissing you in dark places till I was drunk with the scent of you and the white skin that is of a queen surely, and would I let you go then, and you the world's wonder and the love of my heart? I will not be parting from you and his reverence, I tell you. It's a poor bargain I have to offer you, with no country of my own and no women to greet you in the street, saying, "There goes the beauty that is the wife of Danno Flynn." But let you have patience for the two years, and you will not be lonely.'

'I will not, surely,' she answered, unconsciously falling into the lilt of his speech. 'But if I do not go with you I shall be lonely to the end of my days, and the women crying for pity of me.'

LETTER TO A COMMUNIST FRIEND

BY WILSON FOLLETT

DEAR A—:

I have now read, reread, pondered, and read still again the 270-odd pages of your communist manifesto. You will find your manuscript doubled in bulk by the sheets of jottings I have inserted at specific details. Meanwhile, as your first noncommunist reader, I cannot seem to let myself off without this additional word about your argument as a whole. I owe something of the sort to you, who are both an old friend and (as I suppose) the only communist in history who ever honestly wanted to know how his collectivist theology would strike an old-fashioned individualist. Perhaps, also, I owe it to myself: like many another ordinary American, I have for several years past felt myself being goaded nearer and nearer to the inevitable outburst. But most of all I owe it to the impersonal challenge contained in the personal situation. It is one of those unsought situations that call upon a man to stand and deliver. If I do not try to give a reason for the faith that is in me, I am a betrayer of the multitudes whose faith mine is. Not that I claim the slightest authorization to speak for them. They might not care for much of what I say or for the way I say any of it. But it happens that your particular challenge has come to me, and so, on pain of being a shirker, I have to meet it as best I can.

It is about faiths that we are talking — not you only, but both of us. A faith is a citadel. Try to dislodge us from ours if that is your idea of the commission that history has laid on you, but don't look to

the garrison to coöperate with you besiegers by making sorties against your camp, leaving their fortress empty the while. Neither as a critic nor as an American do I feel called upon to abandon my premises in favor of yours, for what is rather inanely known as 'the sake of argument.'

I am one of 130,000,000 people who mean to stay put. We're here because we're here. Must I undertake a philosophical or historical analysis of communism to justify my dislike of it? No more than a farmer must undertake an appraisal of urban civilization to explain why he does n't feel at home in Brooklyn. You have reminded me where the American Marxist stands to-day, and why. My task is to remind you where most of us non-Marxists stand, and why. I am not concerned with communism as a philosophical system; I do not profess to know how it looks in the cold white light of eternity. But I can show you, whether or not to your profit, something of how practical communism looks after refraction through a great mass of American minds as alien to it as my own.

Call this posture evasive and intellectually shabby if you must, but it has at least the historical justification that America has never yet been able to take the communist theorems seriously. This is a primary fact that might do a little toward clearing the air if all of us could recognize it. The nearest this country has ever come to serious alarm about the Marxist-Leninist gospel was during the Red scare just after the war. I have not

forgotten the incessant raids, seizures, police brutalities, and deportations of those days; but by most sensible Americans they were deprecated even at the time in a mood between chagrin and derision. Most of us saw in them the gratuitous work of timid or fanatic officials seeing things under the bed or trying to found careers on the allaying of trumped-up terrors disseminated largely by themselves. I happened to divide those added years among three large Eastern industrial cities, and I can assure you that the very editors who ranted in print against 'un-American ideas' were privately incapable of pretending that our institutions were endangered by anything except, perhaps, the excesses of their defenders. Few then faced the possibility that the revolution would establish itself even in Russia, and those few expected its dominant ideas to find precious little soil for their roots on this continent. Save for a negligible minority of bigots, the country simply saw no occasion to apply to the suppression of communism a thousandth part of the resourcefulness it was then devoting to the circumvention of the Volstead Act.

Since that interlude, communism has nearly ceased to be even a nominal rallying point for intolerance. The charge of undercover communist affiliations and objectives seems not at all to have impeded the extraordinary progress made by the CIO, and our general identification of the Spanish government cause with communism has not stood in the way of our sympathizing five to one with that apparently doomed cause. Trotsky the former devil-with-horns, a communist so unreconstructed that he finds it necessary to excommunicate the whole of Stalin's Russia as a backslider from the faith, has lived to find himself an admired contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* and the subject of an almost idolatrous article in the Sunday magazine of the *New York Times*.

It is one thing to recognize this apathy and another to understand it. You

Marxists have, of course, your standard explanations of it, all of which boil down to the indictment that we prefer darkness to light because our deeds are evil. But, face it or flout it, the true rock-bottom reason is that you do not make sense to us on the subject that one might call your only subject — the class struggle.

All of you presuppose, as the basis of your entire sociology, a class conflict so completely irreconcilable that it can end only in the grinding to powder of one class under the heel of the other. You agree, *qua* communists, that there is an inherent clash of interests between capitalist and worker, exploiter and exploited, rentier and wage earner. To you this implacable antagonism is the primary determining force in modern history if not in all history. You think it both inevitable and desirable that class solidarity, and hence class war, shall become steadily intensified and that the eventual classless society shall be ushered in by annihilation of the last vestiges of capitalism under a proletarian dictatorship. And it is from precisely that point, your point of departure, that our ways diverge, with the area of our disagreement enlarging as the square of the distance between us.

For none of all this seems to us either inevitable or desirable. We cannot believe at all in irreconcilable conflicts. If we could, we should disbelieve in civilization, which is without sense except as a framework for the reconciliation of conflicts. We do not even believe that classes exist in the sense and with the definitiveness postulated by every good Marxist since Marx; and if we did believe in their existence as a fact, we should still abhor it as an ideal. We think it a moral monstrosity that anyone should dream of procuring 'social justice' by putting the bottom layer on the top, to the end that the trampled may in their turn do the trampling. We cannot look at modern history, current events,

or our own everyday experiences without being persuaded by a thousand evidences that class consciousness, so far from becoming intensified according to the Marxist requirement, is fast dissolving along with the identities of classes themselves. In fine, the Marxist thinks he sees, and certainly he wants to see, a war to the death between forces that in one sense do not even exist; forces that, so far as they do exist, are about as opposed to each other as the two legs on which you walk.

If, when you use the opprobrious term 'capitalist,' you meant simply one who has money to invest, all of us could follow you without too much bafflement — though with the reservation that the capitalist, even in this restricted sense, is gradually becoming easier to imagine than to isolate. We can even grant that there are, at some points and on specific occasions, clashes of interest between those who are working for money and those who are trying to make money work for them. But when you Marxists confront us with the capitalist in your larger generic sense of one emotionally committed to a particular ideology that dictates or governs his acts, our imagination bogs down. We think you are mistaking an effect for a cause.

In all sobriety I propound this to you: that no one of God's creatures (except, apparently, the communist) cares or ever will care so much as one good round curse about any abstraction, system, or philosophy that you can rationally term 'capitalism.' The bad capitalist is concerned with amassing money or power or both, as much and as fast as possible, *for himself*. He is of those whom Milton called 'blind mouths.' To say that he acts out of capitalistic convictions or as an apologist and representative of the 'profit system' is to talk inhuman nonsense. As well explain that the barracuda that takes a chunk out of a swimmer's leg is actuated by veneration for the laws of metabolism, or that his religion is anthropophagy. And for 'capitalism' your

good capitalist cares as little as the bad. *He* wants to get his particular brand of motors or mousetraps made, distributed, and compensated, on terms that will let him make more and (he hopes) better mousetraps or motors. Like a house painter or a portrait painter, he is simply a man working at what he presumes to be his proper job, and hoping that he is a decent workman. He is not in the least working (as you and I happen to be just now) at either the defense or the condemnation of any kind of social order, and he can put up with any order that leaves him reasonably free to accomplish what he supposes will justify his existence. You may detest and abhor his job, but at least it is composed of the sort of realities men live by, whereas your discussion of it is confined to a mythology of abstractions erected on these realities by a *tour de force* of academic fancy — a mythology incapable of explaining the real motives of anybody doing anything.

And the other half of your class conflict — your exploited, disinherited class, your downtrodden wage slave? If you will look about contemporary America with your own eyes, forgetting for a moment all about what Marx thought he saw in the industrial England of 1850, and if, then, you will take a quick glance at the describable and foregone part of the future, I think you will find yourself wondering what has become of this much bruited victim of capitalist inhumanity. The palpable truth is that the conflict of which he might have become a part is largely transferred to a quite different arena. It has been transmuted into a conflict of opposing interests within one class, one organization, and, oftentimes, one individual. The unfolding design of our industrial jigsaw puzzle tends more and more to interlock in each one of us the essential functions of laborer and capitalist, wage earner and employer, hired man and investor, producer and distributor and consumer; and so far as our 'class struggle' is a reality it means

that increasing multitudes of Americans are divided against themselves.

The change has been brought about by the fact that industry has an entirely different law of self-preservation from the one that actuated it in 1850. Its latter-day law of self-preservation is the smallest possible margin of profit, the broadest possible market, and, as a necessary corollary, the highest possible wages. What do you think it would have done to Marx's philosophy if he could have been shown an attested picture of a national administration, the administration of an industrial country of 130,000,000 people, taking it for granted as the A B C of economics that the prime necessity in a depression is to sustain and renew mass purchasing power, and acting on the assumption? What would he have said on hearing American industrialists proclaim with one voice that the men who assemble motorcars must ride to their work in the cars they assemble?

Consider any one of our billion-dollar corporations with tens, even hundreds, of thousands on its payroll, all engaged in the production of something universally held to be indispensable. It is to the interest of this corporation *as a manufacturer* to fight down the unit cost of its product by keeping wages at the lowest level, hiring and firing at its momentary convenience, and reducing its employees to the docile inertia of raw material. But it is equally to the same corporation's interest *as a distributor* to do the precise opposites. The two tendencies are strictly inevitable. Also, they are strictly irreconcilable except by a compromise that in a generation has made the American worker, as compared with his counterpart in other lands, an envied prince of privilege. Like it or hate it, there is your irreconcilable conflict of capital and labor, modern style.

And here it is again: Early in this century the manufacturer of a humble, inexpensive, universal household necessity, soap, set out to bring a new sta-

bility and a revolutionized employer-employee relationship into what had long been a seasonal business with its own alternation of booms and depressions every year. This manufacturer, Procter & Gamble, clubbed the jobbers into relinquishing their custom of immense semiannual orders, prorated its production over the twelve months, guaranteed its workers a life tenure on a year's pay every year, and established a system of very substantial bonuses and stock participation. The older employees were presently receiving more annual income in dividends than in their pay envelopes, though these were already high for the industry. Some of the coupon-clipping wage slaves became better off, without counting the capital value of their stock, than many a university president and all but the highest-salaried football coaches.

Other concerns have copied the system or parts of it, or come by their own processes to the same position; and on the whole it seems more reasonable to believe than to doubt that here is one more standard figure in the pattern of to-morrow.

The conflict of capital and labor! The class struggle! Why, the classless society of your dream is creating itself before your eyes, while you satirize and sabotage everything that speeds the process.

The class war may be said to constitute the intellectual centre of communism. Come now to its moral centre, the urge to justice, or what for a generation past has been called the social conscience. The world, according to every communist, teems with unendurable inequalities and wrongs, and the chief of them are public inequalities and wrongs perpetrated for private profit. They are inherent, in other words, in the nature of capitalism and of its profit motive. Where, under capitalism, human rights conflict with property rights, the property rights will infallibly pre-

vail. Therefore capitalism must be destroyed, that wrong be destroyed; whence the moral justification of class war. Meanwhile, whoever does not hate capitalism, whoever cannot look for the attainment of social justice according to your definitions and by your programme, is an implicit enemy of justice and a conscious or unconscious betrayer of his own kind. So every one of you maintains with tireless zeal, until the rest of us almost despair of getting you to find, in your tight little world of formula, a cranny for the alien thought that our detestation of communism may signify as true a love of humanity as your own embrace of communism; as true a love, and even a far greater respect.

One of your own best historical chapters recites, in truthful words that burn in the memory, the familiar yet perpetually incredible inhumanities of the factory system as it worked in England a century and a quarter ago. You show us the child labor on a mass scale, the five-year-old babies tending machines fifteen hours a day for a dollar a week, industrial living conditions that killed three in four working-class children before the minimum working age, and so on. It is not astonishing that you should feel a Swiftian rage when you think of such shames and savageries of civilization; it would be astonishing if you did not. But it is astonishing that you can depict these dreadful miseries without a single suggestion from beginning to end that they have anything to do with the ruling spirit of an age in any way unlike ours. Don't you see any significance in the mere fact that we — all of us — look back upon such things aghast and with appalled incredulity? The years 1800–1820 did not survey them in any such light. Those practices were actually acceptable in their day to a consensus of philosophers and clergymen. The bare rumor of an attempt to profit by anything of the sort on this continent to-day would provoke a general outcry, investigations, crusades, prosecutions, though

the exploited victims were criminals and public enemies. Does your Marxist reading of history, then, make no room for such a reality as a changing *Zeitgeist*?

When you cite these dead-and-gone horrors as part of an intimate psychograph of capitalism caught off its guard, and with perfectly clear implications that capitalism is eternally one thing, we find in your indictment the same flaw, the same falsity, the same thrashing of chimeras, that prejudices your account of the class struggle. A mercantilist can, of course, be as ignorantly barbaric as anybody else in a time that countenances ignorant barbarism. There is no special reason for expecting the capitalist to rise above the dominant philosophy or to attain a morality superior to that of university and church. But when you charge the barbarities to the inherent nature of an unchangeable capitalism, in utter disregard of the state of public morality in general, you are handing yourself a challenge that you never answer. You should explain to us how it came to pass that, as the capitalistic method increased and flourished and swallowed the earth, the pitiless exploitations diminished, were obliterated, became in the eyes of all men revolting and unthinkable. Either capitalism cannot be quite so fiendish as you pronounce, or else it cannot be quite so dominant. If it were both conscienceless and omnipotent, patently we should have more and worse abuses with us still. Must you really be so hard-shell a Leninist as to deny that men could once respectably do for money a good many things that, if done now, would outlaw them from all respect, including self-respect?

The human sense of what is unendurable is perpetually expanding, or at any rate shifting its locus. Rank inequities persist until a consensus of mankind sees them in a new light, and then ways are found to rid the world of them, whatever entrenched privilege or assumed property right may forbid. (Who imagines for a minute that we should have chattel

slavery in the United States to-day if the war of 1861 had never been fought?) An intolerably bad social adjustment cannot last for any great length of time beyond the general perception that it is intolerably bad, any more than a road or a schoolhouse can.

It is by this growth of public sentiment and heart that changes, lasting betterments great or small, come to pass; and I do not see how else they are to be brought to pass so long as we are both human and free. We have not the option of making everything perfect all at once by enlightened fiat. That option is a communist's reverie — when it is not a fascist's. We can either realize something of the ideal piecemeal at the natural tempo of human progress — the limited tempo at which society can assimilate change without dislocation — or we can fail to realize any gains at all by the impracticably hasty improvisations and dictates urged upon us by the reformers, the revolutionists, the everything-for-nothing, everything-in-a-hurry boys and girls. And if we give them their way, we not only miss getting anything of value in snatching at everything, but we also lose our liberty into the bad bargain.

Races, civilizations, classes, as truly as individuals, have their season of unripeness for even the most desirable advantages. The manufacturing concern that has made modest capitalists of its day laborers to the number of several thousands once made a premature attempt to accomplish the same result. As far back as the 1890's it introduced a bonus arrangement by way of the opening wedge — with what outcome? Why, every time the bonus fell due the whole personnel took it as a signal to quit work in favor of a prolonged spree. Their attitude, about which nothing could be done except by time and change, stopped the factories as dead as a lockout could have done. But within a few years a much more thoroughgoing scheme of participation was working perfectly and making responsible employees as well as

prosperous ones. In a single class and within far less than a generation there was that change of posture about the uses of leisure.

Leisure happens to be one of the blessings that look most golden when vested in the eloquence of the social rebel. It is, of course, the one that you have implicitly in view when you talk about 'the realization of complete lives for the millions.' Like many another blessing, it has a way of arriving with our readiness for it. I do not say that the twelve-hour day never meant exploitation (though many thousands of men have worked the seventy-two-hour week at factory benches for a dollar and a quarter a day without *feeling* exploited; I know, for I am one of them). But it also meant hordes of men who had yet to learn any uses of time except working, eating, sleeping, and debauchery. Their successors have taken on more adult interests, and somehow the eight-hour day is with us, with the thirty-hour week in not too remote prospect. Emerson would have remarked that all this is as mathematically just as an algebraic equation. The disciple of Marx, no Emersonian compensationist, wants to supply all the advantages first and let the readiness to profit by them take care of itself. This is one more of his ways of standing on his head to pity the rest of us (who have our feet on the ground) for our unnatural posture.

We shut our ears and minds to communism, then, for precisely the reason that every communist gives for embracing it: the reason that we do care something about what becomes of our fellow men and do desire to see life develop toward, not away from, its best potentialities. What all of you and many of us agree are the real maladjustments and inequities of society tend, we think, progressively to disappear under a democratic organization, simply because it gives the freest play to evolution, to natural growth and change. Any practicable communist organization tends,

on the other hand, to create or perpetuate the very sort of abuse that you hold up as definitive of capitalism. For example, in forced labor under Stalin you have worse than the essentials of Tsarist serfdom frozen hopelessly *in situ* for an immense newly created class of the unprivileged, and with the added horror that the cruelly uprooted victims understand clearly what is being done to them.

Even more ghastly in the unwavering light of history, though not so overtly, tangibly destructive of individual happiness at the moment, is the crowning paradox of practical sovietism and proletarianism. I mean this paradox: that men who ascribe all our characteristic modern disasters to the overrapid growth of industrialism should deliberately set out to cure the world's ills by remorselessly industrializing the one great naturally agrarian country left in the Occident, and by doing it at a rate that would probably doom a culture seventy-five years more advanced to perish overnight of acute indigestion. There could hardly be a more blasting revelation of the narrowly urban, tawdry, factory-and-asphalt outlook of communism, its instinctive hatred of everything that encourages the human being to stand on his own feet, its grim concentration on making every department and detail of life one perpetual five-o'clock subway jam with no seats available except for the conductors. To us unenlightened skeptics the state of mind that can invoke such a programme in the name of humanity, of righting social wrongs, seems about on a level with the mediæval fanaticism that could rejoice in the destruction of millions by pestilence or famine on the ground that otherwise most of them would doubtless have fallen to the sword.

Communism *says* that men are brothers and each the others' keeper. But when we judge it by what it *does*, we find that it is a conspiracy to nullify all the natural agencies we have ever had for

allaying the world's unrest and healing its diseases.

Your gospel according to Saint Marx, as a religion of strict materialism, undertakes to abolish injustices and evils solely by means of things — things supplied and things done. It promises all things to all men. But if the communist has ever stopped to wonder just how he is going to make good the promise or to get the things he so casually promises to hand out, no one has ever caught him at it. After three quarters of a century of his propaganda the world is still in outer darkness on the subject of how he expects to obtain his guaranteed results. We still wait, not too hopefully, for some disclosure of how you imagine everybody's material wants are to be supplied by any general formula of planning-from-the-top, putting the bottom on the top, arbitrary expropriation and division and regimentation, dictated economy, or 'production for use' — in fine, any arrangement that excludes rewards, or what are called profits. Here is, then, that anomalous thing, a philosophy that stands or falls by the idea of practical efficiency, yet refuses even to discuss its *modus operandi* in terms concrete enough to let anyone know what it is talking about.

The general formula is, of course, as simple as the Rule of Three. There is enough for everybody, at least potentially, and all of it belongs to everybody. Your proletarian dictatorship has only to take over the 'means of production' and — according to the glib assumption — produce. But would it produce? Does it produce? And what are the 'means of production,' anyway? Tools, machinery, factories, patents, raw materials, engineers' blueprints, power, and man power? Those are some of them, certainly — the ones that more obviously lend themselves to taking over. Are they enough to mean production on the scale and after the pattern of a nation's needs? Or is there some less vis-

ible, more important factor that does n't at all lend itself to taking over — some forgotten animating factor that perhaps makes all the others work together?

We are struck at the outset by two very odd, very glaring empirical facts. The first fact: All modern dictatorships, proletarian or other, have begun by inviting the millions to a banquet and then promptly commanded them to pull in their belts and feast solely on promises and moral superiority. The benefits are to begin only after unspecified decades of greater deprivation than the most deprived Western peoples have faced in modern times for any reason except war. And the second fact: The great existing proletarian dictatorship, your vaunted world laboratory of practical revolutionism, has called in foreign technologists in droves to teach the revolution a few saving vestiges of capitalist efficiency, lest nothing whatever work or get itself done, and has rewarded these advisers rather handsomely for contributing what the revolution had no idea how to get except at a price. In other words the revolution has been helpless to design any bridge of its own to throw across the gap between theory and practice. Yet it continues to resist and flout the obvious explanation, which is that its theory is inherently incapable of translation into practice.

The proof? It is so simple that every man in the street, including me, has always known it without thought. It is also so simple that it appears never to have arrested any communist alive, or any planned-economy publicist. Here it is, in the crass terms in which life has to be lived, but to which none of you abstract ideologists will condescend: —

Suppose America has been sovietized. You, because under the bad old régime you were a prophet crying in the wilderness, are suddenly exalted to the status of People's Commissar for Production and Distribution of (shall we say?) Stove Bolts. As that, you are ultimately responsible for the efficient dispatch of

maybe one five-hundred-thousandth part of the nation's business. Your job is to see that every essential and nonessential industry, every manufacturer and wholesaler and retailer, every artisan, every householder in the land, shall be able to lay hands at any minute on just the stove bolt he needs for each standard use, each replacement use, each improvised use, including a thousand and one employments that a national convention of the hardware business could not think of if it shut up shop for two months and gave its whole mind to the task. If you slip, you will pay for it with your party membership and possibly with your head, for nonproduction or nondistribution is, by hypothesis, counterrevolutionary sabotage. Do you think you can do the job? Do you think any man or number of men could do it?

You have to know everything about the production of stove bolts, beginning with metal in the ground. You have to know all the common and most of the uncommon uses of every gauge, length, thread, every size and shape and thickness of nut. You have to know all that can be known about the construction of stoves — every model extant, 1830–1938, and every projected new model. You will have to have virtually a census of stoves. You must accurately correlate your production with the other schedules for mining, smelting, production of mining machinery, production and replacement and repair of machine tools, transportation, mechanical education. Your fact-finding and liaison staff proliferates until it is physically and temporally out of the question for you even to listen to one thousandth part of the information you have recruited it to gather. Its skillfully condensed reports, containing the data indispensable to the rudest sort of workable plan, look like the mountains of paper collected in a decennial census of the United States. You cannot conceivably glance at a fraction of them until years after the economic landscape has altered beyond recognition. You go

mad from the despair of sheer ignorance — which is probably the true explanation of nine tenths of the so-called sabotage that has made so much work for firing squads in the U. S. S. R.

You cannot, in short, plan a nationwide economy — one that will work — without virtual omniscience. Leave the business, you say, to experts? There are no experts of the impossible.

You are repelled and disgusted by the 'profit motive.' In your mind the phrase stands for all the horrible things that horrible persons have ever done for gain. It means, to you, men individually batten- ing on what belongs to all. But in the rock-bottom terms of this frank and simple exchange, the man-in-the-street's terms and mine, what is the sense of this contumelious phrase? I can tell you to a frog's eyelash. It is this: Under our system of free enterprise you can walk into a hardware store in Bradford, Vermont (population 1800), and know that you have a hundred-to-one chance of walking out a moment later with precisely the four tiny off-size stove bolts you need in order to replace in 1938 the panes of isinglass in the handsome fire door of a cooking range cast in Otter River, Massachusetts, in 1875. I have just done just that; and I find this little transaction — which involves, we will subversively hope, a microscopic profit to the profit-motivated seller and has certainly profited the buyer — distinctly more gratifying than my theoretical ownership of theoretical stove bolts that don't exist outside of some ideologist's blueprints of Platonia.

That is the sort of thing the profit motive makes possible, makes commonplace, and enables us to rely on every day of the calendar. And it does these things without any pretense of omniscience whatever, without a vestige of an economic plan. All that it calls for is one average human being's will to base his own livelihood on his fellow men's desires for some sort of useful, pleasant, or amusing things — the most powerful

force in the world and the forgotten mainspring of your whole economic clock.

A dictatorship is more efficient than a democracy? It is efficient in ignoring all that makes up a livable life in the interest of some single, simplified, usually fanatical objective, such as victory in a war or preparation for a war that is not coming. (But how much of modern life is not made death by reduction to any such simplicity?) It is also efficient in intimidating masses of people into renouncing all overt demand for the things they know in their hearts human beings ought to have. Granting your dictatorship thus much on the score of efficiency, we have granted it about all that the facts warrant. To some temperaments it may be acceptable to live under a dispensation that does not dispense, and that does them out of everything of worth according to morally beautiful principles. But most of us will continue to find the greatest moral beauty in the principles of government that leave us the most nearly free to live our own lives.

Free to live our own lives! And that word brings us to the remaining, the really fundamental section of the Stalinist answer to the hydra-headed problem of efficiency. The superficial answer, as we have seen, is to plagiarize *ad lib.* from capitalism. But the basic, the ultimate answer to the great administrative problem of supplying the millions with what they want is simply to say: 'Let them not want such things. Let them bridle and reëducate their desires. Let them learn to content themselves with what we think it salutary for them to have or find it convenient to supply. Who are they to demand bread when we instruct them to nourish themselves on the fine stones we toss out to them — expropriation, collectivization by force, militarization, universal espionage, forced labor, wholesale butchery of those who dissent and those who inconveniently agree?'

That is practical communism's true solution of the problem that it has found insoluble — to flout the problem, and with it the people. In the stentorian language of its acts it proclaims that government is not an instrument for accommodating human desires and ensuring individual satisfactions. It says that, on the contrary, government exists to maintain the sacred theory; that to accomplish this it must sacrifice everything, and first of all the mere citizen, to maintaining itself. The citizen's first duty and supreme privilege is to be coaxed, clubbed, disciplined, deluded, terrified, kneaded into whatever kind of lump the State finds useful.

The short, simple, unimprovable way to sum up this relation of the Absolute State to its people is to say that a dictatorship denies and destroys liberty.

I do not have to set the American and the Soviet ideas of liberty side by side in the stark contrast they invite, because you have spared me the trouble. You have done it in words that contrive to interest me very much: —

It will be found that, so far from having a greater freedom here than in the Soviet Union, we have only a different concept of freedom. Here we suppress people who, judged by capitalist standards, seriously threaten to destroy property. There they suppress people who threaten to restore it. This applies to speech as well as to other acts in both countries, and suggests the comparative bases of circumscription of liberties. And since ours is a concept of freedom under capitalism, theirs one under socialism, we find talk cheap, but let millions of our citizens starve in idleness; whereas they give every man a job and tell him to watch his tongue.

'We find talk cheap.' In other words, you are free here to write an uncompromising denunciation of American institutions, free to send it through the mails to whom you will, free to publish it, free to be paid money for your views if you can sell them in a free market and then to use the money for what you will, free to receive credit, honors, and per-

fectly parliamentary brickbats for them according to the merits or faults that different free minds find in them — free to be and to express yourself. Is all this so 'cheap' as to be worth nothing to you, a man who would suffocate under suppression?

And 'we let millions of our citizens starve in idleness'! What millions? When? Where? About how many millions? Don't you realize that one tenth of one million starving Americans in this year of the New Deal would have every national officeholder quaking in his boots and that the scandal would reverberate around the world? *Per contra*, have you yet to hear how Stalin, applying the Russian 'concept of freedom under socialism,' abetted famine with pitiless state exactions and literally starved uncounted thousands as a mere trivial incident to appropriation of the life-saving wheat they had themselves raised, which he then calmly put into the international market to pay for armaments and industrial machinery, in order to save his monstrous schedule of industrialization and his own face?

'They give every man a job.' This I take as an invitation to look forward with eager zest to the day when, here in my beloved northern New England, the owners of small independent farms, family farms, will be expropriated, their land combined into a few vast collectivized units run under state supervision for the production of exportable surpluses, and the late occupants tumbled into cattle cars — five, six, seven thousand at a haul — and whisked away to serfdom in the oil fields of Oklahoma and Texas, where they will be treated almost as kindly as plantation slaves once were and even reëducated ideologically in night schools lest they remain too benighted to be properly grateful.

As the conclusion of the whole matter I ask you: In God's name and man's, what is the sense of a freedom that is not freedom to do what you want to do?

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX

BY MANUEL KOMROFF

How are we to account for the sudden popular vogue of photography? When did it start?

The photographic industry is the only one I know that has successfully defied depression. It has even prospered during our bad time. One of the large photographic dealers in the New York financial district told me that his business took a sudden jump the very week following the crash. People came in with old cameras and antique equipment and traded them in for modern expensive machines.

'How do you explain it?' I asked.

'Well,' he said, 'I guess they have time on their hands. No business, so they go out and take pictures. Gives them something to do. Keeps the mind off troubles.'

But this explanation is hardly satisfactory, and it accounts for but a few. I have asked a number of people who have recently gone into photography what it was that attracted them to the hobby. Some said it afforded a simple escape from the pressure of modern existence. Others said they had long been seeking a hobby and photography gave them a chance for artistic expression. (I suspect that artists might challenge this.) Men confessed to me that they were bored to death with the cheap brand of Hollywood movies, and photography gave them something to do in the evenings. The wives of these gentlemen have become 'dark-room widows.'

One young fellow, a liberal and pacifist, told me he went in for photography

because it does not harm anyone, and almost everything else in the world seems to inflict injury on someone or something. I do not believe I can agree with this view, for I see stamp collecting and a hundred other hobbies just as harmless. And I have seen some photographs, many of them, that inflicted much injury. Yes, I have been injured myself by the cruel candid school of photography.

I found that old-timers who had been taking pictures years ago with large cumbersome boxes and the black cloth had picked up fresh interest because of the small handy precision cameras that have been designed since the end of the war. The convenience and flexibility of these new miniature cameras, and the remarkable results obtainable with them, have no doubt attracted many. The lenses are faster and the film more sensitive; thus the boundaries of photography have been greatly extended. No longer is sunlight necessary. Snapshots at night, with a reasonable amount of illumination, are easily possible.

Many girls, on hearing that Margaret Bourke-White is paid a fabulous salary with freedom to go anywhere and snap anything, think, quite rightly, that this would indeed be a pleasant career. They also learn that assistants carry the bags and laboratory workers in the dark room back home help with the developing and printing. This all sounds very attractive. In the past few years I have met a number of sad young women who have discovered that they were not Margaret Bourke-White. The truth is

that only a very few, aside from manufacturers and dealers, are able to make a steady income from this hobby.

I have also run into some odd individuals who like to hang something over their shoulder when they walk out. This seems to me a very German trait, for the Germans love to get into a harness of field glasses, cameras, thermos bottles, and other hang-on-the-belt contraptions. Such people are to be seen in America, too. They want to 'belong.' Two such camera-strapped individuals meeting anywhere will talk to each other without hesitation or introduction. And because of this social factor shy and lonely souls have bought the little black box.

We all know that artistic values have changed since the war. The day of the old woolly studio photograph is over forever. The public to-day has a curious interest in a hard, cold, exact, detached, and sometimes cruel school of photography. This needs no studio, no special lighting, no retouching or dark-room doctoring. All it requires is a small efficient camera concealed on the hip, waiting for the proper moment to arrive. Some weak souls — and a good many photographers are timid — gain a sense of power by carrying their little black box concealed but loaded.

This change of values and the ease with which a photograph tells its story — a thousand or more words would not describe fully the average picture — account for the rise of our tabloid newspapers and the popularity of our picture journals. There are many people who find it difficult and trying to read words. They would rather 'look pictures' or 'listen radio.'

And there are those who, unable to express themselves in other ways, find that with a photograph they are able to tell a full story. Some picture stories are very frank and unusual. This has given rise to that pussyfooting, sneak-around-the-corner 'candid' school of photography. The candid picture is not to be confused with the modern documentary

photography, nor with photo-journalism or informal and action photography.

The camera as a detective is indeed very old, but only in recent times, thanks to small compact instruments, fast lenses, and highly sensitive film, has the detective spirit been given free chance to operate. Cameras are forbidden in the electrocution chamber, but at the last act in the drama of Ruth Snyder, murderess, a reporter had a small candid camera strapped to his leg, and just as the current came on he lifted his trouser and snapped the picture. The tabloid newspaper printed this stolen moment over the whole of the front page. It was a photo scoop. At about the same time a photographer in Europe, Erich Salomon, took a number of very informal pictures of famous diplomats haggling at one of the peace conferences. The pictures had wide circulation.

These were two outstanding events that helped launch a whole movement in photography. The candid school has gone the limit, and at present nobody is really safe. Reporters have become more daring, and their motto is 'Live dangerously and bring home the picture.' Cruelty to men and women in the public eye can go no further.

All this has helped the camera business. The year before the depression we imported from Europe a third of a million dollars' worth of cameras and accessories. In 1929 this figure reached \$645,263. In 1936, the last year for which we have figures published by our Customs Department, the total reached over \$1,800,000. This amount is for cameras and lenses alone and does not include \$300,000 worth of photographic paper from Germany or more than a million dollars' worth of imported raw film from England. The total bill of photographic importations for 1936, I find, is over \$3,800,000. These pay a heavy duty ranging from 20 per cent on cameras to 40 per cent for lenses imported separately.

But the imports are really a very small

part of the business. Since the days of depression our own exports have risen enormously. The figures I have been able to gather for 1927 total only \$4,705,000. But in 1932 they jumped to \$13,538,000, and in 1935 the volume was over \$17,400,000. Of this last amount \$2,500,000 consisted of unexposed motion-picture film.

Does America want to build a camera that would really compete with the best German product? There are rumors that a number of fine miniature cameras made in the United States are soon to be launched on the market. So far I have seen nothing in this field that compares favorably with the small German-built cameras. Some say that several old men in the technical division of our large camera works prevent the younger and brilliant men from designing a camera that would compete in all ways. Others argue that the foreign competition is not important, for sales of Eastman Kodak alone for 1937 were over \$136,000,000 and are mounting each year. And so what does a million and a half dollars' worth of imported products amount to?

The operating income of the Eastman Company has grown steadily from more than \$12,000,000 in 1932 to more than \$34,000,000 in 1937. Of course the amateurs, with their little black boxes, are responsible for only a fraction of this business — only 15 or 18 per cent, I believe. Motion-picture film accounts for more than half of these staggering figures. But even then the amateurs are spending a good many millions on their hobby each year. And Eastman is not the only photographic company in America. Du Pont manufactures a good deal of the film used in Hollywood.

Add to these the companies specializing in photographic papers, chemicals, amateur moving-picture equipment, developing and printing laboratories, — to say nothing of photo magazines, books, gadgets, lighting equipment, and all the other things so dear to the amateur's heart, — and you have an American in-

dustry that is doing a full \$100,000,000 business a year, at a time when the whole nation is in the doldrums.

Because so many nervous fingers are eager to press the button, manufacturers here and abroad have been unable to meet the actual demands. In the past eight years American dealers handling the Leica camera, which is an expensive instrument selling at from \$150 to \$400, have increased from 400 to 1200 in number. A 600-page manual describing the use of this camera has already gone through six editions, with a total sold of more than 50,000 copies.

A whole new literature has arisen. New publishers have sprung up overnight. New companies have been incorporated to manufacture cameras imitating popular models and make accessories that are ever in demand. Worthless and stupidly designed merchandise finds a ready market.

A new fast lens designed for one of the popular miniature cameras was two years late in delivery. During this time the advance orders for this accessory, costing \$180, accumulated until several thousand were on file. The initial shipment to the United States was only several hundred, and dealers fought with each other to get stock. Don't forget that while this was going on the whole nation was sunk deep in depression!

Germany has no complaint. The Leitz works have doubled the size of their factory and doubled the number of their workers. Their main business, the microscope division, now takes second place. The Zeiss works have expanded enormously — but under government eyes, so that at any moment the entire plant could be converted into a factory for war materials.

Many improvements for modern cameras are held up because the factories do not have time to fill the orders now on file. So great is the demand that they are unable to keep abreast with it. This condition exists not only in German factories but also in Rochester, New York,

where much of our photographic equipment is made. One firm manufacturing a special type of expensive box camera, in which not a button has been changed in twenty years, has found itself weeks behind in production because this type of box is popular with our news photographers. The vogue is on.

In the spring of this year Grand Central Palace, the home of the Auto Show in New York, opened its doors to the first large Photo Show. Almost all manufacturers were represented and showed their latest products. The walls were covered with 3000 selected photographs, and the place was mobbed. Over 100,000 people paid admissions. Space is now being allotted for the exhibition next year. The interest seems mounting.

Photo clubs have sprung up everywhere as though overnight. A special camera-club service has been organized by Eastman Kodak, and fifteen pamphlets are published and sent out gratis dealing with camera-club organization, management, and activities. Five years ago the clubs in the United States numbered about 250, while to-day the total exceeds 1500.

Having officiated at a few of the photographic contests during the past five or six years, I can see a definite improvement in the pictures of amateurs throughout the country. The improvement is mostly of a technical nature. Some amateurs are now doing work equal to that of the good professionals. But these are only a few.

There are a number of things that seem to hold up the average amateur. Often he fails to 'see the picture' — that is, he has a bad eye and does not find the picture because he has no idea of balance, composition, design, dramatic feeling, human interest, or the hundred other things that should enter into the art of picture making.

Year after year amateurs continue to produce miserable and meaningless snapshots. And the sad part is that

many do not even know that their pictures are bad. They display these 'masterpieces' with great pride. Ego carries them buoyantly along, and the same ego prevents them from learning the simple rules of the craft.

With ego also goes great hope. The amateur hopes for the best. Reason might tell him that the light is poor, the subject not worthy, the equipment in his hands not suitable for the job he is attempting, his exposure a wild guess, — all this and more, — but still hope is behind his finger and he presses the button. Then later he is surprised and annoyed when he sees the finished result.

There are some, however, who are eager to learn and master this intricate craft. Many amateurs have done quite well with the process of film development, but they fall down in the printing. The quality of the printing is, to my mind, the thing that makes the great difference between the amateur and the professional. Almost every amateur has negatives that could be made into exhibition pictures if he only knew how to print them.

This last step in the photographic process, the printing, is what at present seems to hold up the more ambitious amateur. But even in this most difficult and tricky process there are signs of definite improvement. A careful comparison of recent amateur photographic exhibitions with exhibitions of several years ago proves beyond a doubt that amateurs are aware of this deficiency and that many have taken steps to improve their 'print quality.'

And so, while a good section of the amateur battalion is photographically blind, another good section is alive, interested, and progressive. It is hard to estimate the numbers of each, and I am inclined to believe that the stupid section is in the majority. But all are devoted passionately to the little black box, and all spend money to help keep this \$100,000,000 business away from depression.

WILHELMINA REGINA

BY KEES VAN HOEK

I

ON September 6, 1898, a fair girl of eighteen, clad in a long white silken robe and an ermine-caped red velvet cloak embroidered with golden lions, rose amidst the great of her land to swear allegiance to the Constitution of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Her father was dead, and she now became Queen in her own right.

Times change. Not a solitary ruler is left of that multitude of kings and grand dukes, princes and princelings, who wielded autocratic power when Queen Wilhelmina came to her throne. Revolutions chased the Kings of Portugal and Spain far from their countries. The Emperor of Germany has been an exile in Holland for half of her reign. The country of the mighty Emperor Francis Joseph no longer exists, and there is a warrant out for the arrest of his heir. The Tsar of Russia and his family were murdered. The King of Italy — the only family which can compete with her own House in age — barely holds his own by the tolerance of a popular dictator. Turkey dismissed its Sultan, and the 'Shadow of God on Earth' has been replaced by a general in a bowler hat. Serbia, by an entirely local method, acquired a new dynasty. All Wilhelmina's other contemporaries on the thrones of the world forty years ago have died.

The maps show even greater changes than does the *Almanach de Gotha*. Norway separated from Sweden in mutual understanding. Great Britain gave Eire and her other Dominions their freedom.

Poland was reborn, Finland won independence, and new countries appeared: Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, carved out of the Russian cadaver; Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, a terribly mutilated Hungary, and an unnaturally swollen Rumania, heirs of the Hapsburgs. Interminable Balkan quarrels made possible the puppet state of Albania.

'Safe in the Midst of the Waves' has been the motto of Wilhelmina's House — a phrase whose aptness is emphasized in our momentous times.

The House of Orange-Nassau traces its origin as far back as the year 800. The Nassaus settled in Holland in 1400, and a century later the Principality of Orange came into the family, through a French marriage. The first Prince of Orange-Nassau, young William, resided in the Netherlands at the explicit wish of the Emperor Charles V, whose favorite he was. As William the Silent he became the first ruler of an independent Holland. From him Wilhelmina descends, eleventh in the succession of seven Stadholders (as the hereditary presidents of the Republic of the United Provinces were first called) and of three kings. Four centuries of family allegiance to her country are represented in her.

It is curious how often the last hope of the dynasty reposed in a small child. William III, later King of England, was yet unborn when his father died, and on his birth was solemnly proclaimed Holland's 'Child of State.' William V had to fly the country in the time of the French

Revolution, but his son returned, carried through the surf by enthusiastic Scheveningen fishermen who could not wait for the landing of his boat. One king abdicated. The last king saw his wife, his three stalwart sons, and his only brother die within a short span of years. Remarrying, he became a father again at the age of sixty-three; his tiny daughter Wilhelmina was the last slender hope of an age-old dynasty.

Wilhelmina succeeded to the throne under circumstances which were not altogether auspicious. Her father had reigned for forty-one years. He had many gifts, but his character was not altogether exemplary. Unsteady and despotic (his mother was the daughter of a Tsar of Russia), he inevitably clashed with the rigid propriety of Dutch Court circles and even more so with the enlightened liberalism of cool and stolid Dutch politicians. As his temper only made things worse, in later years he withdrew almost completely from personal contacts. Outwardly he was surrounded with misunderstanding and distrust. Ministers saw him only when they had to kiss his hand on appointment — and even then he more than once received them sitting with his baby daughter on the floor of a study littered with toys! There is something pathetic in this picture, for he was a man of talent and a personality.

When he died the love and respect of the nation for the crown had to be wooed anew. With great tact the Dowager Queen brought forward her little daughter, 'Orphan of the State,' and thus began to rally around the child Queen an affection which, as her character developed, turned into devoted love. Wilhelmina was ten years old when she appeared for the first time on the balcony of the Royal Palace at Amsterdam, before the cheering multitude of her subjects. Looking down on them, she asked her mother, 'Mama, do all these people belong to me?'

There is wisdom in Emma's reply:

'No, my child; it is you who belong to all these people.'

That became the guiding principle of her education for queenship. Though The Hague is the Royal Residence and the Seat of the Government, Wilhelmina spent her youth at the Palace Het Loo. It is a low and wide two-storied country-seat, a short distance from the town of Apeldoorn, in the heart of the Veluwe, a vast stretch of woods and moorland which is perhaps the only part of the country not under intensive cultivation. Throughout the centuries it had been the hunting box of the Princes of Orange, since William and Mary bought it from the Bentincks. Lenôtre, the magician of Versailles, had laid out the gardens, and every succeeding stadholder or king had enlarged and improved the estate, so that gradually Het Loo became the favorite residence — a Dutch Windsor and Sandringham and Balmoral rolled into one! Essentially peaceful, only Napoleon had found it too quiet.

In the adjoining wood Wilhelmina's father had built a child's chalet for his little daughter. Her earliest hobby was the true domestic Dutch art of cooking, carried out with such a thoroughness that she preferred to grow her own vegetables. Famous professors taught her languages, history, and constitutional law, gray admirals and generals the rudiments of naval and military science. Often the young child of an old parent is exceptionally gifted. Such was certainly her case, for her educational programme seems staggeringly overloaded to modern pedagogical eyes.

Miss Saxton-Winter, who was her English governess, saw to it, with the Queen Mother's full approval, that the girl's youth was not a lonely one. Animals were her hobby: goats, pigeons, chickens, and rabbits were her favorites. Two gravestones in the Royal Park — one for 'Baby,' her first pony, the other for 'Hindin,' her first charger — attest her fondness for riding, by preference along the sandy seashore. And in win-

ter, like every Dutch child, she reveled in skating and sleighing.

Her love, however, went out to her dolls. They were much pampered. As she insisted that they did not like to sleep in strange beds, they had to travel with their own beds, bed linen, and all the other paraphernalia of a proper doll-house. The dolls' suitcase was entrusted to the special care of her personal servant, who carried it about as if it contained priceless treasures of the realm.

Her youth was not a matter for publicity. But we have early glimpses of her character. It rained cats and dogs — real admiral's weather — when she unveiled the statue to De Ruyter at Flushing. 'I am as wet as a cat,' was the royal comment, 'but never mind, it was such fun watching the Burgomaster getting soaked during his long speech.' And there is that incident which Miss Winter was always keen to relate: how she once meted out as a punishment to her charge the drawing of a map of Europe, and how her pupil managed to get back at her. Holland appeared toweringly big, shouldering tiny England off the map altogether!

II

When thirteen years old, Wilhelmina was taken by her mother — a sister of the Duchess of Albany — for a visit to London. It was meant to be a purely educational tour — quiet hotels, with visits to churches and museums after preparatory lectures by learned professors.

Queen Victoria, however, could not be deterred from an official invitation. A special train conveyed the Dutch party to Windsor, where a guard of honor was in attendance. Though suffering badly from rheumatism that day, Victoria, the hostess, was at her most jovial. Scottish pipers played at her guest's special request, which seems to have flattered everyone extremely. That afternoon 'The Queen and Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands went for a drive

through Windsor Great Park,' as the Court Circular formally put it. Two Queens — one a very old lady, almost at the close of her reign, the other a very young girl, still on the threshold of hers.

Their affection was reciprocal. When Victoria heard that Wilhelmina would love to see a levee — at which, being equal to the Queen in status, she could not be officially present — Victoria invited her little guest to her dressing room and afterwards arranged for a door of a neighboring salon to remain open, with a large mirror placed in such a position that Wilhelmina, unobserved by others, could follow the ceremonial in the Throne Room.

Relations remained cordial until the Boer War, when the young Queen, deeply moved by the fate of her kinsmen in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, personally appealed to Victoria. Victoria resented that eager insistence.

It is a strange coincidence that the Royal Families of Great Britain and Holland, though close neighbors and relations, have never rendered each other a state visit. It is known that Queen Wilhelmina insists that a younger sovereign — younger in ascendancy to the throne — should visit her first. Hence she never came to London 'officially.' But in the twenties, when the Dutch Royal Family were on their way to a holiday in the Lake District, King George V and Queen Mary, accompanied by their sons and their ministers, Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson, appeared at the station to greet her as she passed through the city. And whenever a British Royal Prince has visited the Netherlands his welcome, both at the Court and by the populace, has always been of the heartiest. After having realized each other's sterling qualities in five Anglo-Dutch wars, the struggle for sea supremacy which the much bigger one was bound to win, the Dutch and English respect each other more than any other two nations. Holland to-day, obviously, suspects only one neighbor, and to defend herself she

has strengthened her army, navy, and air force to the limit of her considerable means.

Last year, when Princess Juliana was married, there was a gala performance at the Hague Opera House. The Dutch national hymn was sung with fervor; the German national anthem, in honor of the German guests, was listened to in icy respect; but when, in honor of the Duke of Kent, Princess Alice, and the Earl of Athlone, 'God Save the King' was taken up by the orchestra, the whole vast assembly joined in with obvious spontaneity.

III

After her eighteenth birthday, the age of constitutional majority, Wilhelmina was officially inaugurated as Queen. On the day of her inauguration she walked from her palace in Amsterdam to the near-by New Church, attired already in her cloak of ermine and velvet, the Sword of State and the Standard of the Realm carried before her. In the church the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Orb were laid before her, and around her gathered her faithful *Staten Generaal*: Senate and House of Commons, the elected representatives of her people, who, each called up by name, swore allegiance to her.

Afterwards, on her drive through Amsterdam, she found all her people assembled from near and far to wish her Godspeed, clustered in the stands, on ships in the canals, at every window and roof along her triumphant drive. The newly crowned Queen rose in her carriage and stretched both her arms towards her people in the unrestrained response of her youth.

Marriage was obviously an urgent necessity of state. The choice was restricted to a Protestant prince, but anyone who stood a chance of inheriting a foreign throne was barred by the Dutch constitution, in order to avoid personal international entanglements. Henry Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin admi-

rably filled the bill. They made each other's acquaintance at Cannes, and they married a year later, when the Queen was still under twenty-one. The Duke became a Dutch citizen with the title of Prince of the Netherlands.

A charming anecdote throws a light on his unenviable position as Consort. The very morning — eight years later — on which his daughter was born, the Prince happened to meet one of the cabinet ministers, who warmly congratulated him. 'A pity,' the Prince remarked, 'that it is a girl.' 'But, Your Royal Highness,' remonstrated the minister, 'I can assure you that after the nation's wonderful experience with the Dowager Queen Emma and with Queen Wilhelmina there is nobody in Holland who is not as delighted with a girl as with a boy.' 'Oh, I was not doubting that,' interrupted the Prince, 'I was thinking of the poor blighter who one day will have to be Prince Consort.'

Henry was simple, jovial, and obliging, three characteristics which won him the affection of his new countrymen. Little interested in statecraft, he limited his activities carefully. Agriculture interested him — anything to do with the soil, horses, and cattle. And he made not merely a decorative but an energetic president of the Dutch Red Cross Society and of many other philanthropic institutions.

A year after her marriage the Queen contracted typhus, and for some weeks the shadow of death hovered over Het Loo. She recovered, but high hopes went in the aftermath. Seven years of anxiety followed: the Queen, last of her line without an heir. Once more she narrowly escaped death when the royal carriage stuck in the tram rails. But for the presence of mind of the tram conductor, who braked in the nick of time, and of the Prince, who prevented the horses of the badly damaged landau from bolting, the Queen might have been killed. The throne would then have gone to some obscure German princeling, completely

alien to Holland and totally unknown there, but somehow issue of a branch of the Nassaus. Hence the international interest that centred round the succession; hence the change in the constitution which the government carried through during the Great War, whereby all those distant claimants to the heritage of the Dutch throne were cut off altogether, provision being made that, in the case of a king or queen dying without issue, the States-General must elect a new king within three months.

However, one fateful evening at the very end of April 1909, the national and foreign press correspondents were invited to remain overnight at the Royal Palace. At 3 A.M. a hot supper was served, and at the break of dawn a Court official suddenly appeared. Hardly had he begun to read the age-old formula when he stopped abruptly: 'Gentlemen, it is a princess!' . . . And *Daily Mail*, *Paris-soir*, *Washington Post*, all bolted out and raced to the near-by G. P. O. — a good sprint in which Sir Philip Gibbs took the lead.

IV

Internationally Holland's worries during the first part of Queen Wilhelmina's reign had been minor problems. The proximity of the island of Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies, to Venezuela often provoked friction with that state. Holland had to take part in international actions in Turkey and China, to safeguard her extensive trade interests. She sided with England and the United States in their firm attitude to Mexico regarding the annexation of oil properties. A seemingly recurrent trouble!

Thus, when the Great War broke loose, it was an honest neutrality which Holland could proclaim to the world — a neutrality based not on momentary calculations but on the traditions of The Hague. At the start of the Queen's reign, certain zealots tried to lure Holland into a customs union with the German Reich, and when that effort failed

proposed a postal union. The nation refused to consider either of these ideas, as it remained equally distant from the attempts of other proponents to enter into an economic and military treaty with Belgium. Closely knitted as Belgium then was with her French neighbor, this would have been sheer folly, as after-events soon showed.

The rape of Belgium shocked Holland profoundly. Literally tens of thousands of the very poorest Belgians were given food, clothing, and shelter for four long years. There is no doubt that at the beginning of the war the majority of the Dutch were pronouncedly anti-German. But as the war went on, and particularly when a multitude of British Orders in Council threw a net around neutral shipping, many were inclined to believe that there was not much choice between the devil and the deep sea. When almost the whole Dutch fisher fleet was forcibly retained in British harbors, to make the blockade of Germany more effective by preventing any chance of food 'leaking' through Holland, and when, pressed for tonnage, Great Britain and America confiscated almost the entire Dutch mercantile marine, the sentiment in favor of the Allies was subjected to a heavy strain.

The war years were a nightmare for Holland. The privations in lack of food and fuel were hardest to bear. Economic life was paralyzed; Holland had nothing to transport. Half a million men stood guard at the frontiers — the whole army remaining mobilized for four long years, to ward off any intruder. To make matters worse, four provinces, almost a third of the national territory, were flooded in 1916, when one of the sea dikes gave way to an unprecedented gale.

The end of the war came dramatically with the flight of the Kaiser and Crown Prince into Holland, after the collapse of the German Imperial Headquarters at Spa. Holland had not solicited these exalted fugitives, but, once they had put themselves under her age-old hospitality,

the country was prepared to stand by that traditional right. The Allies demanded their surrender, Holland proudly refused, and — as many a British statesman has since admitted — thereby saved them from what would have been a great blunder.

The relief of the Armistice went to some people's heads. In near-by Germany, as monarchies tottered, socialist leaders rose to power. For a moment it looked as if even Holland had lost her traditional equilibrium. The Dutch socialist leader Troelstra announced the Revolution, but announced it with true Dutch thoroughness, a week in advance! The loyalists had time to rise, led by the staunchly Catholic Provinces of the South. The day earmarked for the inauguration of the Republic became the greatest demonstration of loyalty which the monarchy ever witnessed.

I can still see the hundreds of thousands who with their flags and banners had moved into The Hague, from the farthest corners of the land. The troops insisted on drawing the Queen's landau through the parade grounds. She had her arms folded round Juliana, deeply moved. With a tremulous voice she asked the troops who pulled her carriage to go slow: 'I'd like to see who pays me this tribute.' But a voice boomed out through the bare trees, 'All Holland, Your Majesty' — a motion carried by tumultuous cheering. The enormous crowd surged round the carriage with its Queen — *Landsmoeder*, 'Mother of the Land,' as she has been called since that day. After she had been triumphantly carried home — to that modest palace which stands in the middle of a busy shopping street — she appeared on the balcony with her ministers. That evening she issued a proclamation announcing that 'social reforms shall be carried through with a speed fitting to the pulsation of our time.' A farsighted bourgeoisie consented indeed to timely concessions; Holland remained the country in which the standard of living is highest,

in which the workingman and the lower classes can live well.

How this rally of the nation stood it in good stead was soon proved when from the Versailles Peace Conference sensational rumors raised their ugly heads, all too soon to become confirmed. Belgium, intoxicated by victory, wanted to enlarge herself at the cost of Holland: the southern parts of the Dutch provinces of Zeeland and Limburg, handed over to Belgium, would make the Dutch Belgian frontier a much straighter line, so she argued.

Two happenings stayed the danger. The Queen's visit to her devastated territories resulted in such tremendous demonstrations of national consciousness that their echo could not be ignored even abroad. And at Versailles the Boer statesmen, Botha and Smuts, put their foot down with the British delegation. To those Afrikaners, members of the Imperial War Cabinet, Holland was their spiritual fatherland, Dutch their mother tongue. In the darkest hour of the Boer War, when not one of the Great Powers, in fear of England, had dared to offer the slightest help, Wilhelmina had sent a warship, thus securing President Kruger a safe shelter in Holland. Now came South Africa's chance: the British decision that a cessation of Dutch territory could not even be discussed meant the end of the threat.

For many years afterwards this dark possibility poisoned Dutch-Belgian relations. Holland had been foster mother to multitudes of Belgian fugitives and war orphans during four long years in which she often had to tighten her own belt. This gross ungratefulness was very bitterly felt. But time heals all wounds. Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium, visiting the Dutch East Indies twice on extensive study tours, rapidly became popular. His ascendance to the throne spelled new possibilities. And when a few months ago, at the baptism of the Baby Princess Beatrix, Queen Wilhelmina invited King Leopold to be god-

father to her first grandchild, their meeting showed a deep reciprocal affection. His state visit to Holland this November will give the two nations a chance of inaugurating a new and happier era of Dutch-Belgian collaboration.

V

The Prince Consort died in 1934, so suddenly that a slight indisposition was considered too negligible by the doctors to warn Princess Juliana, who was staying at the time in Kensington Palace with the Athlones. On a July morning before dawn a lonely lady paced the quayside at the Hook of Holland, and, when the mailboat from Harwich docked, mother and daughter met each other on the landing bridge in a silent embrace.

Again the Queen spoke to her people. 'We are moved and grateful that his good heart and friendliness, his simple nature, have made him so many friends,' she began, commemorating her dead consort; then, recalling the recent death of her mother, 'We look upwards to the Light, to the Peace which is their part'; finally, 'I thank God for the love of my people.'

The Queen is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. At home she proceeds every morning to prayer and Bible lecture, though attendance is not compulsory for her suite or servants, among whom there are many Catholics. With the strong Catholic minority of her subjects she has always been on good terms. The late Monsignor Nolens, leader of the Catholic Party, was for years her trusted adviser, on whom she had urged more than once the offer of the Premiership. Her faith is a living one.

The Queen has a strong feminine reticence. Her serious face keeps people at a distance, but this is more inherent shyness than deliberate coolness. Her almost manly resoluteness has become almost proverbial. She did not mind plodding through the mud when, at the

French army manoeuvres, she desired to inspect a gun at close range: 'I do the same at home.' And indeed she does! Immediately after the reception of the diplomatic corps on New Year's Day, 1926, the Queen, notwithstanding the bitter cold, took the evening train to the inundated regions. The next morning, when the boats could not carry her farther, she went ahead, carried on the shoulders of sturdy sailors.

Her personal character corresponds ideally with the Dutch national character. With her great sense of responsibility, and her extraordinary intelligence, one can hardly minimize the value of her constant supervision, as the head of state, over all actions of the government of the day. She has turned the crown into the keeper of the government's conscience, safeguarding true democracy against mere party bossing. During these forty years of her reign she has worked with over a dozen cabinets, of various shades and opinions. She never had to make use of her right of veto; only twice she dissolved parliament. When she came to the throne there were barely half a million voters on the register; gradual extensions of franchise have shot this number up to over four million to-day. But though the Dutchman is by nature an individualist, — proportional representation has resulted in a dozen or more parties, and tyrannic state power would be unthinkable in Holland, — there has always been more that unites than divides. This higher unity, consecrated as it is by a tradition of four centuries, has found in the throne more than a mere symbol.

There is little pomp or show in Dutch Court life. The visits of foreign potentates have been few and far between. Most of the Queen's own travels have been incognito under her favorite title of Countess van Buren: the Norwegian fjords, Switzerland, the Tyrol and the Vosges, the Lake District and the Scottish Highlands, where she once prolonged her holiday over her birthday

and took suite and servants on a *char-à-bancs* picnic to the Trossachs!

Only when exercising her royal prerogative of opening parliament, the third Tuesday of September, does she clothe herself with royal splendor. In her golden coach she drives to the Hall of the Knights, up the courtyard where Holland's very heart has beaten through the ages. Under the high wooden roof, the late summer sun setting the orders of the men and the jewels of the ladies ablaze, the Queen in the midst of her faithful *Staten Generaal* reads her speech from the throne, the programme of yet another year of parliamentary legislation.

Holland has grown in the forty years of her reign from the five millions at her ascension to the more than eight and a half millions of to-day. The country has changed from one almost entirely agricultural to one now largely industrial. A name like the Royal Dutch-Shell spells a world in itself.

Through the gigantic Zuider Zee Reclamation, Holland is peacefully adding a twelfth province to her territory. Wieringen, which at the end of the war was still such a desolate island that it could serve as a safe internment for the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, is now a hill in a polder which has already brought forth some good harvests. At Ymuiden the greatest sluice gates of the world were built; the Dutch merchant fleet remains one of the finest on the Seven Seas; and Dutch tugboats brought the enormous floating dry dock safe from its British wharf to far-eastern Singapore. After having flown a regular weekly postal service from Amsterdam to Batavia for years, far ahead of any of the big fellows, Holland's achievement in the Melbourne Air Contest was really the outstanding performance of the race. Science and the arts flourish, and in architecture a school is springing up that bids fair to rival the fame of the great Dutch schools of painting.

A thousand years ago, the period over which government can be traced in the

Low Countries, Holland was but marsh-land and forests, the sea reigning supreme, wolves and bears abounding. Not a single year has passed without this sea having been intrepidly pushed back. There is a popular saying that, whereas God created the world, the Dutch made Holland themselves. Authority and order, based on strong individual liberties, are its secret.

There is something in those gray horizons, in those flat polders, — flatter even than pancakes, for they lay so sunk below the level of the sea that the barges in the canals seem to ride the landscape, — which tends to flatten Dutch national character. But the Queen who works and struggles with her people is the dictator of their hearts and — so they feel — infinitely greater and nobler than those overadvertised self-imposed dictators elsewhere.

VI

The Queen hates to feign; she refuses to do things because they are supposed to be done. State visits of foreign royalties are not encouraged if they are not considered worth-while because of close ties and common interests. When Amanullah of Afghanistan toured the courts of Europe, Wilhelmina was not at home. She must have had a quiet smile when the Afghan was unceremoniously turned out of his country soon after his return — London, Paris, Rome, Brussels, Berlin, all cutting a somewhat silly figure, not to mention the enormous expense to which they had been put!

But when Hirohito, then still Crown Prince of Japan, was in Europe, the Queen went out of her way to give 'her august neighbor in the East' not only the most ceremonious but the warmest of welcomes. The Emperor has more than once referred to his lasting impressions of those long and confidential talks with her.

Her ideas of diplomacy are not laced in gold, which explains her cordial relations with two United States Ministers, Pro-

fessor Henry Van Dyke and Mr. Richard M. Tobin — both strong personal favorites, whom she liked for their simple distinction, for their knowledge, and for the efficient and businesslike manner in which they went about cementing good relations between her country and the States.

To many of her subjects, more show would not have been unwelcome. But she just does not happen to like it. She refused a new palace, for which a wealthy patriot had offered the finest site at The Hague. The old one, although it is the simplest royal palace of all Europe, had been good enough for her ancestors — it was good enough for her. True, she is not particularly fond of it, but she built herself an unpretentious bungalow in a forgotten corner of the Dunes, which she characteristically called the 'Ruigenhoek' (the Rough Corner), for it is almost open to the storms of the North Sea. And there is always her countryseat Het Loo. Once, during a cabinet crisis, the leader of the Socialist Party had to be summoned for a consultation. It was their first meeting, and when, after a long train journey, the politician arrived at the palace, he was received in a room where a breakfast had been prepared for him, the teapot singing cosily on its tripod. Such was the first meeting between the Sovereign and the head of a party which at that time was outspokenly republican.

When later the same leader failed in rousing a revolution, it was the Queen who insisted that there should be no recrimination. She refused to listen to any counsel of reaction, judging that the time was ripe for far-reaching social reforms and that this abortive revolution was no valid excuse for postponing measures which were due.

Though close on sixty, she still cycles regularly. There are old and sick people in whom she is interested; she visits

them and reads to them, and leaves her bicycle standing outside against the window sill in a forlorn back street. Her loathing of ceremonial has prevented her from visiting her Colonial Empire. There she is the Great and Mighty Queen, and her simplicity would not be understood; but Oriental pomp and splendor are unbearable to her. It is perhaps the chief flaw in her conduct of affairs. She makes up for it by studying with special care all that appertains to the Colonies.

On the occasion of her daughter's wedding — an occasion of deep national rejoicing — the Nazis' attitude set the world aghast by its boorishness. The Queen checked their gross breach of manners with simple directness. 'This is the marriage of my daughter to the man she loves, whom I have found worthy of her love; this is not the marriage of Holland to Germany.' Her letter to Hitler must have been a quiet masterpiece: the confiscated passports of the German bridesmaids and other wedding guests were handed back at once. The ceremony remained a Dutch wedding, that of her daughter and heir to the young man to whom she had previously granted Dutch citizenship and whom she had elevated to the rank of a Prince of the Netherlands.

In a national emergency, when representatives of all organizations had gathered to discuss ways and means of helping the distressed, Queen Wilhelmina walked over to the meeting from her palace, alone, a middle-aged lady in a simple, sensible coat, with her bag under her arm, as any worthy American woman would walk to her committee meeting — if she did not drive. She took her seat at the table, at the chairman's right, and the discussion went on. That is why the Dutch love their Queen; it is thus that they know her, and not in tiara and ermine.

SAINT THOMAS

BY WILLIAM HARD

KINDLE, O God, that Inner Light in me
That lighteth every man — but ah! not me.

Send me, O God, Thy Word, Thine Only Son
Through Whom each man — save me — should be Thy son.

Give it to me, O God, to be a saint
Who am not and can never be a saint,
Damned through all ages not to be saint
Though he and he and he shall be a saint!

O stop! For what, dear God, am I now saying?
That Thou didst choose me out for such a saying?

That I, this Thomas, was by Thee selected
Out of men's millions, millions, I, selected

To merit Thy damnation, I, I, I,
Thy foe, Thy high foe, and Thy marked foe, I!

See! God and I! He notes me! And His Light,
He says, shall never change my dark to light!

Oh, Thomas! Kneel thee down! Abate thyself!
Strike from thy self thy centering pride of self!

Thou art not strange nor high, but only he,
And he, and he, and he, and he, and he,

Man, any man. So pray thy prayer anew.
I shall. I do. I pray my prayer anew.

Kindle, O God, that Inner Light in me
That Thou hast lighted to enlighten me.

Send me, O God, Thy Word, Thine Only Son,
That I shall be by Thine own word Thy son.

Make me a saint. By Thee it can be done.
Thou dost desire it. Lord, Thy will be done.

JUSTICE HOLMES DEFINES THE CONSTITUTION

BY FELIX FRANKFURTER

I

THE history of the Supreme Court would record fewer explosive periods if, from the beginning, there had been a more continuous awareness of the rôle of the Court in the dynamic process of American society. Lawyers, with rare exceptions, have failed to lay bare that the law of the Supreme Court is enmeshed in the country's history; historians no less have seemed to miss the fact that the country's history is enmeshed in the law of the Supreme Court. Normally historians, much more than lawyers, guide the general understanding of our institutions. But historians have, in the main, allowed only the most spectacular decisions — the Dred Scott controversy or the Legal Tender Cases — to intrude upon the flow of national development through their voluminous pages. The vital share of the Court in the interplay of the country's political and economic forces has largely escaped their attention. Not unnaturally the Court has been outside the permanent focus of the historian's eye. For the momentum of the Court's influence has been achieved undramatically and imperceptibly, like the gradual growth of a coral reef, as the cumulative product of hundreds of cases, individually unexciting and seemingly even unimportant, but in their total effect powerfully telling in the pulls and pressures of society.

From the very beginning the Court has had business which in form was an ordi-

nary lawsuit but which affected the nation as much as action either by the Congress or by the President. The raw material of modern government is business. Taxation, utility regulation, agricultural control, labor relations, housing, banking and finance, control of the security market, — all our major domestic issues, — are phases of a single central problem: namely, the interplay of economic enterprise and government. These are the issues which for more than a generation have dominated the calendar of the Court. For the special function of the Supreme Court in our scheme of things is to mediate between the individual and government, and to mark the boundaries between state and national action. The Court is the final authority in adjusting the relationships of the individual to the separate states, of the individual to the United States, of the forty-eight states to one another, and of the states to the Union.

The Supreme Court exercises this tremendous authority as interpreter of clauses of the Constitution. But the clauses which are interpreted differ drastically in their nature and history, and therefore present sharply different problems for interpretation. Broadly speaking, there are two types of constitutional clauses. First are specific provisions designed to guard against the recurrence of well-defined historic grievances or to impose some specific limitation of power

either upon the states or upon the central government in the distribution of authority under our federalism. These provisions are so definite in their terms and in their history that they canalize interpretation within narrow limits. For that reason they are seldom brought into question and even more rarely excite conflicting views about their meaning.

In the second category are the broad, undefined clauses of the Constitution setting out standards of fair dealing, as well as doctrines of government not expressed in the Constitution but derived from assumptions regarding its purposes. These clauses and implicit doctrines of the Constitution bring very different problems to the Court from those just indicated. Words like 'liberty' and 'property,' phrases like 'regulate Commerce . . . among the several States,' 'due process of law,' 'equal protection of the laws,' doctrines like those of the separation of powers and the non-delegability of the legislative function, are the foundation for judicial action upon the whole appalling domain of social and economic fact. But phrases like 'due process of law' are, as a great judge once expressed it, of 'convenient vagueness.' Their ambiguity is such that the Court is compelled to put meaning into the Constitution, not to take it out.

We speak of the Court as though it were an abstraction. To be sure the Court is an institution, but individuals, with all their diversities of endowment, experience, and outlook, determine its actions. The history of the Supreme Court is not the history of an abstraction, but the analysis of individuals acting as a Court who make decisions and lay down doctrines, and of other individuals, their successors, who refine, modify, and sometimes even overrule the decisions of their predecessors, reinterpreting and transmuting their doctrines. In law also, men make a difference. It would deny all meaning to history to believe that the course of events would have been the same if Thomas

Jefferson had had the naming of Spencer Roane to the place to which John Adams called John Marshall, or if Roscoe Conkling rather than Morrison R. Waite had headed the Court before which came the Granger legislation. The evolution of finance capital in the United States, and therefore of American history after the Reconstruction period, would hardly have been the same if the views of men like Mr. Justice Miller and Mr. Justice Harlan had dominated the decisions of the Court from the Civil War to Theodore Roosevelt's administration. There is no inevitability in history except as men make it.

II

The United States got under way one hundred and fifty years ago, and only seventy-seven men have shaped its destiny, in so far as law has shaped it. To understand what manner of men they were who have sat on the Supreme bench is vital for an understanding of the Court and its work. Yet how meagre is our insight into all but a very few! A lawyer's life before he becomes a judge, like that of an actor, is largely writ in water unless he has had a rich political career. And legal opinions are not conducive to biographical revelation. On the whole, we have a pitifully inadequate basis for understanding the psychological and cultural influences which may be the roots of judicial opinions. The obvious map to the minds of the Justices — the opinions of the Court — is deceptive precisely because they are the opinions of the Court. They are symphonies, not solos. Inferences from opinions to the distinctive characteristics of individual Justices are treacherous, except in so far as a man's genius breaks through a collective judgment, or his vivid life before he went on the bench serves as commentary, or as he expresses individual views in dissent or through personal writings. Not to speak of the present Court, Mr. Justice Holmes possessed these qualities of personal genius per-

haps in richer measure than any member in the Court's history.

The Chief Justice of Massachusetts became Mr. Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court on December 4, 1902, and resigned on January 12, 1932. He was thus a member of the Court for a fifth of its entire active history, and participated in more than a third of its adjudications. More important than these items of duration or volume is the historic significance of the period. Long-maturing social forces which the Civil War released or intensified found powerful political expression just about the time that Mr. Justice Holmes went to Washington. Time did not abate these conflicts. And so it came about that the Court, during his whole thirty years, was sucked into political controversies more continuous and of more immediate popular concern than at any other time in its history.

To the discerning, the burst of capitalistic activity following the victory of the North early revealed that reconciliation of unfettered individual enterprise with social well-being would be the chief issue of politics. A letter by Mr. Justice Miller, written in 1878, which has recently come to light, is a straw showing the way the wind was blowing. Miller, an appointee of Lincoln, and probably the most powerful member of his Court, kept a close watch on events, in Washington as well as from the vantage point of the agricultural Middle West, where he traveled much on circuit:—

I have met with but few things of a character affecting the public good of the whole country that have shaken my faith in human nature as much as the united, vigorous, and selfish effort of the capitalists, — the class of men who as a distinct class are but recently known in this country — I mean those who live solely by interest and dividends. Prior to the late war they were not numerous. They had no interest separate from the balance of the community, because they could lend their money safely and at high rates of interest. But one of the effects of the war was greatly to reduce the rate of interest by rea-

son of the great increase in the quantity of the circulating medium. Another was by the creation of a national funded debt, exempt from taxation, to provide a means for the investment of surplus capital. This resource for investment was quadrupled by the bonds issued by the States, by municipal corporations, and by railroad companies. The result has been the gradual formation of a new kind of wealth in this country, the income of which is the coupons of interest and stock dividends, and of a class whose only interest or stake in the country is the ownership of these bonds and stocks. They engage in no commerce, no trade, no manufacture, no agriculture. They produce nothing.

Mr. Justice Miller was here describing early manifestations of the impact of technological science upon society. Finance capital was in its early stages. Its evolution since Mr. Justice Miller wrote has been analyzed in Veblen's writings and in Brandeis's *Other People's Money*; the pungent details are recorded in the massive volumes of the Pujo and the Pecora investigating committees. In brief, technological advances led to large-scale industry, large-scale industries flowered into mergers and monopolies, thereby producing in considerable measure a subordination of industry to finance. On the social side came the shift from a dominantly agricultural to an urbanized society. Big business vigorously stimulated trade-unionism. Since modern politics is largely economics, these conflicting forces soon found political expression. After several abortive attempts, the various agrarian and progressive movements, in combination with organized labor and other less defined groups, three times won the Presidency. For the 'square deal' of Theodore Roosevelt, the 'new freedom' of Woodrow Wilson, and the 'new deal' of Franklin D. Roosevelt have a common genealogy. Disregarding for the moment detailed or minor differences, the three eras which these slogans summarize derived from efforts to reconcile modern economic forces with the demands of a popular democracy.

The result of the process of economic concentration in the half century since the Miller letter is luminously conveyed by some Treasury figures. I quote from Solicitor General Robert H. Jackson in his recent report on the Sherman Law: —

In 1932, according to the statistics of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, 53 per cent of all corporate owned assets in this country was held by 618 corporations, which constitutes only 0.2 of 1 per cent of the number of corporations reporting. Five per cent of the corporations owned 85 per cent of all corporate owned wealth in 1932. More than 50 per cent of all the net income enjoyed by corporations in 1932 went to 232 corporations, while of the country's manufacturing corporations 1.2 per cent of the total number accounted for 63 per cent of the aggregate net profits. In 1934 the only group of corporations that earned an aggregate net profit was the group whose assets exceeded \$50,000,000. Thus, the process of concentration was continuing.

There was likewise a high degree of concentration in the ownership of these corporations. Nineteen-twenty-nine was a banner year for stock ownership and in that year the 3.28 per cent of the population who filed individual tax returns accounted for the receipt of more than 83 per cent of all dividends paid to individuals. And 78 per cent of those dividends reported were received by 0.3 of 1 per cent of our population.

The effect of this centralization is reflected in the distribution of national income. In 1933 the Bureau of Internal Revenue statistics show that there were only 1,747,740 taxable individual incomes in the United States and nearly one third of all the property reported as passing by death was found in less than 4 per cent of the estates. Brookings Institution's studies of 1929 show that about 6,000,000 families, or 21 per cent of all families, had family incomes of less than \$1000 annually, and that 36,000 families in the high income brackets received as much of our national income in that year as 11,000,000 families with the lowest income.

Instead of using dry figures, Mr. Bernard Baruch, who is uniquely equipped to describe it, has portrayed the present economic scene by a few swift strokes: —

In the industrial East, at least, individual initiative had begun to merge into corporate collectivism around the end of the nineteenth century, attaining its fullest effect in the decade following the World War. It has long since replaced the older capitalism as the dominant force in our economic life.

Naturally, there is only one means of controlling this collectivist growth in corporate enterprise. Government regulation must be extended to a direct proportionate degree.

This is a *sine qua non* which business must accept.

Short of the immediate issues of to-day, Mr. Justice Holmes's period of service on the Court covered the years of most intense interaction between government and business. Barring the tariff and the National Bank Act, there were only two important measures of economic legislation on the Federal statute books when Mr. Justice Holmes came to the Court, and these two, the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 and the Sherman Law of 1890, had only somnolent vitality. Nor had state legislation, after the flurry of the Granger days, proved itself an effective device for social control over economic circumstance. Theodore Roosevelt's presidency marked the change. Under him the Federal Government for the first time embarked upon a positive programme of social welfare. Through use of the taxing power and by regulatory legislation, not only were abuses to be remedied but benefits to be achieved for the common man. A vast field of hitherto free enterprise was brought under governmental supervision. Regardless of the political complexion of successive administrations, the area of national oversight of business was extended. From 1903 to 1932, an invigorated Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Farm Loan Board, the Tariff Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the Railroad Labor Board, followed each other in quick succession.

This vigorous legislative movement

was partly a reflex of energetic state action and partly stimulated states to action. Wisconsin, under the elder La Follette, and New York, under Charles E. Hughes, took the lead in effective state regulation of utilities. In the decade between 1910 and 1920 all but half a dozen states enacted workmen's compensation laws. Local antitrust laws, shorter-hours acts, minimum-wage laws, blue-sky laws, banking laws, conservation enactments, illustrate only some of the topics on which laws came from the forty-eight states. Such were the problems that were presented to Mr. Justice Holmes for adjudication.

III

What equipment did Mr. Justice Holmes bring to the Court for dealing with these problems? What qualities did Theodore Roosevelt look for in appointing a Supreme Court Justice at this time? Thanks to Senator Lodge, the elder, to whom President Roosevelt unburdened his mind, we know both the hopes and the doubts that he felt about Mr. Justice Holmes's qualifications for the Supreme Bench at that particular time:—

First of all, I wish to go over the reasons why I am in his favor. . . . The labor decisions which have been criticized by some of the big railroad men and other members of large corporations constitute to my mind a strong point in Judge Holmes's favor. The ablest lawyers and the greatest judges are men whose past has naturally brought them into close relationship with the wealthiest and most powerful clients, and I am glad when I can find a judge who has been able to preserve his aloofness of mind so as to keep his broad humanity of feeling and his sympathy for the class from which he has not drawn his clients. I think it eminently desirable that our Supreme Court should show in unmistakable fashion their entire sympathy with all proper effort to secure the most favorable possible consideration for the men who most need that consideration.

Now a word as to the other side. . . . In the ordinary and low sense which we attach

to the words 'partisan' and 'politician,' a judge of the Supreme Court should be neither. But in the higher sense, in the proper sense, he is not in my judgment fitted for the position unless he is a party man, a constructive statesman, constantly keeping in mind his adherence to the principles and policies under which this nation has been built up and in accordance with which it must go on; and keeping in mind also his relations with his fellow statesmen who in other branches of the government are striving in coöperation with him to advance the ends of government.

. . . The majority of the present Court who have, although without satisfactory unanimity, upheld the policies of President McKinley and the Republican Party in Congress, have rendered a great service to mankind and to this nation. The minority—a minority so large as to lack but one vote of being a majority—have stood for such reactionary folly as would have hampered well-nigh hopelessly this people in doing efficient and honorable work for the national welfare. . . .

Now I should like to know that Judge Holmes was in entire sympathy with our views, that is with your views and mine . . . before I would feel justified in appointing him. Judge Gray has been one of the most valuable members of the Court. I should hold myself as guilty of an irreparable wrong to the nation if I should put in his place any man who was not absolutely sane and sound on the great national policies for which we stand in public life.

In taking account of the general philosophy of a prospective member of the Supreme Court towards major public issues likely to come before it, Theodore Roosevelt was merely following the example of other Presidents, notably Lincoln in appointing Chase as Chief Justice. The psychological assumptions made by Theodore Roosevelt and Lincoln that the past in which a man is inured may have a powerful effect upon his future decisions are supported by weighty judicial experience.

When judges decide issues that touch the nerve centre of economic and social conflict, the danger, in De Tocqueville's phrase, of confounding the familiar with the necessary is especially hazardous.

The matter was put with candor by Lord Justice Scrutton, a great English judge: —

The habits you are trained in, the people with whom you mix, lead to your having a certain class of ideas of such a nature that, when you have to deal with other ideas, you do not give as sound and accurate judgment as you would wish. This is one of the great difficulties at present with Labor. Labor says: 'Where are your impartial Judges? They all move in the same circle as the employers, and they are all educated and nursed in the same ideas as the employers. How can a labor man or a trade-unionist get impartial justice?' It is very difficult sometimes to be sure that you have put yourself into a thoroughly impartial position between two disputants, one of your own class and one not of your class.

Unlike the great men on the Court before him, Mr. Justice Holmes had been singularly outside the current of public affairs or of interest in them. He was essentially the philosopher who turned to law. Ultimate issues of the destiny of man, not the evanescent events of the day, preoccupied his mind. That he did not read newspapers revealed neither affectation nor a sense of superiority; it mirrored his worldly innocence. When Senator Lodge tried to induce him to run for Governor, with the bait that it would inevitably lead to a seat in the United States Senate, Mr. Justice Holmes blandly replied: 'But I don't give a damn about being a Senator.' And yet, though he did not bring to the Court the experience of great affairs, not even Marshall exceeded him in judicial statesmanship. Other great judges have been guided by the wisdom distilled from an active life; Mr. Justice Holmes was led by the divination of the philosopher and the imagination of the poet.

Because he had an organic philosophy, he was not distracted by the infinite diversity of detail in the appearance of the same central issues. No one realized better than he that, while principles gain significance through application, concrete instances are inert except when

galvanized into life by a general principle. And so it is perhaps more true of him than of any other judge in the history of the Court that the host of public controversies in which he participated was subdued to reason by relatively few guiding considerations. This was true whether he was called upon to strike a balance between the claims of property and its obligations, or between the rights of individuals and their duties, or between the limits of state action and the authority of the Federal Government.

What is the rôle of a judge in making these adjustments between society and the individual, between the states and the nation? The conception which a judge has of his own function, and the fastidiousness with which he follows it, will in large measure determine the most delicate controversies before him. Justices of the Court are not architects of policy. They can nullify the policy of others; they are incapable of fashioning their own solutions for social problems. The use which a judge makes of this power of negation is largely determined by two psychological considerations. It depends first on the judge's philosophy, conscious or implicit, regarding the nature of society; that is, on his theory of the clash of interests. This, in turn, will influence his conception of the place of the judge in the American constitutional system.

Mr. Justice Holmes's view of the play of forces in society hardly differed from that of Madison in his classic statement in the *Federalist*: —

Those who hold, and those who are without property, have ever formed distinct interests in society. Those who are creditors, and those who are debtors, fall under a like discrimination. A landed interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations, and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views. The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the

necessary and ordinary operations of the government.

Thirty years before he went on the Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Holmes expressed this view in his own way:—

This tacit assumption of the solidarity of the interests of society is very common, but seems to us to be false. . . . In the last resort a man rightly prefers his own interest to that of his neighbors. And this is as true in legislation as in any other form of corporate action. All that can be expected from modern improvements is that legislation should easily and quickly, yet not too quickly, modify itself according to the will of the *de facto* supreme power in the community, and that the spread of an educated sympathy should reduce the sacrifice of minorities to a minimum. . . . The objection to class legislation is not that it favors a class, but either that it fails to benefit the legislators, or that it is dangerous to them because a competing class has gained in power, or that it transcends the limits of self-preference which are imposed by sympathy. . . . But it is no sufficient condemnation of legislation that it favors one class at the expense of another; for much or all legislation does that; and none less when the bona fide object is the greatest good of the greatest number. . . . If the welfare of all future ages is to be considered, legislation may as well be abandoned for the present. . . .

The fact is that legislation in this country, as well as elsewhere, is empirical. It is necessarily made a means by which a body, having the power, puts burdens which are disagreeable to them on the shoulders of somebody else.

Mr. Justice Holmes never forgot that the activities of government are continual attempts by peaceful means to adjust these clashes of interest, and he was equally mindful of the fact that the body to whom this task of adjustment is primarily delegated is the legislature. And so he gave complete loyalty in his work as a judge to the major premise of Marshall 'that it is a *Constitution* we are expounding.' He scrupulously treated the Constitution as a broad charter of powers for the internal clashes of society, and did not construe it as though it were a

code which prescribed in detail answers for the social problems of all time.

Thus the enduring contribution of Mr. Justice Holmes to American history is his constitutional philosophy. He gave it momentum by the magic with which he expressed it. Great judges are apt to be identified with what lawyers call great cases. Mr. Justice Holmes's specialty was great utterance. 'Great cases,' he himself has said, 'are called great, not by reason of their real importance in shaping the law of the future, but because of some accident of immediate, overwhelming interest which appeals to the feelings and distorts the judgment.' He saw the vital in the undramatic; to him, inconspicuous controversies revealed the clash of great social forces. And so the significance of his genius would evaporate in any analysis of his specific decisions. In his case, form and substance were beautifully fused. His conception of the Constitution must become part of the political habits of the country if our constitutional system is to endure; and if we care for our literary treasures the expression of his views must become part of our national culture.

IV

The Constitution is, of course, a legal document, but a legal document of a fundamentally different order from an insurance policy or a lease of timberland. For the Justice, the Constitution was not primarily a text for dialectic, but a means of ordering the life of a progressive people. While its roots were in the past, it was projected for the unknown future.

. . . The provisions of the Constitution are not mathematical formulas having their essence in their form; they are organic living institutions transplanted from English soil. Their significance is vital, not formal; it is to be gathered not simply by taking the words and a dictionary, but by considering their origin and the line of their growth.

. . . When we are dealing with words that also are a constituent act, like the Constitution of the United States, we must realize

that they have called into life a being the development of which could not have been foreseen completely by the most gifted of its begetters. It was enough for them to realize or to hope that they had created an organism; it has taken a century and has cost their successors much sweat and blood to prove that they created a nation. The case before us must be considered in the light of our whole experience and not merely in that of what was said a hundred years ago.

While the Supreme Court is thus in the exacting realm of government, it is itself freed from the terrible burdens of governing. The Court is the brake on other men's actions, the judge of other men's decisions. Responsibility for action rests with legislators. The range of the Court's authority is thus very limited, but its exercise may vitally affect the nation. No wonder John Marshall spoke of this power of the Court as 'delicate.'

No man who ever sat on the Court has been more keenly or more consistently sensitive than Mr. Justice Holmes to the dangers and difficulties inherent in the power of judges to review legislation. For it is subtle business to decide, not whether legislation is wise, but whether legislators were reasonable in believing it to be wise. In view of the complexities of modern society and the restricted scope of any man's experience, tolerance and humility in passing judgment on the worth of the experience and beliefs of others become crucial faculties in the disposition of cases. The successful exercise of such judicial power calls for rare intellectual disinterestedness and penetration, lest limitations in personal experience and imagination operate as limitations of the Constitution. These insights Mr. Justice Holmes applied in hundreds of cases, and expressed in memorable language: —

It is a misfortune if a judge reads his conscious or unconscious sympathy with one side or the other prematurely into the law, and forgets that what seem to him to be first principles are believed by half his fellow men to be wrong. . . . When twenty years ago a vague terror went over the earth and the

word 'socialism' began to be heard, I thought and still think that fear was translated into doctrines that had no proper place in the Constitution or the common law.

While the courts must exercise a judgment of their own, it by no means is true that every law is void which may seem to the judges who pass upon it excessive, unsuited to its ostensible end, or based upon conceptions of morality with which they disagree.

Considerable latitude must be allowed for differences of view as well as for possible peculiar conditions which this court can know but imperfectly, if at all. Otherwise a constitution, instead of embodying only relatively fundamental rules of right, as generally understood by all English-speaking communities, would become the partisan of a particular set of ethical or economical opinions, which by no means are held *semper ubique et ab omnibus*.

While in the '80s and '90s our economy was in process of drastic transformation, members of the Supreme Court continued to reflect the economic order in which they grew up. Between the presidencies of Grant and the first Roosevelt, *laissez faire* was the dominant economic social philosophy, and it was imported into the Constitution. Ephemeral facts were translated into legal absolutes; abstract conceptions concerning 'liberty of contract' were erected into constitutional dogmas. Malleable and undefined provisions of the Constitution were applied as barriers against piecemeal efforts of adjustment through legislation to a society permeated by the influence of technology, large-scale industry, progressive urbanization, and the general dependence of the individual on economic forces beyond his control. The due-process clauses were especially the destructive rocks on which this legislation foundered. Judge Learned Hand, one of the most eminent of our judges, has said that the requirement of due process is merely an embodiment of the English sporting idea of fair play. In England, particularly from the time of the Campbell-Bannerman Government, the same causes that induced American legislative attempts

led to a continual Parliamentary modification of the system of private enterprise. The scope of this trend in England is revealed by a few telltale figures. The social services established by this legislation have entailed an increase in expenditure from £0.19.2 per capita in 1900 to £8.16.6 in 1934; and about a third of the national income of Great Britain is now spent through public channels.

Yet, as late as 1905, the Supreme Court held it unconstitutional to limit the working hours of bakers to ten, and as recently as 1936 the Court adhered to its ruling that it was beyond the power both of the states and of the nation to assure minimum-wage rates for women workers obviously incapable of economic self-protection. Every variety of legislative manifestation to subject economic power to social responsibility encountered the judicial veto.

The doctrinal process by which the majority reached such results was thus explained by Mr. Justice Holmes in dissenting from his brethren in the minimum-wage case:—

... The only objection that can be urged [against a minimum-wage law for women for the District of Columbia] is found within the vague contours of the Fifth Amendment, prohibiting the depriving any person of liberty or property without due process of law. To that I turn.

The earlier decisions upon the same words in the Fourteenth Amendment began within our memory and went no farther than an unpretentious assertion of the liberty to follow the ordinary callings. Later that innocuous generality was expanded into the dogma, Liberty of Contract. Contract is not specially mentioned in the text that we have to construe. It is merely an example of doing what you want to do, embodied in the word 'liberty.' But pretty much all law consists in forbidding men to do some things that they want to do, and contract is no more exempt from law than other acts.

For a short time after the bakeshop case the views of Mr. Justice Holmes were in the ascendant. Chief Justice

White was heard to attribute to the influence exerted by President Theodore Roosevelt's messages and speeches no inconsiderable share in the shift of the Court's emphasis. The fact is that for less than a decade, between 1908 and the World War, the Court did allow legislation to prevail which, in various aspects, regulated enterprise with reference to its social consequences and withdrew phases of industrial relations from the area of illusory individual bargaining.

But those who had assumed a permanent change in the Court's outlook were soon disappointed. Changes in the Court's personnel and in the general economic and social climate of the Harding-Coolidge era soon reflected themselves in decisions. Until after the 1936 election, the Court was back to the high tide of judicial negation reached in the *Lochner* case, in 1905. Mr. Justice Holmes's classic dissent in that case will never lose its relevance:—

This case is decided upon an economic theory which a large part of the country does not entertain. If it were a question whether I agreed with that theory, I should desire to study it further and long before making up my mind. But I do not conceive that to be my duty, because I strongly believe that my agreement or disagreement has nothing to do with the right of a majority to embody their opinions in law. It is settled by various decisions of this court that state constitutions and state laws may regulate life in many ways which we as legislators might think as injudicious or, if you like, as tyrannical as this, and which equally with this interfere with the liberty of contract. Sunday laws and usury laws are ancient examples. A more modern one is the prohibition of lotteries. The liberty of the citizen to do as he likes so long as he does not interfere with the liberty of others to do the same, which has been a shibboleth for some well-known writers, is interfered with by school laws, by the Post Office, by every state or municipal institution which takes his money for purposes thought desirable, whether he likes it or not. The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statics. . . . Some of these laws embody convictions or prejudices

which judges are likely to share. Some may not. But a constitution is not intended to embody a particular economic theory, whether of paternalism and the organic relation of the citizen to the State or of *laissez faire*. It is made for people of fundamentally differing views, and the accident of our finding certain opinions natural and familiar or novel and even shocking ought not to conclude our judgment upon the question whether statutes embodying them conflict with the Constitution of the United States.

This was the great theme of his judicial life — the amplitude of the Constitution as against the narrowness of some of its interpreters. And so, having analyzed with brave clarity the governing elements in the modern economic struggle, he did not shrink from giving his analysis judicial recognition. 'One of the eternal conflicts out of which life is made up,' he wrote, more than forty years ago, 'is that between the effort of every man to get the most he can for his services, and that of society, disguised under the name of capital, to get his services for the least possible return. Combination on the one side is patent and powerful. Combination on the other is the necessary and desirable counterpart, if the battle is to be carried on in a fair and equal way.' Mr. Justice Holmes therefore found nothing in the Constitution to prevent legislation which sought to remove some of the more obvious inequalities in the distribution of economic power.

Economists and historians are now largely agreed that the resistance to a natural and responsible trade-unionism has been one of the most disturbing factors in our economy. Had the views of Mr. Justice Holmes prevailed, the Constitution would not have been used as an obstruction to the healthy development of trade-unionism. More than thirty years ago he protested when a majority of the Court invalidated an act of Congress against the 'yellow dog' contract which was drawn by Richard Olney, as Attorney General, and sponsored by President Cleveland. The need for legis-

lation to remove disabilities against the effective right of association by workers became more manifest with time. State after state, therefore, passed laws to assure trade-unions the opportunity which they already had in the rest of the English-speaking world. But a majority of the Court remained obdurate and imposed a doctrinaire view of the Constitution against such legislation. One can only surmise what would have been the gain to social peace and economic security had the dissenting views expressed more than twenty years ago by Mr. Justice Holmes been the Court's views: —

In present conditions a workman not unnaturally may believe that only by belonging to a union can he secure a contract that shall be fair to him. . . . If that belief, whether right or wrong, may be held by a reasonable man, it seems to me that it may be enforced by law in order to establish the equality of position between the parties in which liberty of contract begins. Whether in the long run it is wise for the working men to enact legislation of this sort is not my concern, but I am strongly of the opinion that there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it. . . .

V

Mr. Justice Holmes denied that the Constitution stereotyped any particular distribution of economic power for all time. With the clean precision of a surgeon he uncovered the process by which, under the guise of deductive reasoning, partial claims were given the shelter of the Constitution as comprehensive interests of property: —

Delusive exactness is a source of fallacy throughout the law. By calling a business 'property' you make it seem like land, and lead up to the conclusion that a statute cannot substantially cut down the advantages of ownership existing before the statute was passed. An established business no doubt may have pecuniary value and commonly is protected by law against various unjustified injuries. But you cannot give it definiteness of contour by calling it a thing. It is a course of conduct, and like other conduct is subject

to substantial modification according to time and circumstances both in itself and in regard to what shall justify doing it a harm.

By a steady extension of doctrines which, to Mr. Justice Holmes, had no justification in the Constitution, a majority of the Court persistently denied exertions of the legislature toward reconciling individual enterprise and social welfare. Abstract conceptions regarding property and 'liberty of contract' were the swords with which these measures were struck down. Mr. Justice Holmes was finally roused to an unusual judicial protest. His dissent from the decision of the majority in declaring unconstitutional a New York statute regulating theatre-ticket scalping fully reveals his mind. It also gives a glimpse of the importance he attached to art throughout life:—

We fear to grant power and are unwilling to recognize it when it exists . . . when legislatures are held to be authorized to do anything considerably affecting public welfare it is covered by apologetic phrases like the police power, or the statement that the business concerned has been dedicated to a public use. The former expression is convenient, to be sure, to conciliate the mind to something that needs explanation: the fact that the constitutional requirement of compensation when property is taken cannot be pressed to its grammatical extreme; that property rights may be taken for public purposes without pay if you do not take too much; that some play must be allowed to the joints if the machine is to work. But police power often is used in a wide sense to cover and, as I said, to apologize for the general power of the legislature to make a part of the community uncomfortable by a change.

I do not believe in such apologies. I think the proper course is to recognize that a state legislature can do whatever it sees fit to do unless it is restrained by some express prohibition in the Constitution of the United States or of the State, and that Courts should be careful not to extend such prohibitions beyond their obvious meaning by reading into them conceptions of public policy that the particular Court may happen to entertain. Coming down to the case before us, I

think, as I intimated in *Adkins v. Children's Hospital*, 261 U.S. 525, 569, that the notion that a business is clothed with a public interest and has been devoted to a public use is little more than a fiction intended to beautify what is disagreeable to the sufferers. The truth seems to me to be that, subject to compensation when compensation is due, the legislature may forbid or restrict any business when it has a sufficient force of public opinion behind it. Lotteries were thought useful adjuncts of the State a century or so ago; now they are believed to be immoral and they have been stopped. Wine has been thought good for man from the time of the Apostle until recent years. But when public opinion changed it did not need the Eighteenth Amendment, notwithstanding the Fourteenth, to enable a State to say that the business should end. *Mugler v. Kansas*, 123 U.S. 623. What has happened to lotteries and wine might happen to theatres in some moral storm of the future, not because theatres were devoted to a public use, but because people had come to think that way.

But if we are to yield to fashionable conventions, it seems to me that theatres are as much devoted to public use as anything well can be. We have not that respect for art that is one of the glories of France. But to many people the superfluous is the necessary, and it seems to me that Government does not go beyond its sphere in attempting to make life livable for them. I am far from saying that I think that this particular law is a wise and rational provision. That is not my affair. But if the people of the State of New York speaking by their authorized voice say that they want it, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent their having their will.

Taxation is perhaps the severest testing ground for the objectivity and wisdom of a social thinker. The enormous increase in the cost of society and the extent to which wealth is now represented by intangibles, the profound change in the relation of the individual to government and the resulting widespread insistence on security, are subjecting public finance to the most exacting demands. To balance budgets, to pay for the costs of progressively civilized social standards, to safeguard the future,

and to divide these burdens fairly among different interests in the community, put the utmost strain on the ingenuity of statesmen. They must constantly explore new sources of revenue and find means of preventing the circumvention of their discoveries. Subject as they are, in English-speaking countries, to popular control, they should not be denied adequate latitude of power for their extraordinarily difficult tasks.

Mr. Justice Holmes never yielded to finicky limitations or doctrinaire formulas, drawn from the general language of the Constitution, as a means of circumscribing the discretion of legislatures in the necessarily empirical process of tapping new revenue or stopping new devices for evasion. He did not have a curmudgeon's feelings about his own taxes. A secretary who exclaimed 'Don't you hate to pay taxes!' was rebuked with the hot response, 'No, young feller. I like to pay taxes. With them I buy civilization.' And as a judge he consistently refused to accentuate fiscal difficulties of government by injecting into the Constitution his own notions of fiscal policy. Nor did he believe that there was anything in the Constitution to bar even a conscious use of the taxing power for readjusting the social equilibrium. One of his last utterances as a Justice gives the general flavor of his many opinions in tax cases:—

I have not yet adequately expressed the more than anxiety that I feel at the ever increasing scope given to the Fourteenth Amendment in cutting down what I believe to be the constitutional rights of the States. As the decisions now stand, I see hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidating of those rights if they happen to strike a majority of this Court as for any reason undesirable. I cannot believe that the Amendment was intended to give us carte blanche to embody our economic or moral beliefs in its prohibitions. Yet I can think of no narrower reason that seems to me to justify the present and the earlier decisions to which I have referred. . . . It seems to me to be exceeding our powers to declare such a tax a denial

of due process of law. . . . And what are the grounds? Simply, so far as I can see, that it is disagreeable to a bondholder to be taxed in two places. Very probably it might be good policy to restrict taxation to a single place, and perhaps the technical conceptions of domicile may be the best determinant. But it seems to me that if that result is to be reached it should be reached through understanding among the States, by uniform legislation or otherwise, not by evoking a constitutional prohibition from the void of 'due process of law,' when logic, tradition, and authority have united to declare the right of the State to lay the now prohibited tax.

I have indicated the general direction of Mr. Justice Holmes's judicial mind on the great issues of the constitutional position of property in our society. During most of his thirty years on the Supreme Bench, and especially during the second half of his tenure, his were not the views of a majority of the Court. But the good that men do lives after them. In the spring of 1937 the old views of Mr. Justice Holmes began to be the new constitutional direction of the Court.

His own constitutional outlook was, throughout a long life, free from fluctuations. This was so because it was born of a deeply rooted and coherent philosophy concerning the dynamic character of the American Constitution and of a judge's function in construing it. If he threw the weight of his authority on the side of social readjustments through legislation it was not because of any faith in panaceas in general or in measures of social amelioration in particular. He personally 'disbelieved all the popular conceptions of socialism,' and came dangerously close to believing in the simplicities of the wage-fund theory. But his skepticism and even hostility, as a matter of private judgment, toward legislation which he was ready to sustain as a judge only serve to add cubits to his judicial stature. For he thereby transcended personal predilections and private notions of social policy, and became truly the impersonal voice of the Constitution.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITORS]

THE SANITY OF FAITH

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

This letter grows out of an uneasiness engendered after reading Margaretta's epistle, which appeared in the August issue.

I am a man of twenty-nine. After college, I entered business for two years to find myself restless, with a feeling similar to a squirrel in a revolving cage. I left business and entered the ministry, after three years in a theological seminary. I have been married a year, and in a few months my wife will bring forth our first child.

The forebodings that fill Margaretta's heart have never troubled me; although I, too, have been thinking of the future since becoming acquainted with the fact that fatherhood will soon overtake me. I feel that Margaretta is shivering on the bank of life, apprehensive of plunging in.

I am alive to all the 'brutal realities of the world' that my child must meet and conquer — 'the increasing unrest and misery of his brothers, the increasing barbarism of international relations, the gradual petrification of society within the nation.'

Margaretta says her husband has worked his way to a doctorate in history. She would do well, first of all, to gain from him the historian's point of view. The poise of proper perspective is invaluable to help dissipate alarm over the

contemporary scene, at home and abroad. When was there a time that the world was not filled with brutal realities? When was there a time that the world was free from periodic throes in which men and nations clashed as 'armies on a darkling plain' to slough off the old and make way for the new? And, let us be thankful, when was there a time that the world did not emerge into some kind of new order — superior or inferior — in which the ordinary processes of childbirth and parenthood were carried on?

But more deeply do I feel that Margaretta is doing herself an injustice and her progeny (if she musters the courage to have any) a greater one in ignoring the Church, in which are unmeasured resources. Rather than being the home of evasion and sentimentality, the Church is the one agency that looks at the present scene with unblinking eye. Never was the Founder of Christianity an evader or sentimentalist. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' or 'Ye shall hear of wars, and rumors of wars.' Young parents to-day need a boundless conviction that the present world order, while constantly shifting and changing, is, even as it moves, under the direction of an invincible Cutter who is shearing a pattern, and courageous men and women who listen for the sound of His scissors can become His cutting edge. The true motive of the life that the Church would enkindle, however, is not content with

inner peace, and power, and joy, and love, but urges one to share the burden of God. It is this thought, this privilege, that urges us from the shore of life and impels us into the swirling stream. It is this idea that causes me to rejoice in the prospect of bringing a new life into the world, that he (or she) may take up the battle against these brutal realities — injustice, poverty, war, and so forth.

Surely the testimony of Dr. Henry Link, Director of the Psychological Service Center of New York, is worth Margaretta's attention. From the countless maladjusted people he has treated he has gathered a piece of important evidence. He declares that people who are attached to the Church are better equipped to deal with life. Such people are more sane, more wholesome, and altogether normal. It is the modern pagan who creates out of his own fancy an artificial world that has no relation to the realities of life, who conjures up oppressive and hopeless difficulties that imprison him in a private world without armor or weapons.

In conclusion, I am very glad to be alive in this present day and relish the opportunity of waging battle in my small corner in the war between right and wrong. And I welcome my offspring as one who shall take up the struggle when I shall have to put by my weapons.

SANCTUS

[Twenty-nine years old, Sanctus is the minister of a Presbyterian parish in Pennsylvania.]

A NARROWING HORIZON

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I am of the shopgirls and the factory workers, the country schoolteachers and the small-town politicians, the tenant farmers and the day laborers, the clerks and the stenographers, the mill hands and the WPA workers. We are undistinguished and of no particular impor-

tance as individuals, and yet — can you not believe it? — there are some of us down here in the lowest income brackets, working nine and ten hours a day, six days in the week, for our petty ten dollars, going out at night when we can manage a 'date,' trudging home late to rinse out hose and underwear, quarreling a little and mending the runs, falling into bed for a few hours, and up again as the alarm goes off (all the sordid, well-known routine) — there are some of us who have *something* that in a different day and era might have been enough to raise us out of our environment and establish us on a higher level economically, and, as a direct consequence, socially. But if the doors of opportunity are closed against the well-educated and the specially trained, how much more are they closed against the little fellow trying to lift himself up by his bootstraps!

I myself am but a case in point, and this is what happened to me.

I boast no college degrees. The backwash of the much publicized depression caught my father just as I was finishing my second year in college. A wiser person than I might have borrowed the money to finish, but I thought not. I planned to teach a couple of years, save my money, and then go back to complete my course.

My hopes were very blind, my ambitions entirely ignorant, and I too much the optimist. For months I interviewed influential citizens and trustees of rural schools.

Country trustees! I talked to them on their front porches where they rested in their sweaty, grimy, blue denim overalls, their great bare feet spread out, tobacco juice oozing from the corners of their mouths, and a week's growth of beard on their faces; I followed them to their churches, and tried to be one of them (I even sang the songs they sing — do you know them?); and I tracked them through the hot sunshine over miles of freshly ploughed earth to confront them

in their fields. All of them promised to 'do what they could for me.' They must have been an impotent lot, for I never got a school to teach (after all, they had daughters and sisters and nieces of their own who were looking for work).

Instead of teaching, I went back to where I had graduated from high school, and enrolled in all the courses offered in the Commercial Department. At the end of the semester, I started work for a merchant in my home town, doing all the office work for thirty dollars a month. It was the only office work in that small town, and one of the very few jobs, and I was glad to get it. I worked there for two and one-half years.

When a cumulation of circumstances put an end to that job, I went to 'the city,' to New Orleans, looking for work. But everywhere employers were turning away old employees, and nowhere was anyone so much as accepting new applications.

Office work being out of the question, I finally secured a place through a newspaper advertisement as nurse-companion to an ancient and ailing Jewess. The old woman was a hyena, but that is another story; the job was short-lived, and I soon found myself back in my home town, still with no way of earning a living.

So I took a WPA job. For two years I worked hard at making work where there was none. When, finally, I was given a chance at a legitimate job (all praises to newspaper advertisers!), you may be sure I grabbed it. I found myself cashier in a new locality for a chain store at ten dollars a week. I have worked at this job for a year and a half. Now I am making thirteen dollars. If business improves, and I work hard, and stick with the job until I am forty-five or fifty years old, I may be making as much as eighteen or twenty dollars a week. I will still be just a cashier. (Chain stores pay their men much better than the girls — even the greenest stock boy is a

'trainee' for managership, and makes at least eighteen dollars a week.) But this being so, what, in the name of all the ancient holies, can the future hold for me?

It is impossible for me to believe that I have overlooked any opportunities. Nor will I concede that I am where I am because I am only 'second-rate.' Nor can I be convinced that it is simply childish rationalization when I say that in another era I might have realized some of my ambitions, attained a position that would have offered me some satisfaction in life.

I will not believe it is I who have failed. (And yet, that gnawing doubt; I am beginning to be a little afraid. Time is fleeting, too, and I am twenty-eight years old. Soon there will be no time left even should there be anywhere to go.)

There are many others; I am not alone. We are weary unto death of depressions and recessions and doors shut in our faces. And, in all truth, is it not a great shame that there will never come to us at any time while we are young a sense of achievement, that we shall never know the lilt in the heart that comes with the realization that one is 'going places'?

LOUISE MILNER

[From Laurel, Mississippi, Miss Milner 'attempts to give voice to the underprivileged masses, lest, through an excess of contributors from the better-educated, upper middle class, "Under Thirty" should fail to give a completely rounded picture.]

WANTED: A NEW BEGINNING

San Quentin, California

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I fell heir to a copy of the *Atlantic* for June 1938. 'Under Thirty' is truly a New Departure, so different that I read the Editor's heading twice before I came to the conclusion that the phrase 'from all walks of life' means just that. I am

twenty-seven, a member of the Post-War Generation.

In this period of social and political flux and change, with the man on the street becoming more willing to exchange the freedom that he cannot eat for the planned economy that promises economic security, it may be well to observe that his half a loaf is better than none; that the post-war upheaval has left some in a worse plight than most of the rest.

Convicts are 'bad,' I know. It is true that I have robbed and escaped, but the robbing took place in 1929, so long ago that I am sometimes quite sure that it was not I who committed the crimes. It must have been some other entity that borrowed this carcass of mine. I was 'bad,' but to myself I do not seem 'bad,' or different from other people.

Perhaps no person is competent to judge himself, but I do believe that it is possible for an individual to enumerate the forces that have played a part in conditioning him. A child cannot train itself, or prepare itself for a place in a highly complex society. Parental affection and guidance are necessary for that, and they cannot be given by remote control, regardless of the circumstances that have broken up the family. Character cannot be built by furnishing food and shelter, and by an impersonal organization. I was raised by an aunt, and by a military academy.

Nineteen-twenty-nine laughed at Prohibition; the good citizens calmly committed felonies to obtain their drinks. A characterless eighteen-year-old, turned loose in a strange city with no friends or acquaintances to talk to, will become lonesome and follow anyone who takes the trouble to befriend him. I helped rob two banks. Fortunately there was no shooting or violence. So I was in prison before I really began to live. However,

it does little good to hold a post-mortem.

Someone or other, I think it was Oscar Wilde, has said that 'Prison is a place where bad men are made worse.' I will join in on the chorus. Is there anything more illogical than expecting a man to be a good citizen after he has been kept within walls for so many years that his hopes fade and his mind introverts to a dreamland of fantasy as he attempts to get away from miserable reality? If there is anything more illogical, it must be another prison. Yet, I do not think that any convict disputes society's right to punish its offenders. Perhaps it would be best to turn us over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and let them put us out of the way, painlessly.

I have studied, and done a lot of non-fiction reading; attempted to equip myself for whatever future there may be. But there are things that make it futile even to hope for a future, let alone plan on one.

Sometimes I stop and think of the eight years that I have yet to serve; I shall be thirty-five — and five years away from the industrial scrap heap, according to the employment surveys. Again, I have no 'social experience.' How does one go about courting a female? What must be said and done? And certainly the awkward mistakes that a youngster would make would not be forgiven an adult. What do 'good' people talk about, and how do they become acquainted? Would an employer take an ex-convict if he could get someone else? How about the flooded labor market?

Well, there is *my* problem.

KENNETH CHAPPELL

[As #47788, Kenneth Chappell is serving his sentence in San Quentin.]

DAUGHTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Vicky, Alice, and Helena

BY E. F. BENSON

[FOR seven years E. F. Benson has been devoting his research to the most famous English family of the nineteenth century. His biography of Edward VII appeared in 1933, that of Queen Victoria in 1935. His new work tells the story of the widowed Queen and her marriageable daughters and sons.

In the September *Atlantic* Mr. Benson vivified the upbringing of the Royal Family and showed how the careful plans of the Prince Consort and Victoria led to the marriage of their eldest daughter Vicky to Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia and the betrothal of their second daughter Alice to Prince Louis of Hesse. The biography resumes at this point. — THE EDITORS]

I

IN the summer of 1861, Queen Victoria and her family went up to Balmoral. Crown Prince Frederick and Vicky came over to England in June and remained for nearly two months. Prince Louis, the fiancé of Princess Alice, joined the party and stayed till the middle of October. With her husband and her family surrounding and ministering to her, the Queen recovered the sense of happiness her marriage had brought her, and that supreme content began to obliterate the loss of her mother. 'Every year,' she once wrote in her Journal, 'my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more now that *all* has be-

come my dear Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out as at Osborne, and his great taste and the impress of his dear hand has been stamped everywhere.' With him beside her, the pleasures and interests of life resumed their savor.

The Prince of Wales came for a few days of holiday before going to Cambridge for the October term, having studied German military life in Berlin, and on the way home having seen the young lady who had been put at the head of the list of eligible Princesses — Alexandra of Denmark. They were pleased with each other, they accepted the destiny their respective parents had framed for them, and the matter was regarded as settled. The Prince Consort explained to his son that his marriage would be unpopular in Germany, for Germany felt she had a monopoly of supplying wives to the Royal House. Bertie must therefore be very tactful, and very dutiful towards his innumerable German cousins. The Prince Consort was disappointed with the unintelligent way his son received these counsels, and he could only report to Stockmar that Bertie seemed to understand him 'as well as a boy of his age and capacity could.'

King Frederick William of Prussia, who had been insane for two years, had died in January. The coronation of King William took place in October, and the Crown Princess's daily letter to her

mother gave a most minute account of it: the costumes of her ladies in waiting, one in blue velvet, the other in red velvet, and herself in gold and ermine and white; the loud singing of chorales, the drafts, and the bitter cold; the huge number of guests at the State Banquet; the moment when, at the end of the second course, the King asked for wine, which was the signal for all ladies and gentlemen in waiting to leave the room; the four hundred servants in livery belonging to the assembled royalties.

The Prince Consort now began putting in hand the arrangements for the wedding of Princess Alice. She had been engaged for nearly a year; Parliament months ago had granted her dowry and annuity; and there was no longer any reasonable cause for delay. He selected a household for her suitable to what he considered her narrow means. With that passion for perfection in detail which was so characteristic of him, he had already rejected the stock designs for the lace on her bridal veil, and Honiton was at work on patterns of more meaning.

The English autumn always tried the Prince Consort's health; this year, however, he seemed to feel it less than usual, and was full of engagements that constantly took him away from Windsor for tiring days. He began to suffer from general fatigue aggravated by sleeplessness. Towards the end of November he caught a chill, and made it worse by traveling down to Cambridge on a bitter day to see General Bruce: the Prince of Wales had not been behaving as the heir to the throne should. The doctors thought at first the Prince Consort had only a touch of rheumatism; they then diagnosed his illness as influenza; and it was not till he had been ill nearly three weeks that they pronounced that he had typhoid fever. But there were no unfavorable symptoms; the doctors encouraged the Queen to believe that the illness was running a normal course, and that there was no need for anxiety.

He suddenly took a turn for the worse; the Prince of Wales was sent for; but the end came swiftly, and the Prince Consort died on December 14, 1861.

II

Throughout this illness Princess Alice had been her mother's chief support, and now she took upon herself the whole burden of the tragedy. She slept in the Queen's room, she saw the Ministers of the Crown, she made herself responsible for all immediate arrangements; and, most difficult of all, she managed to reach, by the mere force of love and sympathy, that stricken heart. She put aside her own grief for the father whom she had adored, and devoted herself body and soul to her mother. So complete was her self-surrendering service that Prince Louis thought she might decide to break off her engagement to him. During those first days, had it not been for Alice, the Queen might have irretrievably collapsed.

Once more Victoria turned to Uncle Leopold. 'I am anxious,' she wrote, 'to repeat *one* thing, and *that one* is my firm resolve, my irrevocable decision, viz. that *his* wishes, *his* plans about everything, *his* views about *every* thing are to be my law. And no human power will make me swerve from what *he* decided and wished, and I look to *you* to support and help me in this. I apply this particularly as regards our children — Bertie &c. — for whose future he has traced everything so carefully. I am also determined that no one person, may *he* be ever so good, ever so devoted among my servants — is to lead or guide or dictate to *me*. . . . Though miserably weak and utterly shattered, my spirit rises when I think that any wish or plan of his is to be changed, or that I am to be *made to do* anything.'

The Queen remained at Osborne for more than two months after the Prince Consort's death, and this seclusion began to form itself into the habit which

eventually became so disastrous. A Council was held there in January, but it was so arranged that she need not meet its members face to face. However, she gave all diligence to such work as could be done in complete privacy. She read with the utmost care the dispatches that were sent her, and more than once complained that they did not contain sufficient comment and guidance to enable her to make the decisions which she must now arrive at without her husband's counsel. She felt sure that she could not live long, and the future of her children occupied her.

But she never deviated from what she regarded as a sacred and immediate duty — namely, to follow out the plans which the Prince Consort had made for his children. The first of these was the foreign tour that he had arranged for the Prince of Wales. He had sketched out the programme for this with the Prince's Governor, General Bruce. Certain fêtes and entertainments must now be canceled owing to Bertie's deep mourning, and, since this was to be a long absence, General Bruce was instructed to keep the thought of Princess Alexandra constantly before him. The party, with Dr. A. P. Stanley as Chaplain, left England in February, as had been already planned, and traveled for four months.

Princess Alice's long-delayed marriage to Prince Louis was the next duty. It was celebrated at Osborne on July 1, 1862, soon after the Prince of Wales's return from his tour. But every note of joy was muted. Though the girl was to be united to this admirable young man whom she devotedly loved, and who had been welcomed by her mother as an ideal son-in-law, the wedding was to the Queen more like a memorial service for her own husband, and the account of it in her Journal is heartbreaking.

Early in the morning she heard the muffled knockings in preparation for the 'sad marriage.' Alice came to see her, and she gave her daughter a Prayer Book, like that her mother had given her for

her own 'happy marriage.' They breakfasted alone and went to look at the dining room which the knockings had converted into a chapel. Over the altar was hung a family picture by Winterhalter: Albert's hand was stretched out as if blessing them. The arrangement of the cushions and chairs in blue cloth, and of the curved altar rails, was as at her own wedding. Only a few relatives had been bidden — Prince Louis's two brothers and his parents, Albert's brother Ernest, Prince and Princess Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Feodore Hohenlohe (Victoria's own half sister), and the Crown Prince of Prussia; and they breakfasted together in the Council Chamber, where hung a picture of the Queen's wedding which she had sent for specially from Windsor. Alice came to see her mother in her wedding dress, with its flounce of Honiton lace and the corresponding pattern on her veil, which Albert had ordered. Whatever Victoria looked on reminded her of her own sorrow.

Her four sons conducted her to the chapel before anybody but the clergy was there, and took her to her armchair close to the altar; the two eldest stood between her and the seats for the congregation, so that nobody could see her. The Duke of Coburg gave his niece away, since the Prince of Wales, who would naturally have done so, was shielding his mother from the eyes of her relatives. Even the bridegroom found no place in this sad, stricken soul, for the Queen recorded that 'when all was over dearest Alice, who was wonderfully calm, embraced *me*, who was *all* she had.' When everybody had left the chapel the Queen rose and, accompanied by her sons, went to the Horn Room, the walls of which were covered with the antlers of Albert's stags, and dreadful scenes of weeping took place.

The bridal couple went off for their honeymoon to a house lent them in the Isle of Wight, and after leaving them to themselves for one day the Queen

drove over from Osborne to have tea, making a long detour to avoid being seen in Ryde. Bride and bridegroom came back to Osborne for three days before they left for Darmstadt, and at length, on her last night, Alice cried bitterly too. 'I strove,' wrote the Queen, 'to cheer her up by the prospect of an early return.'

III

After Princess Alice's marriage the Queen, still in the strictest seclusion, went up to Balmoral, accompanied by her three younger daughters and sons, and took in hand the accomplishment of the third of the Prince Consort's arrangements for his children, writing to the father of Princess Alexandra and obtaining his formal permission for the Prince of Wales to propose marriage to her. The Queen had not yet seen Alexandra; and now she went to stay with Uncle Leopold at Laeken, where the Princess and her parents came for her inspection. It was a terrible ordeal to receive them without Albert's support, but the beauty, the charm, the simplicity and dignity of the girl instantly won her heart, and the Prince was sent for from England to speak for himself, while his mother went on to Coburg to revisit the scenes of Albert's youth. Bertie was accepted, and the Queen herself worded the announcement in the English newspapers. 'The revered Prince Consort, whose sole object was the education and welfare of his children, had long been convinced that this was a most desirable marriage.' For her that was a sacred ordinance, but Germany in general, and Prussia in particular, were schismatic, and the fact that the Crown Princess Frederick was known to have taken a hand in the match added to her growing unpopularity.

This feeling against the Crown Princess was aggravated by the arrival in Berlin of Bismarck and the inauguration of what might be called his reign of

twenty-eight years. He at once showed that the principles on which he intended to govern were precisely the opposite of the liberal policies which she and her husband stood for. In his first speech in the Reichstag he declared that parliamentary government was dead: autocracy — which meant his autocracy endorsed by the King — had superseded it, and the implements were blood and iron. For the Crown Prince and Princess he had nothing but a shrug of his vast shoulders: as long as the King lived, these Anglo-Coburgs were next to negligible. But he kept his eye on them. The *Engländerin* had not left the Englishwoman at home, and her influence over her husband was paramount. Nor could he forget that the *Engländerin's* mother was Queen of England.

The Queen wanted to see more of her future daughter-in-law and have some quiet, serious conversation with her, and she also wanted to give the Prince of Wales something to do to occupy his spare time, of which he had twenty-four hours ever day. Moreover, she did not think it desirable that the two young people should see too much of each other before their marriage. They might, as Melbourne had once suggested to her, find traits in each other which they did not like. So she lent her yacht, asked Vicky and Fritz to cruise with Bertie in the Mediterranean, and signified her wish that Alexandra should spend ten days with her at Osborne.

The Princess's father, Prince Christian, brought her over, and then was sent away again, for the Queen was not equal to entertaining an adult royal guest, for whom she might have to alter her way of life; moreover these conversations with his daughter concerned him, and were better held in his absence.

These ten days at Osborne must have been a frightful experience for the girl, for she and her brothers and sisters were used to a gay and rather romping family life (she herself turned 'cartwheels' across a room with the utmost ease and

elegance), and here the unremitting gloom of the Queen's widowhood darkened the house, and anything like laughter or lightness was out of the question in her hostess's presence. Every day the Queen took solitary drives with her or sent for her, and explained to her, as Albert had previously explained to Bertie, the supreme dynastic importance of not offending Germany and her future husband's innumerable German relations. Tact was required, and it may safely be said that what Princess Alexandra did not instinctively know on that subject was not worth learning. The girl had, too, a rare power of sympathy and comprehension, and there sprang up between the two a warm and abiding affection.

The Queen now had a personal interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Thanks to the masterly management of the Prince Consort, the estates of the Duchy of Cornwall, which at the Prince of Wales's birth had only been worth £13,000 a year, now yielded £62,000, and the Sandringham estate had been purchased out of accumulated capital. Gladstone proposed to bring the Prince's income up to £100,000, with a separate income for Princess Alexandra of £10,000, to be increased, in case of her widowhood, to £30,000. The Queen thought this a meagre provision; supposing the Prince died, leaving a family of young children, how could their mother bring them up on £30,000 a year? Gladstone agreed that in such a deplorable event a fresh provision would have to be made.

The wedding was celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where no royal wedding had been held since that of Henry I. Westminster Abbey or the Chapel Royal at St. James's would have been more suitable for the marriage of the heir to the throne; but that would have entailed a public appearance in London for the Queen, and was therefore impossible. To her it was just such another revival of heart-rending memories

as the wedding of Princess Louis had been, and she would have liked the marriage to take place on February 10, the anniversary of her own wedding day, in order to link up those memories with an intenser poignancy. She did not put off her widow's mourning for the day, nor did she go into the chapel herself, but sat withdrawn in a gallery above the chancel, so that she need not face the wedding guests.

After the wedding the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia went home, but that devoted and unselfish couple, Prince and Princess Louis, still stayed on. Princess Louis was soon to have her first child, but the Queen did not see the slightest cause for their leaving her because of that: rather it was a reason for their remaining. If a boy, the baby would be in the direct succession to the Grand Duchy of Hesse, but Windsor was Alice's ancestral home just as much as Darmstadt was Louis's. So the baby was born at Windsor, and, as it was a girl, it was christened Victoria, and the parents stayed there till the middle of May. Alice, after parting with her mother, wrote the warmest and most affectionate letter of thanks for the Queen's kindness to herself and her husband and her baby.

IV

In the year 1863, Bismarck took an important Fascist step in establishing the autocracy of himself and the Crown by abolishing the freedom of the press. The Crown Prince and his wife were at Danzig, on a tour of military inspection, when this was announced. Neither of them had had any idea that such a step was contemplated, and she urged him to write to the King, plainly stating that he entirely disapproved of such a measure and to send a copy of this protest to Bismarck. The same day the *Bürgermeister* of Danzig, a man of strong liberal views, was to make a speech at the Rathaus, at which the Crown Prince

would be present, and he suggested that he should allude to this measure in such a way as would give the Crown Prince an opportunity in his reply of saying how repugnant such a step was to his principles, and this he did. The King was justifiably furious at his son's having expressed his personal disapproval of a measure to which he himself had already given his assent, and ordered him publicly to withdraw what he had publicly stated. This, with the enthusiastic backing of his wife, he refused to do, and a violent quarrel, which set up a permanent estrangement between father and son, was the result.

The Queen thought that Fritz had been quite right in making this public protest against Bismarck's tyrannical measure, and approved of Vicky's having induced him to do so. But she did not ask herself what she would have done if an analogous incident had occurred in England — if the Prince of Wales under the influence of his foreign wife had publicly protested, at some mayoral function in Manchester, against an Act of Parliament which had received her assent. She would doubtless have treated them exactly as King William of Prussia had treated his son and daughter-in-law. She would have given Bertie a tremendous wiggling, and then taken no further notice of such a silly prank.

The Schleswig-Holstein question that culminated in the Danish war early in 1864 led to somewhat sharp differences of opinion between the Queen and her daughters. Briefly, there were three claimants to the Duchies: the King of Denmark, to the throne of which the Princess of Wales's father had now succeeded as King Christian IX; Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg; and Prussia in alliance with Austria. Prussia's claim was that Schleswig was mainly German in population and Holstein entirely so, being also a member of the German Confederation. A slight invalidity in the claim of Duke Frederick was that his

father had sold (and been paid for) his family rights to the late King of Denmark.

The Queen hovered at first between the claims of Prussia and of Duke Frederick, but as the Prince Consort had decided that neither Denmark nor the Augustenburg family had any rights, she plumped for Prussia. The Crown Prince and Princess, on the other hand, were supporters of Duke Frederick, as was also liberal feeling in Hanover, Coburg, and other German states. Finally, the Prince and Princess of Wales were ardent pro-Danes, and English popular sympathy was on their side on the general grounds that a tiny kingdom was being brutally bullied by two very powerful kingdoms. When, therefore, the family was assembled at Windsor in December, domestic conversation was animated. Vicky was voluble for Duke Frederick, the Queen found a memorandum of the Prince Consort's on the subject and was pontifically Prussian, and Alix continued to say: 'The Duchies belong to Papa.' No arguments were of any use, and so the Queen signified that they had better talk about something else. The Crown Princess went back to Berlin unshaken in her belief in the Augustenburg claim, and the Princess of Wales, amid national rejoicings, gave birth to a son.

Immediately afterward Bismarck sent an ultimatum to Denmark to evacuate Schleswig within twenty-four hours; war followed. The Crown Prince went to the front and his wife abandoned Duke Frederick and automatically became as Prussian as Bismarck himself. The whole rights of the question were miraculously revealed to her. 'It is impossible,' she wrote to her mother, 'to blame an English person for not understanding the Schleswig-Holstein question — it remains nevertheless to us Germans plain and simple as daylight.' As for the pro-Danish sympathies expressed in the British Parliament and the press, they were 'absurd, unjust, rude

and violent.' 'The continual meddling and interfering of England in other people's affairs has become so ridiculous abroad that it almost ceases to annoy. But to an English heart it is no pleasant sight to see the dignity of one's country so compromised and let down — its influence so completely lost.'

The Queen was far better pleased with her daughter-in-law. It was only natural that she should hold that her Papa had been robbed of his Duchies; but, whatever she might say in the privacy of the family circle, she could be perfectly trusted to be discreet in public, and the Queen willingly let her go to Denmark when the war was over to visit her parents, whom she had not seen since her marriage. But the Prince of Wales had been very indiscreet with official personages; he had openly asked the French Ambassador in London whether France had pro-Prussian leanings, and he had written to various English Ministers rejoicing in small Danish successes. The Queen had already punished him by directing that no dispatches from the seat of war should be sent him, so that he knew no more about it than he could read in the public press, and now she refused to let him go to Denmark with his wife until he solemnly promised to be more careful. Lest Germany should feel slighted, the Queen insisted that they both should visit other relatives there. They thus had a glimpse of Vicky and Fritz at Cologne, but that was less a reunion than an encounter. 'It was not pleasant,' he wrote to one of his Household, 'to see him [the Crown Prince] and his A. D. C. always in Prussian uniform, flaunting before our eyes a most objectionable ribbon which he received for his deeds of valour (???) against the unhappy Danes.'

V

Prince and Princess Louis had spent two months at Balmoral in the autumn before the Danish war broke out, and

on her return to Darmstadt she resumed that diligent correspondence with the Queen which contrasts strangely with the bombardments from Berlin which her mother did not wholly relish. It is easy to see why the Queen set such store on the companionship of this gentle daughter, for her letters show how enchanting her presence must have been. She had the spontaneous pen which portrays and invests the merest trivialities with the thrilled interest she herself took in them.

She was busy over Christmas festivities and made a Christmas tree for her servants, buying their presents and hanging them there herself, and Baby had a small tree of her own, all her very own, at her grandparents' house. A turkey pie had arrived from Windsor: she and Louis were giving a dinner party in its honor. There was a long frost and she skated; the only other lady in Darmstadt who could skate at all was a very poor performer. She and Louis went to the theatre three or four times a week — like her mother, she loved a play — and had to dine at five in the afternoon. The building of their new house got on apace. . . . Then, without transition, — for everything to her was part of life itself, — she wrote of intimate things; of her conviction, growing ever stronger, that to live for others is the only key to happiness, and yet 'self constantly turns up like a bad sixpence.'

Her second daughter, Elizabeth, to be known as Ella, was born in November; there was a momentary disappointment over the sex, but two little girls would make a very pretty pair.

And for the New Year of 1865 she wrote a gem of a letter, recalling memories of her girlhood: —

That bright happy past, particularly those last years when I was the eldest at home, and had the privilege of being so much with you both, my own dearly loved parents, is a remembrance deeply graven and with letters of gold upon my heart. All the morning I was telling Louis how it used to be at home, and

how we all assembled outside your dressing-room door to scream in chorus 'Prosit Neujahr!' and to give to you and Papa our drawings, writings, &c., the busy occupation of previous weeks. Then playing and reciting our pieces where we often stuck fast, and dear Papa bit his lip so as not to laugh; our walk to the Riding-school [when the alms to the poor of Windsor were distributed] and then to Frogmore. Those were happy days, and the very remembrance of them must bring a gleam of sunshine even to you, dear Mama. . . .

But, in spite of the intense happiness of her married life, Princess Louis had gone through disagreeable experiences at Darmstadt during the last two years, analogous to those which her sister had encountered in Berlin, and she felt them bitterly. There was prejudice against her because she was English, and, in especial, because she had been spending so much of the year in her native land. This feeling was not altogether to be wondered at. During the first year of her married life she and her husband had been five months with the Queen, and their first child had been born at Windsor. During the next year they had both been in England for over four months; her baby's name was English and her private secretary, Dr. Becker, had been librarian to the Prince Consort. The dilemma was similar to her sister's, for Darmstadt suspected Anglicization, and the Queen thought that her daughter and son-in-law ought to be with her more.

VI

The Queen's third daughter, Princess Helena, would be nineteen in the spring of 1865, and her mother began to look out for a husband. Two years before she had specified to Uncle Leopold the qualification she would require for a son-in-law when the time came: she wanted a sensible and moral young prince, not necessarily of a reigning house, who would make his home with her, for she could not part with her daughter. Uncle Leopold, who had great experience in

matchmaking, for he had been chief matrimonial agent for Coburgs since the time when he had been so largely instrumental in marrying his own sister to the Duke of Kent, had suggested a very suitable candidate. This was Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the younger brother of Duke Frederick, who had been one of the claimants for the Duchies. The Danish war and the appropriation of these territories by Austria and Prussia had left the brothers without a country of their own, and Bismarck, who delighted to humiliate fallen foes, however powerless, had deprived them of their commissions in the German armies.

Victoria was not at all pleased with Prussia just now. Bismarck was determined to grab both Duchies, depriving her ally of Holstein, as had been arranged between them by the Convention of Gastein; and the situation, if he persisted, threatened to become extremely dangerous. The Queen's pro-Prussian sympathies had evaporated, for this bellicose, blood-and-iron Prussia was not the peaceful, powerful, but liberally-minded Prussia of which Albert had dreamed; and she wrote to her uncle: 'Prussia seems inclined to behave as atrociously as possible, and as she *always has done*. Odious people the Prussians are, *that I must say*.' The King had also offended her personally; he had refused to let the Crown Prince and Princess come to stay with her at Balmoral this year in the autumn, though Vicky had made a moving appeal to him. That seemed to the Queen a most tyrannical act, and she intended to write him a very firm letter on the subject. She suspected, too, that her project of marrying her daughter to the brother of the dispossessed Duke Frederick would be interpreted as an open manifestation of her anti-Prussian feelings, but that was quite irrelevant. The marriage concerned nobody but the Family, and indeed it concerned nobody but her daughter and herself. If Princess Helena

accepted the proposed bridegroom and if she herself approved of him as a son-in-law, there was nothing more to be said.

The Queen went out to Coburg in August to stay with her brother-in-law for the purpose of unveiling a statue of the Prince Consort. For this unveiling of the statue the Queen had assembled twenty-four of her German relatives, including the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, and she brought Princess Helena with her. She had asked Prince Christian to come to Coburg, and found him 'pleasing, gentlemanlike, quiet and distinguished.' Princess Helena as yet knew nothing about the matrimonial project, but she was greatly pleased with him, and the Queen asked him to Windsor so that the two should get to know each other better. But she regarded the matter as settled, and felt sure the Prince Consort would have approved. One only had to be firm, and the thing was done.

She was delighted also to find that her firm letter to the King of Prussia about Vicky and Fritz coming to Balmoral had been equally successful. He allowed it profusely, and was most anxious to stand well with her, and begged for an interview. She did not want to see him at all, but Queen Augusta was most anxious that she should; and after an exchange of numerous telegrams, which crossed each other in a most provoking manner, she consented to meet him again at the Grand Duke of Hesse's palace at Darmstadt, on her way back to England. The interview was not productive of much, for, after he kept her waiting for half an hour, they talked about the weather for another half-hour. But perhaps that was as well, for there were few important topics on which they took the same views.

She went back to the dear Highland home; once more all her daughters were with her, and Princess Helena's engagement was publicly announced. Since the Prince Consort's death the Queen had never opened Parliament, but at the session in the spring of 1866 there

was a very special reason for her doing so, since she intended to ask her Commons to make provision for her daughter on her marriage, and for her second son Prince Alfred on his coming of age. So strong now was the feeling in the country against her continued seclusion that her Government feared that unless she went in person these grants might be refused, and, though she compared the ordeal to being led to execution, she went. The usual dowry of £30,000 and an annuity of £6000 were granted to Princess Helena, and to Prince Alfred — setting a decent precedent for younger sons — an annuity of £15,000.

The war between Prussia, with Italy as an ally, and Austria had now been successfully engineered by Bismarck, and it broke out in June. Austria suffered an overwhelming defeat at Königgrätz on July 3, and there remained the German States to be settled with. The Prussians crossed the Hessian frontier; there was fighting at Aschaffenburg, and the sound of the guns was heard in Darmstadt. In two days the Hessians lost eight hundred men, but no serious resistance was possible or even contemplated, and they retreated.

On the outbreak of war Princess Louis had sent her two daughters, Victoria and Elizabeth, to England to stay with their grandmother; they attended their Aunt Helena's wedding, for which the Queen provided them with new frocks. The Princess herself remained at Darmstadt, for in a few weeks she was expecting another baby. She wanted to remain as far as possible in touch with her husband, who was in command of a brigade of Hessian cavalry; and her mother-in-law, whose three sons were all serving, was in sore need of her companionship and support. Equipment was urgently needed for field hospitals, as Hesse had been utterly unprepared for the war, and Princess Louis was busy collecting sheets, old linen, and rags, and was making shirts. She begged her mother to send her any discarded stuff

from Osborne or Windsor, for the need was fearful. The next month she gave birth to a third daughter, but within a few weeks she was visiting the hospitals again, looking after the sick and wounded.

Before the end of July the Prussian troops entered Darmstadt as conquerors, with bands playing and banners flying, and remained there till an armistice was declared and the terms of peace settled. They commandeered whatever they wanted; they forbade any communication with Hessian troops still in the field; and the villages round were in a lamentable plight, for they pillaged right and left. The hospitals were full to overflowing. Princess Louis's letters to her mother during these weeks were wretchedly unhappy, but Louis, still with his brigade, was well and unwounded, and he was idolized by his men for his personal bravery and his cheerful sharing of their privations. An armistice at last was granted: Louis returned to Darmstadt, and the two daughters from England.

The terms of peace were harsh. The Grand Duke of Hesse was deprived of the Hinterland and the Domains and the whole of Hesse-Hamburg; and Hesse was terribly impoverished. But not a hint of bitterness appeared in the Princess's letters. 'If only,' she wrote, 'the other sovereigns [Saxony and Hanover and Hesse-Cassel] will forget their antipathies and the wrongs they have suffered from Prussia, and think of the welfare of their people and the universal fatherland, and make those sacrifices which will be necessary to prevent the recurrence of these misfortunes!'

So the new baby was christened Irene, and they settled down to the quiet and much straitened life in Darmstadt. Princess Louis was not well: her confinement and the months of anxiety had tried her strength, and every evening found her desperately tired. She had wanted to get away for a change, but they could not afford the expense.

VII

Crown Princess Frederick looked on the war from a very different angle to that of her sister; it could not have been otherwise. While Bismarck in the previous spring had been engaged in making trouble with Austria, in order to secure for Prussia the sole possession of the Duchies, she regarded him as a monster. 'Not a day passes,' she wrote to her mother, 'that the wicked man does not with the *greatest* ability counteract and thwart what is good, and drive on towards war, turning and twisting everything to serve his own purpose.' That was a perfectly just view, and she never wavered from it.

But war having once begun, and her husband at the front, her sympathies were wholly with Prussia. Swiftly there followed the great victories of her husband's army, and her pride in him was coupled with her admiration of his troops.

She could share neither her mother's sympathy with those German States which had sided with Austria nor her indignation at their treatment. She pitied their miserable plight, but it was their own fault. She wrote: 'At this sad time one *must* separate one's feelings for one's relations quite from one's judgment of political necessities. . . . Those who are now in such precarious positions might have *quite well* foreseen what danger they were running into: *they were told beforehand what they would have to expect*: they *chose* to go with Austria and now they share the sad fate she confers on her Allies. . . . I cannot and will not forget that I am a Prussian, but as such I know it is very difficult to make you, or any other non-German, see how our case lies.' But once again this perfect understanding of the true position, similar to that which had enlightened her in the Danish war and equally outside the comprehension of all except Prussians, did not do anything for the Crown Princess in Berlin.

(To be continued)

'MORE DOGMA, PLEASE'

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

THE teaching of doctrine occupies a very small place indeed in contemporary Christian preaching. This is true, at least, of the preaching from most Protestant pulpits. Roman Catholic sermons are still chiefly concerned with expounding the teaching agreed upon by that Church, and in pointing out to the people the devotional and moral implications of the same. This may be said, also, of the sermons of most Lutherans and of many Anglo-Catholics. Of Eastern Orthodox practice it is a little difficult to speak, because a sermon, of the sort usual in modern Western services, is exceptional in the Oriental bodies. But in the so-called Evangelical Churches, and in much of Anglicanism, talks on morals, manners, literature, politics, and a host of varied subjects, have all but completely supplanted doctrinal discourses at sermon time.

One has only to read the *Harper's Monthly Sermon Library*, to which fifty contemporary preachers have contributed each a volume of ten spiritual discourses, to see how few sermons there are which deal with fundamental Christian teaching. A layman friend of mine, after browsing through several of these volumes, said, 'They are almost all concerned, these reverend gentlemen, in urging their hearers to apply Christianity to this or that problem, individual or social; but no stranger to Christianity, hearing their sermons, would gain a glimmer of an idea as to what that Christianity is which they wish to see

applied. Do you suppose their congregations really know?'

My answer to that question was unhesitatingly in the negative; nor in so replying was I depending on guesswork. For over a quarter century I have been one preacher who has been intimately and non-professionally in touch with those who sit in the pews and listen. First in the navy, then in education, these last few years in a variety of pursuits, I have been thrown among lay people in such ways as made them talk with me not so much in the parson's manner as in that of the man in the street. These many brethren — at least such of them as were brought up in Protestant Sunday schools and have been preached to from Protestant pulpits — seem to have next to no knowledge of what Christianity is, of what it teaches about life or death or sin or redemption or God Almighty, or of what, if anything, they are supposed to do about it.

For instance, I was once called on to devise and teach a course for freshmen in a university, a course designed to help them correlate religion with those new truths to which they were being introduced, day by day, in science and philosophy. Experience, over a period of two years, showed that such a course of study was ridiculous, not because it is impossible, or even very difficult, to correlate religion with science and philosophy, but because the young men — almost all of them the products of

Christian Sunday schools, many of them church members and used to receiving pulpit admonitions — had no religion that was sufficiently choate to be related to anything at all.

They had, perhaps, a few memories of disconnected Bible stories, a vague notion that certain rather obvious and disreputable sins were wrong, an impression or two about religion as related to social justice (either that Christianity had something to say about it, though they could not tell exactly what; or, much more often, that parsons ought to let economics and politics alone and 'mind their own business,' though what that proper concern of clergymen might be they did not seem to know). They possessed a good many prejudices against other varieties of Christianity than their own. A few of them could sometimes recall scraps of information given them 'before Confirmation' or when they 'joined the church' — badly given, to immature people, hurriedly, and never followed up. They had, sometimes, a personal loyalty or two — often to parents, sometimes to a minister back home. They had vestigial remnants of habits — rarely more than that — of churchgoing and private praying. They had rarely any notion of prayer except as involving the most crude and semi-magical sort of petition. And they had almost invariably an opinion, one might almost say a conviction, that religion is intellectually uninteresting and, to be blunt, an awful bore.

That was the sort of thing I was supposed to be connecting up, or helping them to connect up, in a synthesis with science and philosophy. On the one hand were precise, definite science and logical, thought-provoking philosophy; on the other, only a vague emotionality, or, it might be, the half-forgotten memory of a former emotionality. The course had to be abandoned. It would have been equally impossible to correlate such gruel with ethics, or politics, or social science. What I had to do, instead,

was to take those charming but spiritually illiterate undergraduates and put them through a brief but competent course in fundamental theology. They were immensely interested in it, for it was all new to them; and they found, and I found, that when they knew what Christianity actually is and does teach they were able to make their own correlations, without much help from others.

Nor have my many and delightful contacts with university professors revealed that the situation with them is different from that among their students. Why should it be? The faculty are only the undergraduates 'a little later on.' If they knew next to nothing about Christianity when they were candidates for the primary degree, and if they have received no adequate instruction in religion as their scholarly studies progressed, they are sure at the last to be, though learned doctors in this or that, as ignorant as babies about religion.

This, in point of fact, almost all of them are. I have heard more astonishing absurdities about Christianity from grave dons in faculty clubs than in any other place where men and women of intelligence meet together. They were not with malice attacking Christianity. They were only talking ignorant nonsense about it. I do not blame them, any more than I blame the scores of otherequally uninformed 'leading minds' who have expressed themselves about Christianity in my presence with equal ignorance, where were gathered men of the law, or medicine, or politics, or high finance, or labor, skilled and otherwise. I blame the teachers and pastors in religion, who never, when they had the chance, taught these good people the A B C's of faith.

These same folk make up the usual congregation, and even the unusual one. A preacher to-day ought always to say to himself, as he looks the people over: 'These who are before me know, perhaps, much about many and curious things; but about the Christian religion

almost none of them knows anything worth mentioning. I must, therefore, without talking down to them, teach them the elements, one by one.' Congregations are usually intelligent enough to understand, if only they are properly instructed. More than half the time, moreover, they are competent to make their own applications of the Christian doctrines, with little homiletic aid, to the problems of their own lives and the problems of society; but, be it repeated, *they do not know what those doctrines are.*

Those in the pews are, moreover, almost always deeply interested when once they are instructed. People may *say* they are not interested in doctrine; but that usually means merely that they do not know what doctrine is. Give them the thing itself and they eat it up, particularly the ones who are not soft and sentimental. They not only devour it; a surprising number begin to digest it. Even if they did not like it, it would be the preacher's duty to give it to them. As Canon Newbolt has lately remarked, 'No teacher of a serious subject gives people what they like, but something much better which they will learn to like.' That, however, is an academic consideration. *They do like it.*

A preacher, if he is fortunate enough (or unfortunate enough) to have a pulpit set up where many roads meet, sometimes can get large congregations to listen to him as he utters easy platitudes, especially if he does it with earnestness, emphasis, unction, and clever turns of speech; but it is a peripatetic congregation to which he preaches, a stream of folk who come to sample sensations, come for a time or two or three and then, almost all of them, move on. *To hold a continuous congregation, the preacher must teach. Teaching means doctrine.* The dictionary tells us that doctrine is 'a principle, or the body of principles, in any branch of knowledge.' Doctrinal preaching has to do with the theory, the beliefs, the principles, the chief tenets, on which is built that

branch of knowledge which is the Christian religion: the knowledge, that is to say, of God, of man in the light of God, of God and man in the light of Jesus Christ.

It is no more proper for preachers to give out their own bright guesses about God or man than it would be fitting for a chemist, in his teaching of a class, to substitute his own speculations, however brilliant, for the principles of the science; or than it would be right for a professor of rhetoric to neglect the foundations of a skillful use of speech in order to indulge himself before his pupils in rodomontade, however entertaining. Bossuet once said, 'Any priest who would give from the Altar unblest bread, instead of the Holy Sacrament, would be guilty of sacrilege. So also any preacher who from the pulpit gives to the faithful, not the word of God, but his own speculations, is guilty of nothing less than sacrilege.'

He is also guilty of self-punishing folly, since no man, however clever, has the wit to think up enough bright ideas to carry him through a year's routine of preaching, much less that of a lifetime. He either repeats himself, as certain of our popular preachers do *ad nauseam*, or goes hunting about in search of other people's clever ideas, to be used without acknowledgment; or else, if he be both dry and too honest to crib, he stops preaching about religion, having no more to say on that subject, and looks within for clever ideas on all sorts of other topics: politics, literature, the drama, novels, poetry, and so on, which he dresses up, each with a few tags of religious verbiage, and delivers for the entertainment of the customers. And if he does this last he is all too apt further to stultify himself by rationalizing his action, assuring himself that he is illustrating the 'wide scope of religion' by the breadth of his sermon topics and the variety of his treatment of them.

It is, then, both wicked and silly for a preacher to give out his own bright

thoughts about God and man in the place of Christian doctrine. People do not come to church any more to be entertained. They can get a better show at the cinema or over the radio. They come, when still they do come, to worship, and to learn, if possible, about that access to knowledge about themselves and their destiny, themselves and God, which they feel must be, or ought to be, involved in the racial technique called religion. Woe be to the preacher that gives them something else!

To speak more precisely, what people nowadays go to church to hear is not merely doctrine, but dogma. We need not call it that, perhaps, in public, for most people seem misled as to what dogma is and so have an irrational hatred of the word. They think that dogma is an arrogant attempt by somebody in power to ram his opinion down the throat of unwilling victims. They call a man 'dogmatic' when he is really only 'opinionated.' To be dogmatic is the very antithesis of being opinionated. *Dogma* is a word which means 'that which is agreed upon.' The preacher of dogma endeavors to teach that which Christian men have come to agree upon as true about God and themselves, not his own likes and prejudices.

Christians are quite certain that man's search for God culminated in a perfect revelation by God of Himself in Jesus Christ. The record of what Jesus said and did is in the Gospels. The record of what He has meant in the centuries since adds invaluable illumination to the original deposit, the Scriptural deposit; not replacing it, but explaining it and amplifying it and systematically arranging it. The preacher must go for knowledge of his principles to an age-long human experiment answered by God in the Incarnation, and to that answer as tested and increasingly understood because of the lives, the loves, and the hard thinking of the faithful for nineteen centuries. Out of all this have

come certain overwhelming agreements. These are the chief subject matter of sound, useful, helpful Christian preaching: the 'dogmas' — the things agreed upon.

II

The question at once arises in one's mind: 'Why is there so little preaching of such doctrine?' There are at least two answers to that question, each of which explains a good deal of the neglect. Together, they explain most of it.

First of all, the whole Protestant world and much of Anglicanism are still under the spell of Matthew Arnold's definition of religion as 'morality tinged with emotion.'

As Mr. A. C. Toyne has said, in that penetrating little book which he wrote a few years ago, *Theology in the Schools*, the definition was perhaps not so bad for the contemporaries of Mr. Arnold, because to them religion implied belief as *the source* of morality and religious emotion. It seemed to them unnecessary, therefore, to insist that in a respectable religion both those things arose from a dogmatic faith, and were properly to be controlled by it. But nowadays, when the mass of people, fortunately, accept no religious truth except after skeptical examination, if we say, or assume, that religion is 'morality tinged with emotion,' we seem to the world to be admitting that religion is only sentimental rubbish.

Communism, Fascism, Secularism, are all based on profound acts of faith — faith in Nationalism or in Mass-man or in the dominance of Material over Mind. These rivals of Christianity have moralities, and they are all tinged with emotion; but in themselves they are much more than moralities tinged with emotion. They are founded on intellectual principles — false ones, it may be, contrary to fact or illogical, or both; but they are no mere matters of feeling. Neither is Christianity, in point of historic fact. Christianity is a doctrine,

to be believed, concerning a God, to be believed in; or it is not worth bothering about. The general public, finding next to no doctrine taught from Christian pulpits, and weary of beautiful ideas and sentiments spun out of the void, has simply stopped going to church.

A second reason why there is so little preaching of doctrine is that a great many preachers themselves do not know what the great, agreed teachings of Christianity actually are.

That is partly the fault of the institutions which prepare preachers for their job. I recall the remark made not long ago by a distinguished European scholar who had traveled observantly in this country. 'The American theological college,' he said, 'pays little attention to theology. Instead, it gives a disproportionate deal of time to two things: "religious education" and "Christian social service." With some difficulty, I have managed to find out what these are. "Religious education" seems to be the art of imparting to others the moral and devotional implications of a dogmatic religion no longer existent. "Social service" seems to be the advocated application to society at large of ethical principles the validity of which is not of necessity to be acknowledged in one's private life.' There is no fault to be found with religious education, provided one has a religion in terms of which to educate. Nor is Christian social service a thing to be neglected, provided one has a Christian philosophy on the basis of which one desires to construct and manage society. As derivatives of theology, both have meaning; as substitutes for theology, they are empty wind.'

Be that as it may, a vast number of clergymen do not know what are the accepted principles of the Christian religion. If they are persuaded that they should preach doctrine, they do not even know where or how to begin doing it.

III

The place to go for the basic principles of Christianity is the Bible, first of all. Both Catholics and Protestants are pledged to that. The Bible is an inspired (even if not verbally infallible) record of the development of doctrine — doctrine not in the abstract, but doctrine preceded by experience and based on experience. I quote from a little booklet by Eric Graham, published last autumn in England, called *The Appeal to Scripture and Tradition*: —

In the Old Testament the dogma of the universality of Israel's God — 'The Lord is one' — was reached through the apprehension and experience of His righteousness. The prophets, keenly aware of Him as righteous, were led thereby to see that there could be no other God than He in all the universe. And in the New Testament we find men's estimate of Christ rising higher in proportion to the depth of their experience of Him; the category of 'prophet' proved inadequate; the title of 'Messiah' was changed out of recognition by being appropriated to Him; and though the Nicene formula 'of one substance with the Father' is not found in the New Testament, the experience of Christ which is found there cannot be explained in any lower terms.

Christ was recognized by His disciples to have 'the value of God'; they were led by what they found in Him to adopt towards Him that attitude of worship which can only be directed towards one who is in the fullest sense divine. It took much time and much discussion to get the implications of this attitude clear, and to formulate the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; what we find in the New Testament is not an explicit set of assertions of that doctrine, but the living experience of Christ which made its formulation inevitable. The unique value of Holy Scripture, as our enduring court of appeal, is to be found in the fact that it crystallizes and enshrines forever that genuine human experience of God, and in the New Testament of God in Christ, which lies behind and necessitates the later doctrinal definitions.

Second, the appeal for doctrine is to Christian Tradition, to the teaching of

the great Christians of the ages, the saintly thinkers of time past. Their words are not substitutes for the Scriptures, but living and reasoned commentaries on the Scriptures. If we wish to find out what Bible Christianity means, and what its centralizing principles are, we must look largely to the long experience of the Christian tradition. The Bible does not explain itself. As Saint Vincent of Lerins said, fifteen hundred years ago, 'We shall follow universality if we confess that one faith to be true which the whole Church throughout the world confesses; antiquity, if we in no wise depart from those interpretations which it is manifest were notoriously held by our holy ancestors and fathers; consent, in like manner, if in antiquity itself we adhere to the consentient definitions and determinations of all, or at the least of almost all.'

To Scripture and Tradition, then, preachers must of necessity go in search of those Christian principles which alone form a basis for sound morality and decent religious emotion: the things that men live by, the God whom they know and trust.

And if a preacher says 'No'; if he thinks himself wiser than the Christ and more profound than his ancestors, let him by all means go on preaching; but let him be honest, and not continue to do so from a *Christian* pulpit. Such a one, however, will not escape the doctrinal necessity, merely by thus denying Christianity overtly instead of tacitly, for men will continue to ask him, 'In what, then, *do you believe?*' He will be compelled to preach *some sort* of doctrine, if he hopes to hold the attention of people that matter.

The modern preacher is more and more compelled, by the pressure of public demand and by the impulsions of his own integrity, with definiteness to preach about such things as these: 'Who, what, and where is God? What is man? How can man's life mean anything but unrelieved tragedy in the light of sure and speedy death? What is the meaning of suffering and sorrow? What is free will? What is sin? Who and what is Jesus Christ? What are redemption, justification? What is worship? What is prayer? What is sacrifice? Who and what is the Holy Ghost? What is the Kingdom of God? Do we bring it in, or does God? And if He does it, how does He do it? What is the Church? What is grace? What are the sacraments? What is the spiritual life? What is judgment? What is Hell? What is Heaven? What must we do to be saved?'

Such things as these make up that about which the preacher of to-day is called upon to speak if he is to receive attention from a busy and troubled people. That teaching must be put in modern words, to be sure. The preacher must use modern phrases, apply the Gospel to modern conditions; but it is the ancient faith that first he must know himself and then must teach, showing forth the rational, logical bases of Christian belief and action.

The world has no time, in these days, to listen to preaching on less vital matters. 'Apply Christianity to modern problems!' So the preachers cry, and rightly. The world replies, 'All right; but first of all you will have to tell us, clearly, what the Christianity is that you wish to see applied.'

EDUCATION OF A PUBLISHER

BY JOHN HOOPER

I

DOCTORS and publishers have at least one thing in common: they do not choose to discuss their business with laymen. Such discussions usually lead to questions which cannot be answered, short of a course of instruction which would lift the layman to a professional status. But I have just completed six years as a small-time publisher, and it is possible that an exposure of my experiences in building a miniature publishing house may help to reduce the larger structures of publishing to an understandable size — and that some of the common questions may be answered by implication.

In the dismal fall of 1932, I was selling schoolbooks. This was as near as I had been able to come to the dream which so many college seniors have of editorial chairs. I had been selling schoolbooks for four years, but I still coveted the editorial chair. The depression had set in far enough to make any change seem to have its possibilities; and when the opportunity came to try to salvage a year-old publishing business in Vermont I rushed hopefully in. I knew nothing more about publishing than what I had learned from the sales letters of the district manager of a textbook house. But this did not dampen my enthusiasm to see how it felt to swivel among manuscripts.

We moved to Vermont, my wife and I. We occupied the editorial chairs; there were two of them, one on each side of a big desk. There was nobody else occupy-

ing any kind of chair. We were the staff, and we divided the highly dubious titles of publisher, editor, publicity director, sales manager, manager of the manufacturing department, salesman, stenographer, and office boy. The matters of bookkeeping and shipping were handled by the printing company which we had persuaded to continue its venture. As I look back on it now, the decision must have called for a tremendous amount of faith.

We were given a free hand to build a publishing business along such lines as we saw fit; that is, if we could do so on a basis of self-sufficiency. Since we were without capital of our own, we must not abuse the long-term credit and small cash advances which our co-partner, the printing company, provided for the bare necessities of our existence. The expansion or growth, if any, must come through an accumulative process of making dimes and nickels grow into dollars. It was necessary in the beginning to accept the fact that we were starting in the pushcart stage of publishing.

With this in mind, we looked around the office and found that we had inherited two small books of poetry, a small ski book which had been reprinted from a college magazine, one limited edition of Christopher Morley, a book of essays, and a series of books about Vermont whose first edition had done a beautiful mail-order business, but whose second edition reposed dismally on several shelves in our stockroom.

It was necessary to publish something quickly that would help pay the bills. I had written a manuscript on teaching poetry which I had been unable to sell to any publisher. But here was something to peddle; so, against my better judgment, I published it myself. I then acquired two school readers, and set out on the road to try my luck while I dreamed of bigger things.

It was soon obvious that we could not depend on manuscripts to come in unsolicited. The smaller the publisher, the poorer the manuscripts which are unloaded on him. We got a cold shoulder from literary agents who neither knew us nor wanted to take the time to look us up. The few big names which we were able to approach were willing, out of the kindness of their hearts, to let us have a thing or two which had been collecting dust for some time. But this would help us less than it would their regular publishers, who could, and occasionally did, slip such stuff through.

While the school readers were serving as temporary providers, a definite publishing policy was in the making. I built a fence around our publishing programme that has kept us in bounds ever since. I felt that I knew a good deal about New England, both its places and its people; I certainly had driven over enough of it selling schoolbooks. So why not publish books about New England? If the subject was interesting, it might not matter how little was known about the author. I could choose the subjects, and then look for the right person to do the book while I was out selling school readers. It might work.

The formula, fruit of necessity, was simple. My wife and I jotted down all of the New England subjects in which people were most likely to be interested — the obvious ones, such as covered bridges, old houses, antiques, outdoor sports, scenic places, and country homes. Then we started inquiring among our friends and acquaintances for names of people who were even in the

slightest way fanatics or authorities on these subjects. With the first likely name in my pocket, I was off in hot pursuit.

This first chase took me ultimately to the top of Mount Washington, for I was after the story of the first year-round occupation of that mountain by any group since the middle of the nineteenth century. My reasons for thinking that this might be a profitable book were these: the newspapers had given the scientific expedition considerable space; my own perusal of the reports from the mountain showed that one of the members of the expedition could write clearly and objectively; and I knew that Mount Washington itself held a good deal of interest for many people within and outside of New England.

This was to be our first trade book, the first book which I should try to sell through the regular channels of the wholesale and retail stores. One of the rules of publishing is that the cost of the book shall not exceed 25 per cent of the expected retail price, if the publisher is to get out of it with a whole skin after deducting bookstore discounts, royalty, selling commissions, advertising, and office overhead. I had read somewhere that the average sale of a book of non-fiction is about fifteen hundred copies. I decided that we would plunge to the extent of two thousand copies, and that the market could probably stand a \$2.50 book in that edition. This meant that I could spend about sixty cents a copy for the manufacturing of the book. So, even before the author started to write the book, I had carried the statistics down to the number of words and the number of pictures he could have for his story.

After about half the manuscript was in, a publication date was set, and announcements were sent to the bookstores. Time slipped by and the book was still far from finished. Mail moved slowly from Mount Washington, and our author seemed to count his time by

geological ages. Finally, in desperation, I begged him to come down off the mountain and finish the book in our office. Quite as eager as we were to see the book done, he came. For all of one day the two editors literally stood over him, trying to help him find an end somewhere. At five o'clock the ending had been tied on, and we went down to the street. 'My God!' he cried. 'My wife! I had forgotten all about her.' She had been left sitting in the car early in the morning, and our author had completely let her pass out of his existence.

With our first trade book finally published, I went to Boston and New York. I don't blame the bookstores at all for being leery of a small-town publisher with one book in his bag. But when the New York booksellers started asking about shipping costs and how much the postage was from Vermont, and when one of them even asked if we had to ship through Canada, I began to wonder if we should ever make it. Fortunately, the book had been brought out just before Christmas, and we sold 1682 of the 2000 copies during that holiday season.

II

The next book was a juvenile on the subject of maple sugar, written for us by a Vermont schoolmaster. I don't know why a book on maple sugar had n't been published before, but I am certainly glad that we were the first to think of it. This informational book gave me courage to go on later into other juveniles on New England subjects, books where the subject was of sufficient interest to make up for lack of funds to buy the customary beautiful four- and five-color illustrations which endear children's books to parents.

Still in the depression, I took advantage of the depression state of mind among book buyers and published a book by a young man who had come to Vermont with his wife and young son, to work out an existence on a farm. I knew

he could write, since I had read a previous book of his, which had had the misfortune to be launched during the Bank Holiday. I drove to his farm and asked him to write the story of the two years which he had spent trying to make the soil produce what printer's ink could not. This small book, while not much more than a group of essays loosely strung together, had something both in the quality of its writing and in the attitude of its writer to tempt two thousand people to purchase it.

Times appeared to be getting better. People no longer sat at home and read *Anthony Adverse*. They wanted to be up and doing, themselves. This opened up possibilities of books about places, and guidebooks for travelers. I had seen in a Portland, Maine, newspaper several articles by a lighthouse keeper on the subject which, of course, he knew best. I drove to Portland Head Light and went over with him the outline for a book which I hoped he would do for me. We agreed that he should send in all the material he could write on the subject, and that I should boil it down later.

When several armfuls of manuscript had come in, it seemed best that I should go to Portland for a visit at the lighthouse — to obtain the atmosphere which might help me arrange his material. He had invited me to come and 'sit watch' with him some night. When I arrived, I had visions of sitting up in the tower, guarding the light with the old keeper, and helping to protect the lives of sailors at sea. We talked about the book, had supper, and when the latter was cleared away we continued to sit in the dining room, talking. At about eleven o'clock I asked if it was n't about time we went on watch. 'Well, son,' said the keeper, 'we've been on watch for the past four hours.' Such are the ways of modern lighthouse keeping. Electricity does it all.

As publishers we continued to climb out of the depression, by way of lighthouses, covered bridges, flower books, ski books, biographies, and juveniles. I

chose our advertising media as carefully as I knew how, believing that because our books were selected within a definite field the advertising must be also. While by nature and circumstance I published conservatively, I was persuaded by an overenthusiastic salesman to extend our New England material to the field of fiction. And there is a warning for all embryo publishers.

As it exists to-day, at least, fiction is a greater gamble than nonfiction. It is a distinct kind of publishing which calls for an astute editor (good fiction editors are born, not made) and a selling organization efficiently geared to all the wheels of high-speed promotion and distribution. Moreover, styles change faster in fiction, and last year's best seller is likely to bob up in this year's bargain basement. Most novels to-day which have failed to 'catch on' in the first few months after publication will probably be financial failures. Some of them may turn up one day as classics, but that does n't make them any less of a gamble. . . . We don't publish fiction any more.

In our own field we continued to stay within the bounds which I had set up in 1932. Some of these ideas panned out and some did n't. But the dreary days of the Bank Holiday were followed by brighter ones which saw several books catch on and swing by the ten-thousand mark — books which at first had been merely ideas discussed while swimming in the West River, or while climbing Haystack Mountain, or while riding home from the Rutland Fair. 'I've got a hunch,' became a byword with us. If the hunch weathered the first barrage of arguments which we would hurl at each other, we then subjected it to the advice of friends, or sent a hasty call for counsel to a few of the bookstores, or thoroughly thumbed through the catalogues of other publishers to see if the subject had been done before. To me there are still few things sweeter than a good hunch, bound in cloth, and marked 'third edition.'

III

In the publishing world there are several 'general' publishers, and they are the superstructures. But even these are divided into departments, each of which specializes in one kind of publishing. Most of the smaller houses tend to specialize in a particular kind of book. Personal interest, experience, and ability set the course upon which any publisher's imprint is pointed.

Publishing is primarily a business — a way of making a living; but no matter how large or how small the organization, any publishing house is the expression of a personality, either of a long-dead founder or of a person actively in control to-day. This personality is reflected in the house's 'policy.' Even my small house could not help expressing the interests and ideas which had led me to choose this way of earning my bread and butter. I published books which I thought would please a small part of the reading public. But as a publisher of New England books I was as much interested in interpreting, as in reporting, New England.

I waited a long time, for example, before I found the right author to undertake a book on the plus and minus qualities of farming and general country living. I refused two unsolicited manuscripts on the subject before tackling it with an author whose background of experience in this special field gave me the necessary courage to invest the time and money which this one book would demand. (With a list of only ten books a year, it was absolutely essential that each book should pay its way.)

I knew the region which we were going to cover. The author did n't. But he knew the general field of agriculture, which I did n't. It was important that my prejudices be balanced by his perspective. We decided to travel the region together, reporting, discussing, and arguing on the scene of action.

This was a new experience for me. It

was new because I was working with a writer who had learned his trade, so that I could put all my energies into helping develop the subject, instead of working far into the night completely rewriting a manuscript by one, say, who had lived a most interesting life at sea but who could n't write a book about it to save his life. So many interesting people, with great stories to tell, left school at the eighth grade; while so many college graduates, who want to write, have nothing interesting to tell.

When the book was completed, its physical appearance was like any other book. But what a strenuous, exciting lot of time had gone into its making! There were memories of many faces, of men in the fields, in hotel lobbies, and in crowded hotel rooms, of days and nights of friendly conversations with men who knew their job of farming and were proud to talk about it. There was mile on mile of dirt road with an equal number of miles of talk about the book by its author and publisher. There was the author's two-month retreat to his hill farm, and his long hours at the typewriter. There was the secretary (who had come to us from a small bookshop of her own) busy writing publicity that would pave the way for the book. There was the publisher fussing with figures and working on the jacket with his layout man (a blessed combination of artist, traveling salesman, and promotion manager). There were hours of feverish discussion of the manuscript at its various stages, either at the author's farm near by or in the small office where the whole staff could add its voice. There was the designing of the book to meet the budget and to fit the subject, the sending of the final manuscript to the printer, then proof-reading, more discussion, and a few changes; and at last the word to 'let 'er go' on to the presses, into the bindery, and, God willing, into the homes and hearts of our countrymen.

On the whole, publishing is a com-

paratively safe kind of business. It is like a meandering stream, winding in and out through that small part of society which is accustomed to read and to buy books. Once in a while it spills over and extends beyond its natural banks. Seldom does it roar speculatively into the dark chasms of mass production. It has established a few tributaries in that direction, but the main stream clings to its time-worn channel. And along its banks bloom each season's crop of blurbs and advertisements, the perennial adjectives which have seeded themselves since time immemorial.

Yet, for all its quiet meandering, it moves. Publishing has never become stagnant, it has never dried up, and it has demonstrated its tremendous force to anyone who has tried to dam it by censorship.

IV

There was not much of a splash when I entered the stream six years ago. Having gone along with it since then, I have learned something about its pattern, and a little about its high and low points. Adding up these experiences, I find that the high points outnumber the low ones, that there is a lot to be learned from adding up either column.

On the low side, there is, first, the difficulty of accepting the fact that the book-reading public is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the movie public. Second, it is impossible even within the book market to prophesy the popularity of a book. Third, the wrong season, the wrong title, or an ineffectual jacket can check the progress of many a good book. And, fourth, the already overloaded shelves of the routine outlets for books make it hard to find display room for all the good books which pour from the presses.

I remember only too well the hollow feeling when I first realized that out of the thousands who had cheered a famous athlete only a few were willing to buy his story of his athletic experiences—in

spite of the fact that he was practically a New England institution. (I should have known that few books by track, football, or baseball stars have ever sold well.) I never felt more sorry for myself than when I first tried to explain to an author why his book was not in every bookstore in which he chose to browse. (I have learned that there is no satisfactory explanation to appease this kind of author.) I nearly had heart failure myself when an author's daughter telephoned that the changes I had made in the lady's manuscript had necessitated calling a physician. (I know now that an oral agreement to changes should be bound by a written one, as an aid to human memory.) I had many dark days when an excellent book about the sea, which had been written for me only after much persuasion, failed to find its public. (I will never again make the mistake of trying to get a title for a book which will allure readers from beyond its natural market.)

I have not yet learned how to answer those who believe that a publisher selects only those books which interest him, which are the kind of books he would take home to his own library. Nor have I an answer for the book lover who exclaims over the ecstasies which I must surely enjoy, 'being so close to the fountains of literature.' A publisher selects books for other reasons than his own personal taste, or else he is sunk. And mighty few books which come any publisher's way can be called literature.

The plus column contains the pleasanter prospect. There is, first, the knowledge of a fairly dependable reading public, with fairly well-defined interests. Second, the outlets for books are at the disposal of any publisher who does not abuse the privilege. Third, there is a constant variety in the days of a publisher, a continual excitement. And, fourth, the disparity between the profits of publishing and those of many other businesses and professions is compen-

sated by the stimulation and satisfaction found within the business itself.

No breeder of blooded horses ever followed the circuit of shows with more excitement than that with which I follow the circuit of critics, once a new book is sent into the ring. I know that the critics alone cannot make, or break, a book. They may not be able to pick all the winners, but they have been around the stable long enough to know good, or bad, horseflesh when they see it.

In fact, while much of the reviewing of books is a perfunctory sort of thing, the lowest order being a mere quotation from the publisher's own blurbs, the first flight of book judges remains extremely important to any publisher. On them depends much of his state of mind. If a publisher depended on his friends for criticism he would be living in a world of self-delusion. It is the literary critic who takes away his rose-colored glasses.

Now that six years have passed, I am a little surer about some points of my trade, less sure about others. I find it increasingly exciting and more challenging. I often wonder what it is like in the big houses, in the superstructures at the other end of the estate. Most likely the difference is merely in size and splendor, and in the view. For here the Connecticut instead of Broadway sets the tempo below my office window; here my home is in the country, summer and winter; and around me spreads the New England scene, much of it still to be cut to the trim-size of a book.

There are now four typewriters instead of two, harnessed to this small unit of publishing; and through them courses some of the vitality, some of the fun and frenzy, some of the tragedies, and some of the tricks which make up the trade known as publishing. The sixty books on my desk, which mark the past six years like the rings of a tree, have much more to tell than appears between their covers. For me, they are the past six years.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE RILLSWOOD ESTATE

BY LORD DUNSANY

I

A FEW of us at the Billiards Club one day were sitting in the bay window. No one that day had any particular idea as to what the Government ought to do, or what things were coming to, or indeed about any topic whatever; so we were looking out at the street. Not only had conversation drooped and then died away; but, as often happens when things are dull in the club, they seemed dull in the street too.

I for one would not have watched the street at all if I had had anything else to do; and that I think was the feeling of all of us. It was dull, and dull people passed through it. And then came an open motor, and in it reclined a man with sun-tanned skin, sharp aquiline features, small gray beard and rather foreign expression, in a coat of luxurious fur; with a cigar in the fingers of his right hand and one large diamond shining on one of them. His passage through the street seemed to change its whole aspect: it was dull no longer. I turned to my next neighbor, who chanced to be Jorkens, to make some comment on this rare personality; and I saw as I turned that everyone else seemed a little stirred by him too.

'He's gone up a lot in the world,' said Jorkens.

Was it envy that made him say this?

'Who?' I said in order to draw Jorkens.

'That fellow,' said Jorkens, pointing to

the man in the new car. 'Satyrides, the Greek financier.'

I had heard the name. 'Is that who he is?' I said.

'Yes,' said Jorkens. 'He is not Greek really.'

'What is he?' two or three of us asked.

'I'll tell you his story,' said Jorkens.

And there and then he did; and it only shows us that one can wander the countryside for years, and at the end of all that time find something one knew nothing about; or, as is very often the case, never find it at all.

'There was a painter called Meddin,' said Jorkens, 'who lived in a very large cottage, or perhaps one should call it a farmhouse, a really delightful building covered with honeysuckle and built in the way they used to build in Kent, with large flints and mortar. It had a garden behind it, and beyond that a small orchard, and beyond the orchard a wood. Meddin's property ended at the further edge of the orchard: the wood belonged to the Rillswood estate. Meddin lived there with his sister.

'All through the warm weather he used to sit and paint in the garden until there was no light left. I think he preferred the dim gloaming to good light, as he did imaginative pictures and could fancy classical figures between the wood and his orchard more easily when the glare of day was gone. It is not easy to describe in words a picture painted with

oils, but an evident love of trees and an interest in old mythology, which was showed by his dim figures often haunting a wood, rather suggested Corot. He was not imitative; but, if he had a master during the last hundred years, Corot would have been the man.

'Even in actual fact there can have been few places pleasanter than that garden of Meddin's, and in his pictures it was doubly delightful. And then they developed, as they call it, the Rillswood estate; and one day they began to cut the wood down. In a month it was all gone, and in two months bungalows were going up.

'At this time Meddin and his sister Lucy both began to notice scratchings in their lawn: buttercups were being scratched up and larger plants, and sometimes they saw a bulb all white in the earth, which had been exposed by these scratchings and then left where it grew, as though whatever had laid it bare had been scared away before eating it. They put it down to a badger. And then the tulips that they had in the orchard began to be scratched up. Meddin and his sister went all round the garden and could find nothing. Sometimes they listened from their windows at night, and both distinctly heard noises. Then they talked it all over, and they decided that the best thing to do would be for Meddin to sit up later than usual in the garden, with a gun. They had a shotgun with which Meddin used to shoot pigeons, until the houses of the Rillswood estate began to grow round them, and the pigeons came no longer.

"But you must n't shoot it if it's a fox," said Lucy.

"No, no, that would never do," said Meddin.

'All this, I may say, was more than thirty years ago, and the shooting of a fox would have meant the placing of the Meddins for the rest of their lives in a class or caste to which the nearest approach would perhaps be the Indian untouchables.

'Whatever it was seemed to avoid the house, and the scratchings in the lawn were all on the far side, and there were more of them in the orchard — deep scratchings to uncover small roots, which had apparently been eaten. Meddin had never had any more exciting sport than shooting an occasional pigeon, and when he left the house with his loaded shotgun and crossed the lawn, all hushed except for the birds' last songs coming from shrubs and hedge, I gather that some of those thrills that come to men who sit up at nightfall for tigers came as near to Meddin as they were ever to come.

'The mystery with which evening always leaves us, and the uncertainty of sport, helped to bring such feelings to Meddin in his villa-surrounded garden. He crossed the lawn to the orchard in the direction in which the scratchings were thickest, and a new look came to the apple trees, for hitherto he had looked at them as an artist, and beyond them to catch fancies stealing out from the wood, but now he approached them as a hunter.

'The difference was immense, for the fancies that lurked on the orchard's edge for the artist were all friendly, while he carried a gun for them now; and whatever haunted the evening seemed hostile to Meddin, as he was hostile to it. As an artist he would almost have wept at that hour to see all the solemnity and mystery that had haunted the wood gone, and all its beauty, and the very earth that the wood had enchanted lying bare and untidy; but as a man with a gun, looking for something that lurked, he felt glad that it had less hiding place than it had a month ago, if only the whole evening, stealing swiftly towards night, were not hiding place enough for anything that might lurk. He went cautiously to a rhododendron just at the edge of the orchard, and got into it and sat down on a small campstool he carried, and was pretty well hidden, but could see the orchard.

'Darkness came to the desolate land where the wood had been, and Meddin had not hidden in his rhododendron long when he heard the sound of steps that seemed soft and heavy stealing amongst his apple trees. He shoved forward the safety catch of his gun, which his sister had told him, quite rightly, not to do until the very last moment, and peered through his leafy screen. Whatever was coming came from where the wood had been, but it kept so persistently behind apple trees that, though Meddin could hear where it was, he could not catch a glimpse of it. It stopped to scratch up some roots from the earth, still hidden from view: Meddin knew which apple tree was giving it covert, but could not move to see round it without disturbing the whole rhododendron, which must have scared whatever it was away.

'Then, when the thing had eaten whatever it had scratched up, it came forward again, slipping slowly round the apple tree. Meddin says that he knew what it was the moment he saw it, though I don't set much store by what men tell you afterwards about such moments as that. Anyway, it was a satyr.'

'A satyr!' exclaimed Terbut, who was on the window seat with us.

'Yes,' said Jorkens, 'and a full-grown one. A young satyr, Meddin thought, but quite full-grown; and it was looking straight at Meddin from round the trunk of the apple tree, as he had n't hidden himself very well.'

'Do you usually get satyrs in suburban gardens?' said Terbut.

'No,' said Jorkens, 'that's just the point of it. They live in woods. But this wood had been cut down; and the satyr had nowhere to go. When it first put its head round the apple tree, Meddin says, its lips were twitching as though it were hungry. Then it saw him, and surprise spread over its face, and it gave a low whistle. Meddin's first thought, as he put his gun down on the ground, was that he had got a model, such a model as even Corot had probably

never had. But there were many more thoughts to come, thoughts that worried Meddin and his sister for weeks, until Lady Rillswood called.'

'How did she come into it?' asked Terbut.

'I'm getting ahead of my story,' said Jorkens. 'The first thing was what on earth Meddin was to do with the satyr. It was cold and had no wood to go to; and he could n't leave it there in his garden, hiding behind apple trees for one of the neighbors to find it, quite naked.'

'The first to speak was Meddin. "Come here," he said. And the satyr whistled again. "Come here," repeated Meddin, "and don't make that noise. Where do you come from?"'

"The wood," said the satyr.

"What's your name?" asked Meddin.

'And the satyr laughed.

"Are you hungry?" said Meddin.

'The satyr nodded quickly.

"What do you get to eat?" asked Meddin.

"Roots," said the satyr.

"Out of my garden, I suppose," said Meddin.

"Yes," said the satyr. "They're good."

'It was many years before the B.B.C. spoke to everyone every evening, and the satyr's accent was wild and beastly. But Meddin understood him.

"Where do you sleep?" he asked.

"I hide," said the satyr.

"So I thought," said Meddin.

'And looking round he saw that there were few hiding places left, now that the wood was gone, and it could not be many hours before someone would see the satyr. What was to be done? The question perplexed Meddin for a reason that I find it rather hard to make clear. Briefly, then, at the dawn of this century there was a certain system of civilization in England, remnants of which still survive; and it had its definite rules. For instance, if a newcomer in any neighborhood called first on an old-comer,

the act was classed with burglaries: nobody ever did call thus on an older resident, but, if anyone had, that is how it would have been looked on. That was one of the rules. The rules were not written out, because everyone knew them. And another of the rules, which everyone knew instinctively, but which was never even mentioned, let alone written, because no one ever contemplated a breach of it, was that you did not keep a satyr in your garden.

"Well, hide now," said Meddin. "You'd better get into this rhododendron bush, while I get you some clothes."

"Don't wear clothes," said the satyr.

"Then you don't eat food," said Meddin.

"Roots?" said the satyr.

"Yes, plenty of roots," said Meddin. For he had a heap of potatoes in a shed, and several tulip bulbs.

'So the satyr took a dive into the rhododendron, and Meddin went to get him some clothes.

II

"Lucy," he said when he got back to the house and found his sister waiting for news, "you know those things Corot used to put into his landscapes?"

"Satyrs?" she said.

"Yes," replied Meddin. "I wonder if he ever saw one."

"No," said Lucy, "they're all nonsense."

"Well, there's one in the garden now," said her brother.

"In the garden now?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Meddin, "in the rhododendron. And it's only a matter of time before one of the neighbors will see it."

'Lucy saw at once that her brother really meant it, so she saved time on exclamations of wonder, and got her mind instantly to the thing that really mattered, which was to protect the respectability of their garden. If a neighbor should see that satyr, or even anything half so odd, she knew that their house

would not be a place at which anybody would call. And if no one called on you — well, you would not be much better than this thing, whatever it was, in the garden. They must hide the satyr; that was clear to both of them; or the satyr would drag them down.

"No clothes, of course," said Meddin.

"No," said Lucy.

"We've got that old suit that Thomas had."

'For they had had on odd man to do the work of the house, but had sent him away for economy. Such fluctuations depended upon the sale of pictures. And now they had only a cook, and a charwoman occasionally.

'They got the old suit out, and some hyacinth bulbs that had been intended for pots in a window, and were the nearest roots to hand: Meddin knew they were edible, because pheasants had come to his garden in the days of the wood and had always gone for those bulbs. And with the suit of clothes and a handful of bulbs he went back to the rhododendron. The boots of his former employee had walked away with that odd man, so Meddin had to bring an old pair of his own. He hoped that the rule would apply to the satyr that seemed to apply to tramps, which was that any pair of old boots always fitted. And so it fortunately did. But he had the greatest difficulty with the suit of clothes; for not only had the satyr never put on any clothes before, but the breeches were tight for him. Well, he got them on eventually, and back they came to the house and Meddin took the satyr straight up to his room and said, "Now shave off that beard."

'But he might just as well have told a goat to shave, as of course he soon realized; and then he shaved off the satyr's small pointed beard himself and carefully clipped the tufts from the tops of his ears, while the satyr munched the bulbs.

"I expect you'd have got them al-

ready if I'd planted them out in the garden," said Meddin as he pointed at the last of his hyacinth bulbs, which was already sprouting.

"Yes," said the satyr. "They're good."

"Then they came downstairs to the parlor, the satyr hobbling uncomfortably, for of course no boots could have really fitted him; boots were for him a concealment, not a fit. He wanted to take them off, but curtly received from Meddin the words which he heard so often at this period that at a later date he took them for his motto: "It can't be done."

"What do you think of him now?" said Meddin to Lucy. And to the satyr, "This is my sister."

Lucy held out her hand to the satyr, and he licked it. That was only one of a thousand things that they taught him not to do later. They brought him into the dining room there and then, and taught him to hand them dishes while they had supper; and from that very hour they both of them concentrated on hiding away all traces by which the neighbors might guess that they kept a satyr.

Their work was difficult, and though they got an odd man for no wages, who seemed delighted to work for them and who could be fed on much cheaper roots than the bulbs of tulips and hyacinths, it would have been a relief to get rid of him. But whenever the question of sending him back arose, as at first it often did, there came the answer at once, "But the wood is gone." So they kept their secret and lived in perpetual fear, either because they were too kind-hearted to get rid of the satyr, or because they could n't think of a way to do it.

One day when Lucy was not in the room Meddin said to the satyr: "Were there any nymphs in the wood?"

"Oh, yes," said the satyr.

"What happened to them?" asked Meddin.

"They ran," said the satyr and be-

gan to cry, so that Meddin could get no more information about them.

It had doglike gratitude and was perpetually willing, so that they were even able to teach it to make tea for them, though it was always afraid of fire. As for appearance, which counted so much in those days, — as to some extent it does still, — its clumsiness in boots, and the tight breeches, were drawbacks, but on the other hand its face was distinctly handsome, and its eyes were alert and so were most of its movements. With the beard gone and the ears clipped there was only the light-brown skin to hint that this was a creature of the woods, and it was barely a hint.

III

"I gather there was tension and strain on the two Meddins for some time; and then one anxious day the Vicar's wife called. They saw her at the door ringing the bell.

"It is Mrs. Speldridge," said Lucy.

"What shall we do?" said Meddin.

"Make it answer the door," said Lucy. "It's got to start somewhere. And look here, we must stop calling it 'it.'"

So the satyr opened the door and did it quite well, asking, as they had taught it to ask, "Who shall I say?" in its forest accent. And then it brought in tea, carrying everything in with the grace which goes with strength.

"Our man is always basking in the sun, Mrs. Speldridge," said Meddin.

"Whenever we let him off for a moment," said Lucy, "he always goes out and basks."

"I have n't seen him in church," said Mrs. Speldridge.

"Of course he must go," said Meddin.

"Yes, of course," said Lucy.

"I was wondering," said Mrs. Speldridge, and she launched out into a parochial matter, and the talk was for a while of bazaars and of Lady Rillswood, who ran them, and the satyr came in and

out two or three times, doing just as it had been told; and everything went well. And when it showed Mrs. Speldridge out, always turning towards her, as one should to a lady, in spite of the tight breeches she saw no sign of a tail.

'And so the Meddins were left over the remnants of tea in triumph. It was perhaps more wonderful that there had been no suspicion in their own kitchen; but they had not expected there would be, and they were right. They knew Mrs. Smew's attitude to any man in the kitchen: with every odd man they had had, it was always the same.

"What do you think of him?" Lucy had asked her straight out, the day after the satyr came.

"Looks like the devil, and probably is," said Mrs. Smew and went on with her work.

'It was just the same attitude she had taken with Thomas, when he had worn those breeches; and Lucy was satisfied. That she was satisfied did not mean that the fear had entirely lifted. I think I mentioned that at the beginning of this century you could not possibly keep a satyr in your garden. They were keeping one in the house; and had he not been so docile, so grateful, and so obedient, but had gone about in the village, as other odd men did, discovery would have come immediately. There is a great deal to be said for convention; and I am not at all sure that it would not save the world from the disasters that seem to be coming. There was only one convention in those days really — the convention that you did the thing that was done, and that nothing else was possible. But the convention grew old and wore out, or the world grew too strong for it.

'Of course there were exceptions, and here was one of them, two people on whom the Vicar's wife called once a year hiding a common satyr in the house. Never a day passed but that the Meddins talked it all over; and they never found a way of getting rid of their satyr, and they never felt quite safe.'

'I don't know that people objected to satyrs so much at the end of the Victorian era,' said Terbut, who was quite as old as Jorkens. 'You see satyrs in every kind of ornament, and in hundreds of pictures of that period. You mentioned Corot yourself.'

'Yes,' said Jorkens. 'But satyrs at a distance; satyrs far away among willows, as Corot painted them; satyrs high up on walls, or in poems or fanciful pictures; satyrs as fabulous things. But here was one in the house, opening the door for you, handing round plates. That is quite a different thing. There are many romantic things that cannot be tolerated for a moment in a parlor; certainly not in a parlor to which a Vicar's wife would ever come again if they were, or any of her husband's parishioners. And you know there was a great deal to be said for their point of view.

'Well, here they were, Meddin and his sister, with their problem, and they would have done well to concentrate all their attention on it, for to hide that satyr was not an easy problem. And for a while they did concentrate all their attention upon it; and then one day the artist broke out in Meddin and he insisted on painting the satyr. It was a risky business, whatever way you looked at it.

'First of all there was the danger of being found out while at it, for of course he stripped the satyr, and he painted it out in his orchard. And then there was the evidence that the picture provided against the Meddin household; for anybody could see that the picture was done from life, and quite close, and that it was no imaginary thing such as a fanciful painter might put into one of his landscapes.

'Lucy implored him not to do it, but Meddin was adamant: he had seen the light one day on the satyr's skin, and had formed the idea that he must paint him at all costs. And paint him he did. He got him hidden by a trunk in the orchard, the great bole of an old tree,

and only went out with the satyr to paint late in the evening. The little dark beard, of course, had to go in from memory, but the dim light on the satyr's skin and on the mossy trunk beside him made a picture that would have been hung in any exhibition, had Meddin dared to show it. He noticed in those evenings that birds on their way home had no fear of the satyr, and would go as close to him as they would to a horse, and stay there undisturbed, till they saw Meddin.

'To avoid tiring the satyr by keeping it standing too long, Meddin used to allow it — or him, as they now called it — to grub up bulbs for a bit, so long as he kept himself hidden. Lucy all that time was full of alarm and implored her brother never to paint the satyr again, and when the picture was finished he gave the promise that she had found it impossible to cajole him to give her before.

'The brother and sister discussed the question of food for the satyr.

"I'd like to extend his range of diet a bit," said Meddin. "We owe him a bit more than tulip bulbs for all the work he is doing for us."

'For he worked in the garden for them as well as in the house, and cut up wood for the fire and carried in buckets of water.

"It's not our tulip bulbs that I grudge him," said Lucy. "It's our respectability. It's everything. Who would ever call on either of us again if they knew that we kept a satyr?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Meddin. "He is n't a satyr any longer."

"Is n't a satyr?" said Lucy.

"Not in those trousers," said Meddin. "And not unless Mrs. Speldridge says he is."

"Someone will see him one of these days," she said, "slinking about in the orchard, and they'll see what he is, and say that we keep a satyr."

"No, no, they won't," said Meddin reassuringly. But he felt the fear too.

IV

'Noticing some resemblance in the satyr's habits to those of the badger, Meddin decided to try him with honey, and this, provided that it was offered him in the comb, the satyr ate with delight.

"He must have a name, of course," said Meddin.

"He has got Thomas's clothes," said Lucy; "he can have his name, too."

"I'll tell him," said Meddin.

'So the satyr became Thomas. He worked all day; he waited at table, cleaned up after, washed Meddin's brushes in turpentine and then in soap and water, did everything that used to be done by the charwoman, looked after the garden; in fact, did the work of two men and two women, and all for no wages. Yet Meddin had to work, too. For instance, he could not trust the thing with a razor, and dare not let its hair grow; so he shaved the satyr every morning himself. And all the while Meddin and Lucy were constantly inventing devices that should prevent the neighbors from finding out the secret their house hid.

'And it's all very well to be critical of those people's conventions, but I doubt if many of you would care to call at a house in which they kept a perfectly wild satyr; for, however much they had dressed him and shaved him, you don't alter the character of any woodland thing by keeping it for a few days in a house. More than once during those days Lucy had said: "I only wish we could take him back to a wood."

'And Meddin had replied: "There are n't any left."

"We could find one further off," insisted Lucy.

"Oh, we can't get rid of Thomas," Meddin said.

"I suppose not," said Lucy, and sighed. And the clouds of anxiety that hope had lifted for a few seconds came down upon her again. And Meddin was

under the same cloud, too. They did not often travel beyond the village of Rillswood, and had nowhere to go if they did. If Rillswood refused to call on them, they could be exiled as well in their garden as in the remote lands to which Romans or Greeks sent their exiles. And they knew well enough that a house that kept a satyr was not a house on which Rillswood people would call. And so things were, for some days, uncertain and full of anxieties. Those warm spring evenings, and the birds singing happily, gave no hint of the fears that hid in the hearts of the Meddins.

'And then one day the thunderbolt seemed to be over their heads. A note for Lucy came by hand after breakfast. It asked if Lady Rillswood would find them in if she came to tea that afternoon. Lady Rillswood was the widow of the man who had bought the Rillswood estate, which she was now developing. She was good-looking and energetic; indeed she had ample energies for all the activities that the village of Rillswood needed, and all these she largely directed. She did not admit to being forty, nor did she look it. Rumor spoke often of her remarriage, but, with a curious deficiency in anything so well informed as rumor, it had never yet named a new husband.

'She loomed as a thunderbolt threatening to ruin the Meddins because not only had Lady Rillswood traveled widely, but she had actually all round her in her house all kinds of antique marbles; and Lucy knew well enough, and so did Meddin, that, however simple Mrs. Speldridge might be, Lady Rillswood would know a satyr the moment she saw one. And if Lady Rillswood gave up calling on them that would be the exile I spoke of. I do not mean that it would have mattered if she had not called on them for ten years, but if she had any reason for not doing so that reason would get out, and no one else in Rillswood would go near them.

'Well, they drilled the satyr the whole

morning, and after they had had lunch they felt more easy about him. So willing, alert, and active was he, and even intelligent in a woodland sort of way, that but for the tight breeches, and the very alien profile and the tanned skin, he would have seemed the perfect servant; and, after all, the profile was a very fine one and the sun-tanned skin was handsome, if only it did not remind people of a satyr. This is how Meddin summed it all up to Lucy as teatime drew near: "She's got to notice him first, then she's got to see what he is, and then she's got to prove it."

'But comfort that was not real was rejected by Lucy. "She'll only have to say it," she said. "No one will ask Lady Rillswood to prove it."

'This was true, for it was not only that she owned all Rillswood, but she actively worked all its committees and leagues, so much that neither of the Meddins knew for what purpose she was coming to see them; nor did they ever find out for certain.

"She'll not notice Thomas," said Meddin again.

'And then Lady Rillswood arrived. And the first thing they saw was that her eyes were fixed on the satyr, as it showed her into the parlor. Then it had to bring in the tea; but the moment that Lucy heard the step of the satyr she turned to Lady Rillswood and said, "We think that my brother does such clever pictures. But we are afraid that they might not interest you. But we should be so glad if you cared to look at them."

'Lady Rillswood did not run all Rillswood by not being interested in things that her neighbors had to show. She got up at once and was away with Meddin before the satyr returned to the room. Suddenly a dark thought came to Lucy: could Alfred (that was her brother) be trusted to keep the new picture hid? She rose, and hurried after them. Lady Rillswood was charmed with all the pictures she saw; and then she turned to one with its face to

the wall, saying, "And may I see that one?"

"Oh, that one's unfinished, Lady Rillswood," said Lucy.

'And Lady Rillswood turned away, seeing by Lucy's attitude, and hearing by the tone of her voice before she had finished her sentence, that she did not want that picture to be looked at. She was walking out of the studio. And then Meddin blurted out: "Oh, that one. I really think you might like it. The light of a late evening on brown skin. And an apple tree, too, an old one with lichen on it. I think you might like it."

"I think," said Lucy, but she found no more to say, and felt that she stood upon the edge of her world, and that the edge was crumbling. The words checked Meddin, but his hand had already gone to the canvas, and he saw no way of telling Lady Rillswood that he did not mean to show it to her after all.

"The light, you see," he said, "on . . ."

"Yes, charming," said Lady Rillswood.

'Then they came back to the parlor. Meddin watched his guest at the tea table, and her eyes seemed full of thought. He could not make out whether she knew or not. But to Lucy one thing was certain, and that was that if Lady Rillswood saw the satyr again, after seeing that picture, any doubts that she might yet have would be gone forever. And she could not think of any means of keeping Thomas out of the way in their

little house. And so she sat there helpless. Meddin, from whom I had a full account of all this, has not the slightest remembrance of what they talked of all teatime, but he remembers very vividly that all the time he was wondering when the satyr would next appear. And then Lady Rillswood said, "If I might ask for my carriage."

'And there was nothing to do but to ring the bell. And the satyr came hopping in. Lady Rillswood took one glance at him. Worse than that, it turned its back on her; or at any rate allowed her to see behind it, the tight breeches and the trace of its tail. Meddin saw that, and Lucy saw it, and both knew Lady Rillswood knew everything.

'Lady Rillswood said good-bye to them both with all her usual charm. Then they sat there looking grayly into the future, barely speaking a word to each other.

'I think it's good for people to look at ruin sometimes, and then to turn away from the dark chasm to find all the world more radiant, as Alfred and Lucy did.'

'What happened?' I asked Jorkens, for he was sitting quite silent.

'She married it almost at once,' said Jorkens.

'Who? What?' said Terbut.

'Lady Rillswood married the satyr,' said Jorkens. 'I believe she was extraordinarily happy with him, till she died three or four years ago. And, as for him, you saw it go by just now.'

HAWAII COUNTS THE COST

BY JOSEPH BARBER, JR.

I

If there is one dominant world problem causing the community of nations an unbroken series of headaches, it is the increasing urge toward greater self-sufficiency. What this has meant to countries operating on wartime economies, such as Germany, Italy, Japan, has recently become depressingly evident. But, apart from the belligerent powers, there exist areas which for less lethal reasons are manifesting a decided interest in some phases of economic self-sufficiency. Nowhere is this truer than in our own Hawaiian Islands, which are endeavoring to-day to reassess their relationship to the mainland — and in the process are dealing with as complex and fascinating a set of military, social, and economic currents as are to be found anywhere.

A little over a quarter of a century ago, Ray Stannard Baker undertook to examine the 'Paradise of the Pacific,' and found, among other things, that 'to the outside visitor the Island life conveys a curious sense of unnatural strain and overstimulation — a condition in which many fine and sincere men are struggling with almost impossible difficulties.' His comment might almost have been made yesterday, so applicable is it to contemporary Hawaii. To reappraise adequately this 'condition,' to do justice to the projection into the present of these 'difficulties,' to analyze new ones that have arisen, is a complicated task beyond the scope of a general magazine article. Yet by describing

Hawaii's efforts to assure her food supply at all times, by explaining why her campaign in this direction has thus far stalled, and by outlining the exciting possibilities in prospect if the Islands do become more self-sufficient, — and if they do not, — we can at least indicate some of the pressing issues that must be settled if the Territory is to remain, next to the Panama Canal, our most valuable overseas asset.

No one can live very long in Hawaii without the overwhelming realization that Island stability is based upon two major crops, sugar cane and pineapples, both of which require long growing seasons, large-scale operations, and heavy investments in mills and equipment. After driving mile upon mile through sugar-cane country, past plantations each one of which is a small town in itself, with stores, churches, a bank, and assembly hall, the visitor cannot help appreciating these facts: that 60 per cent of the population owe their livelihood to sugar production, and that 70 per cent of the Territory's annual income is derived from sugar. The pineapple industry, less extensive, is controlled largely by the sugar interests.

For years the Islands have been made to produce in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 tons of raw sugar annually — about 14 per cent of the sugar consumed in the United States. This has been possible only through the resourcefulness of the leaders of the industry, involving the intensive study of soils, fertilizers,

varieties of cane, eradication of pests, and improved methods of irrigation. Arid lands have been transformed into green fields by developing water supply; transportation facilities have been built up; plantation laborers have been provided with many of the prerequisites of daily life, including free housing and medical care. The success of the industry — last year sugar shipments amounted to approximately \$63,575,478, which, together with pineapple shipments of \$59,487,394, accounted for 92 per cent of total 'exports' — has depended directly upon the mighty triumvirate of land, labor, and water supply. Adequately financed and kept abreast of the latest scientific developments through their own experiment stations, the sugar-cane and pineapple plantations have developed the corporate type of farming to a degree of efficiency perhaps unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

The Hawaiian economy, then, depends upon marketing sugar and pineapples on the mainland, using the income from sales of these crops to purchase the commodities necessary to Island life — amounting last year to 'unloads' of some \$113,000,000. It should be noted, parenthetically, that Islanders, quick to emphasize that Hawaii is 'an integral part of the United States,' prefer the use of the terms 'shipments' and 'unloads' to the foreign-sounding 'exports' and 'imports.' To-day the Islands provide about one third of their food requirements, although Oahu, on which live nearly 60 per cent of the total resident population, supplemented by army and navy forces and their households of nearly 35,000, produces only 15 per cent of its own food supply. Since Hawaii is climatically adapted to the production of sugar cane and pineapples, it has been insisted by some exponents of the free-trade theory that the Islands should become even more dependent upon outside commodities, capitalizing upon the natural asset of climate to achieve a satisfactory balance of trade. It is understandably

among these exponents, concerned above all with the control of land, labor, and water supply, that one finds the most apparent misgivings about large-scale crop diversification.

Yet this school of thought suffered somewhat of a jolt when the maritime strike on the Pacific Coast, which lasted from October 28, 1936 to February 8, 1937, cut off supplies from the mainland, with the result that prices rose immediately and a few items of food were not available at any price. Housewives found the strike playing havoc with their budgets. Oranges were selling at \$1.35 a dozen, a rise of 255 per cent. Onions rose 215 per cent, rice 34 per cent, potatoes 23 per cent, wheat flour 29 per cent, corn meal 47 per cent. Considerable concern was caused by the rapidly decreasing supply of canned milk, which is widely used among plantation workers. Fresh fruits and vegetables which normally come from the mainland increased in price more than any other class of foods, followed by cereals and bakery products. Except for foreign or government ships, a few freighters from the East Coast, and oil tankers, no vessels entered or departed from Hawaiian ports during the strike. The Acting Governor of Hawaii, Charles M. Hite, in his report to the Secretary of the Interior for the fiscal year 1937, pointed out that 'the strike again emphasized the necessity of a more diversified agricultural system and a more effective and less costly system of distribution between the various islands.' The pertinency of this suggestion was evidenced as recently as May of this year, when a strike by employees of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company paralyzed shipping between the Islands, with the result that within a week after the strike began prices on the Honolulu vegetable market mounted 10 to 15 per cent and residents of Oahu found their table fare again restricted.

A system of diversified agriculture is by no means a new idea in the Territory. The early Polynesians in the Islands in-

troduced the taro, sweet potato, breadfruit, coconut, banana, and many other fruits and vegetables from the South Seas. When immigrants from America and Europe arrived, they tried out various new crops with which they were familiar — in most cases, as Dr. Harold L. Lyon has asserted, with very little success. Of late years, however, the urge toward greater self-sufficiency in foods has taken definite form, crystallized by the lessons of the 100-day maritime strike. There are four general arguments advanced in favor of diversified agriculture for the Islands: to produce more of the food consumed, to improve the diet, to ship out-of-season crops to the mainland, and to provide farming opportunities for those of the younger generation not adapted to work on the sugar-cane and pineapple plantations.

II

The most powerful force in encouraging greater self-sufficiency is the Hawaiian Department of the United States Army, which considers the problem primarily from the point of view of defense. It is customary in military circles to consider the Islands as the western outpost of American defense, an extension as it were, 2000 miles to the westward, of the American coast line, and there is much talk in the Islands of how Hawaii, in the hands of an enemy, would be a spearhead pointing at the west coast of America. So serious is this job of guarding the mainland and the naval base at Pearl Harbor (when, for any reason, the fleet is not within Hawaiian waters) that army forces on Oahu now number over 21,000, the largest American troop concentration anywhere.

The civilian in Hawaii, who generally has little to do with the Service communities, is constantly reminded of the military significance of the Islands by the army and navy bombers and pursuit planes which roar overhead day and night. Radio programmes, sponsored by

military units, inform him of the army's rôle in case of war. For instance, while I was in the Islands, Hawaii's anti-aircraft regiment, the Sixty-Fourth Coast Artillery, presented a radio drama, entitled 'Moonlight Cavalry,' as a feature of its celebration of Organization Day. The feature was announced in one of the Honolulu newspapers, in these words: —

'This drama, written by Lieutenant Colonel Ward E. Duval, C.A.C., vividly depicts the rôle which the Sixty-Fourth Coast Artillery would play should an enemy attack the island of Oahu. Big guns, searchlights, and machine guns all do their part. Sponsors of the programme hope to impress listeners with the fact that their army in Hawaii is constantly on the alert and continually training to defend them and their homes against any possible enemy.'

Not once during my stay in the Islands did I succeed in obtaining official comment upon the offensive value of Hawaii in any war which might have to be waged across the Pacific. Persons raising the question are regarded with reserve. The emphasis, for public purposes, is on defense, and any suggestion that the building up of the naval base is linked with possible offensive commitments in the Far East inevitably receives a non-committal response.

In time of war or of great catastrophe, it devolves upon the army in Hawaii to feed not only itself but the hard-working civilian population — only the tourists loaf — of approximately 400,000 persons. Under present conditions this is, of course, impossible. At the conclusion of the maritime strike of 1936-1937, Major General H. A. Drum, then commanding the Hawaiian Department, uttered this warning: 'If Hawaii makes no change in her system of production, and her shipping is cut off from any cause, her food stocks will be depleted in a few days — in a few weeks she will know deprivation — and in a few months she may face starvation.'

It is the prescribed function of the

army in the Islands to provide against 'peacetime crises and calamities that reach or approach catastrophic proportions' (the 100-day maritime strike was deemed a 'commercial disturbance,' not involving the extended use of army facilities). It is also the army's task to take the very darkest view of what would happen to the Islands in time of war — Japan being presumably the aggressor — should there be a state of siege. Difficult though it is to conceive of a situation in which all communication with the mainland would be severed, the army is taking no chance that the problem of a sufficient food supply, the outstanding flaw in a well-nigh impregnable defense, shall endanger the success of operations in and around the Gibraltar of the Pacific. To remedy this, the Service Command of the Hawaiian Department has been entrusted with the job of working out a coördinated plan, in conjunction with civilian agencies, to assure a sufficient food supply to defend the Islands, particularly Oahu. I doubt if there is any other American community whose leaders are so aware of their vital responsibility in feeding the people in case of emergency.

Major General Charles D. Herron, commanding the Hawaiian Department, told me that under ordinary circumstances the Island food supplies are sufficient for approximately fifty days. It is known that ninety days are required to grow a staple crop such as potatoes. Without a sufficient programme of crop diversification *before* eventualities, Island defense would be seriously impaired, say army leaders. It has been pointed out that Hawaii is in a position somewhat analogous to England, whose dependency upon food from abroad was well illustrated during the World War. Not long ago the British Minister for Coördination of Defense established a Food Defense Plans Department, to build up food reserves for a year.

In addition to encouraging diversified agriculture on every possible occasion,

army leaders in Hawaii are likewise concerned with evolving some means of surplus storage of foods and seeds. I was told by one authority that army and navy forces in Hawaii are maintaining sufficient supplies to support themselves for six months. But what of the civilian population? To help meet this problem, Hawaiian General Headquarters strongly advocates the storing up and constant replenishment of numerous varieties of seeds, some of which, it is claimed, will last up to one year. I understand that the War Department has approved an appropriation that would provide \$100,000 for building an air-conditioned seed storage centre, the upkeep for the first year being estimated at \$60,000, and \$40,000 annually thereafter.

III

It is evident, then, that the matter of basic food supplies in Hawaii is inextricably bound up with army defense plans. It is no secret that the Hawaiian Service Command's extensive research has progressed to the extent of determining which areas, now in sugar cane or pineapples, would grow other food crops advantageously. In an emergency involving the declaration of martial law, such areas presumably would be taken over at once, cleared of cane or pines, and devoted to sustaining crops. The organization and efficiency of the plantations would be indispensable aids at such a time. 'Our conception has been worked out in most details — what is needed now is some real result-producing execution,' said one officer.

From the army point of view, the most successful effort to date to develop local food products has been the recent utilization of taro products. Taro is one of the oldest important food crops of the Islands. The root of this plant was prized by the early Hawaiians, who cooked and pounded the tubers to a pasty substance which they called *poi*. This substance has been the staple

starchy food of the Islands, used in much the same manner as we use bread, or as Orientals use rice. To determine the palatability and practicality of taro products, the army has undertaken several experiments with taro blend bread. For a time the entire garrison of some 21,000 men was furnished with taro blend bread, and the results, according to military officials, indicated that 'it is entirely practicable, beneficial to health, and an important step in the development of a greater degree of self-sufficiency.'

Army leaders have fostered several other experiments with local-grown foods, but it is possible to detect on their part a certain impatience with the relatively slow progress of the diversified crops programme. It is self-evident that Hawaii, an import-export community, with conditions favoring the production of sugar cane and pineapples on a vast scale under a highly developed and scientifically conducted organization, is not going to be transformed in a few months into an economy sufficiently diversified to maintain its population in time of war. Nevertheless, the Service Command of the Hawaiian Department continues its preparations to fight in advance against malnutrition, deficiency diseases, and epidemics which may come with any catastrophe — war being the worst.

Plantation authorities are working to encourage a more diversified crop system chiefly to afford plantation workers a better-balanced diet. Nutrition experts have pointed out repeatedly that the prevailing rice diet among the laboring classes in the cities and on the plantations is far from beneficial (the rice consumption per capita in Hawaii is 230 pounds, compared with $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds on the mainland). Workers are encouraged to grow sufficient green vegetables for family use, and an improved diet has been the dominating influence behind garden contests sponsored by the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, as well as the 4-H Club

and Future Farmers Club gardens. However, as the Diversified Crops Committee of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association has emphasized, there is a surprising dearth of reliable information bearing upon the food requirements of plantation workers. The situation is inevitably complicated by the fact that the dietary of a population predominantly Oriental in origin has been steadily changing, developing along the lines of 'American' diet, thus necessitating either increased unloads or local production of fruits, vegetables, and dairy products.

Two years ago the Hawaii Agricultural Experiment Station, under the joint supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture and the University of Hawaii, conducted a detailed survey of all farms cultivating crops other than sugar cane and pineapples, and found that truck crops occupied less than 2 per cent of the Territory's arable land. This small part was composed mainly of second-rate and marginal lands tilled by tenant farmers, and averaging less than five acres in extent. Sums have been appropriated from sugar-processing taxes and from territorial funds to develop truck farming and to improve local marketing facilities for farm products. As yet, however, there has been no co-ordinated effort at diversification related to a necessarily new form of distribution. Dr. O. C. Magistad has stressed the fact that, since a large part of the truck crops consumed in the Territory are shipped in from the mainland, many wholesalers to-day have standing orders for mainland shipment. This factor, together with the uncertainty as to quantities of truck crops available locally, induces the wholesaler to continue shipments from the mainland, rather than to plan on partial and uncertain delivery from local growers.

It was recently estimated that food costs in Honolulu for the average white family of four are 22.7 per cent higher than the average for fifty-one mainland

cities. Moreover, retail prices of twenty-two farm products capable of being grown in Hawaii were found to be about 20 per cent higher. This would seem to offer local producers an unusual opportunity for profit, provided they could place foods of equal quality on the local market. Militating against such profit — even against the appearance of locally grown produce — are these factors: irregular supplies from unirrigated lands subject to droughts and floods; inability of small truck gardens to compete successfully with large-scale mechanized production on the mainland; limited capital; high cost of fertilizer and packing materials; difficulty of persuading truck farmers, most of whom are over fifty-five years of age, to adjust their age-old method of Oriental hand production to the market requirements of a modern American city.

Mr. H. H. Warner, director of the Agricultural Extension Service, University of Hawaii, has suggested two practical methods by which the Islands could produce more of their own food: the use of public funds for the development of cheap water for irrigation, which would result in the increased production of food on land without sufficient rainfall; a direct cash subsidy, justified on the basis of national defense, to return present wet-land areas to rice or taro. There are areas of good agricultural land on Oahu itself now suffering from lack of irrigation, says Mr. Warner, and also many small sources of water at present unused and actually creating drainage problems at certain seasons of the year. 'If it is the genuine desire of the Territory and the Federal Government that we produce more of our food, it would be advantageous to draw together these water sources on windward Oahu into a gravity system with one or more reservoirs. Cheaper water for irrigation purposes would thereby be provided on near-by fertile land and without interfering with any existing systems for domestic or plantation use.'

It has also been pointed out that rich valley floors, once intensively cultivated in rice and taro, are now in pasture, or else unused at all. Growers in these areas find it impossible to obtain laborers in sufficient number and to pay the wages prevailing in the production of sugar cane and pineapples. Consequently the Hawaiian rice industry has been crowded out by low-cost production in California, where high labor costs have been met by large-scale mechanization. A general sales tax of ten cents per one hundred pounds on all rice (95 per cent of which is now received from the mainland) would provide, Mr. Warner believes, a subsidy of well over one dollar a bag for all the rice and taro now grown in the Territory. These benefit payments, it is argued, would stimulate production and gradually return to cultivation some 10,000 acres of the most fertile lands in the Territory.

IV

In late years, Island researchers have become more and more concerned with the possibility of commercial shipment of fresh papaya, mangoes, avocados, tomatoes, and string beans to mainland markets — the third general argument for greater diversification. For the past two winters, for example, shipments of Hawaiian asparagus, free of quarantine restrictions, have gone forward to the mainland during December, January, and February. Last winter a number of lots were reshipped by refrigerated express from Oakland to New York City, where they were snapped up at \$1.00 to \$1.25 per pound wholesale. Hawaiian potatoes, landed at ports on the West Coast in February, have naturally found a ready market — new potatoes in mid-winter!

Before sizable progress can be made, however, it will be necessary to modify the stringent regulations of the United States Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine so as to permit entry of fruits. Passengers on liners from Hono-

lulu to San Francisco or Los Angeles never fail to be impressed when they learn that ships' supplies of fresh fruits, obtained in the Islands, must be thrown overboard before reaching the mainland. The reason for this procedure is that the strictest quarantine is maintained against Hawaiian melon and fruit flies (their inroads upon the California fruit industry may well be imagined). A number of experiments have been made to devise harmless fumigants which would kill all insects and larvæ and permit mainland entry. Of these export possibilities, the solo papaya seems to offer the most hopeful prospect.

Some agricultural authorities in the Islands are convinced that the papaya may prove to be the third Hawaiian crop, next in importance after sugar cane and pineapples. Having become inordinately fond of the fruit, during my brief stay in the Islands, I tried to find out what has to be done to facilitate its appearing on my breakfast table at home.

The papaya is a melon-like fruit, already well advertised as a nutritious food and an excellent digestant, high in pepsin content and of memorable flavor. Experiments have proved that the fumigant methyl-bromide, applied to papayas, kills all insects and larvæ, although the fruit is admittedly rarely infested. Solo papayas require eleven months from seed to fruit — a single tree is estimated to produce fifty pounds of fruit per year, with a maximum production extending over three years — and they grow best in sugar-cane land. The Director of the Agricultural Extension Service estimates that growers could produce fifteen tons of fruit per acre per year, which, retailed on the mainland at fifteen cents apiece or two for a quarter (one weighs about a pound and a half), would make money for the growers.

It is claimed, moreover, that papayas will keep under refrigeration about as well as cantaloupes. That the growth of the papaya industry would benefit ship-

ping between Honolulu and the mainland is evidenced by the assertion of one shipping official that, were he able to utilize fully his refrigerating space on the run from the Islands to the mainland, it would mean increased revenues to the company of \$600,000 annually. How this could be worked out in actual practice is a question. Assuming modification of the plant quarantine, availability of sufficient land for the crop, and commercial feasibility, with the added possibilities of such by-products as preserves and canned juice, the papaya should provide a welcome addition to our diet.

V

The fourth argument in favor of greater Island diversification is social in nature and involves one of the Islands' most pressing problems: the changing aspirations and needs of a population for the most part of Oriental ancestry, but 'Americanized' to a greater extent than is commonly recognized on the mainland. To gain some understanding of this problem — and it is absorbing — one should bear in mind the racial extraction of the major groups making up Hawaii's population.

There are, of course, the native Hawaiians, who have tended to become assimilated with immigrant groups. The Anglo-Saxon, North European element arrived individually and of their own accord. Other immigration was directly solicited by the Hawaiian Government and private industries to fill the need for plantation labor. The Chinese and Portuguese came between 1875 and 1898, the Japanese between 1885 and 1908, the Filipinos between 1908 and 1932. Several smaller groups of immigrants include Norwegians, Germans, Russians, Koreans, Puerto Ricans, and Spaniards. Immigration has now ceased, except for a steady accretion of people from the mainland.

Since the Filipinos are the only recent comers, there are to-day more native-

born citizens than aliens in all but the Filipino group. American law bars from American citizenship, with few exceptions, foreign-born Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos. While the foreign-born Islanders are rapidly dying off, their descendants have multiplied enormously. For instance, those of Japanese parentage, who form approximately 40 per cent of the total population, have increased proportionately more than any other group (the army keeps an ever-watchful eye on the leaders of the native-born Japanese, numbering some 37,000), and are consequently very much in evidence in all phases of Island activity. It is apparent that eventually there will be practically no aliens in Hawaii, nor indeed any of foreign birth. At present, however, Hawaii's population is predominantly youthful.

That the Territory has proved the melting pot of races par excellence goes without saying. As the younger generation grows up, it proceeds through the Americanization process of the public schools, and shares in community life with those of other racial ancestries (classroom work, sports, the R.O.T.C., and so on). The environment is fundamentally American, and the natural result is the welding together of Hawaii's youth as one people, with common aspirations and loyalties based on the American pattern.

Paralleling in some respects the experience of the mainland, Hawaii has found that each immigrant group and its descendants have tended to graduate out of the rôle of field workers, for which purpose they were originally imported, into skilled and 'white collar' occupations, or into independent businesses. This phenomenon, involving seriously the Island labor supply, has been a factor in impelling plantation authorities to improve living and working conditions on the plantations in order to attract and hold second-generation inhabitants, accustomed to higher standards than their immigrant parents. Accordingly

the plantations have installed better housing, better hospitals, gymnasias, athletic fields, movies, and so on. Nevertheless, the question still arises whether the second and third generation Hawaiian-born will accept agricultural work as a vocation.

The per cent of citizen employees on sugar plantations has been steadily rising, yet there is ample evidence that many of the new generations resent field labor and the supervision which is a part of collective life on the plantations. Also, the field for skilled labor is small by the very nature of Hawaii's location and dependence upon agriculture. Thus one hears talk of the 'social menace' inherent in this situation, unless outlets are provided for those who spurn the security of a niche, however small, in the plantation system. Efforts are being made to encourage these young citizens to turn to small-scale independent truck farming — which, of course, serves the general purpose of greater crop diversification. Such diversification, it is held, offers prospects of adequate livelihood without too heavy an investment for those who desire to be independent operators.

Truck farms are coming into the hands of second-generation Hawaiian-born farmers of Oriental extraction, who have modern ideas of growing and merchandising. Nevertheless, as the Agricultural Extension Service will attest, these educated young farmers are in a difficult position. So strong is the filial tradition, particularly among the Japanese, that as long as their parents are living many of the young citizen farmers are prevented from carrying out improvements in the grading and packing of farm products and the keeping of accurate records of operation costs, which they know are necessary for successful merchandising in the competitive scheme. It is a period of difficult adjustment for these Hawaiian-born citizens, who have absorbed American educations, and who find themselves in fundamental conflict

with their parents' traditional system of cultivation.

VI

These, then, are the major problems involved in any food programme designed to give Hawaii greater military protection, improved diet, new export outlets, and to provide a satisfying career for the rising generation. Being a sort of half sister to the mainland and politically a part of the United States, Hawaii cannot interfere with interstate commerce regulations; she cannot fall back on the familiar practice of fixing duties on imports in order to encourage home production. Situated geographically as a foreign country, she is nevertheless prevented from encouraging home production by the drastic methods now in effect in countries which have inaugurated thoroughgoing programmes for greater economic self-sufficiency.

So far as I was able to observe, most people in the Islands favor, in some degree, one or more of the four preceding arguments for greater food production. There have been numerous but isolated attempts to experiment with diversified crops, and there is evident a willingness to undertake coördination of these efforts. But as yet a unified and whole-

hearted drive, with the determined coöperation of existing Island agencies, to make Hawaii more self-sustaining has not made itself felt, despite the admittedly vital significance of the food problem.

Two alternatives seem to present themselves: Hawaii can encourage home production by various types of subsidies, or she can proceed more slowly along the present course of encouraging the production of those crops which show a long-time possibility of maintaining a competitive position with the returns from sugar cane and pineapples. In either case the interests of those dependent upon the volume of business received from outside sources would be somewhat affected — rather sharply, perhaps, if the first policy is adopted, and more slowly if the present trend continues. If Hawaii is to undertake seriously a policy of greater self-sufficiency, admitting her vulnerability because of her isolation, some concessions to the free-trade theory will probably have to be made.

Unquestionably the future well-being and stability of our most important offshore territory are wrapped up in these issues. They must be met, — and soon, — for the Islands are being drawn more and more into the maelstrom of world events.

BANBURY CROSS

BY RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

THE impressive thing about Banbury — he was seldom called by his full name except in horse-show programmes — was that, like certain well-known baseball pitchers, he was an iron man. Richard Sheahan brought him over from Ireland in '22 or '23, and, at the first sight of him, you knew you had to buy him.

He was an Irish cob, gray, almost white, standing fifteen-two or thereabouts, with a bright brown eye, a wide forehead backed up with brains, and hindquarters to jump over a house. He was close-coupled and strong, a great deal of horse for his cubic content. And there was something endearing about this brave little creature, half pony, half horse, which made everyone on the place regard him with a peculiar affection. Every groom's face would break out in a smile when I asked, 'How's Banbury to-day? He hit that wall in Shirley terribly hard.' 'Oh, sure, he's as fine as can be. It was the stones in the wall that got hurt.'

He was ridden, almost exclusively, by my huntsman, Fred Armstrong, and for long years it was a race for Martha Doyle to keep ahead of the pair of them, Fred pretending to pull and haul and swear at the little horse, and Banbury going all out like a gray locomotive. Sometimes I was annoyed and said, 'Fred, I'm hunting the hounds and you're whipping in. I don't want you to get in front of me.' He would say, 'It's that Banbury; he pulls till it'd break your back.' 'All right,' I would answer, 'there's a nice

one-eyed mare in the stable, and Gayley, who goes very well except when she goes sideways. You can ride either of them next Wednesday and rest your back.' 'Oh no, sir, I'll put a curb on Banbury; I'd rather ride him.'

Banbury loved hounds and was never really happy unless he was with them. He was an excellent hunter, but the sloppiest jumper, the most incorrigibly knock-'em-down horse at any obstacle, I have ever known. Always he kept his feet and went on happily, no matter what appalling wall or unbreakable post and rail he had demolished. He had iron legs. Sometimes we would go back over the ground and gaze with awe at the great boulders which Banbury had squandered with his knees. And never a mark on them, never a day when he was sick or sorry.

This was an interesting phenomenon, which defied all the maxims in the book, but it was a habit which did not make for a confident ride and it did pile up a lot of damages and complaints from farmers. Whenever — no that's not fair — but often, when Banbury crossed a pasture, the cattle seemed to know that the way would be cleared to greener meadows, and we would come back to find them standing, like Ruth, 'amid the alien corn.' I don't want to give the wrong impression — Banbury could and did jump beautifully again and again. It was only when he was bored or when he yielded to a spirit of mischief that he became really destructive. He was essentially a humorist

with iron legs, but most of the time he kept his exuberance under control.

Of course we tried all the tricks, collected schooling over low jumps, gradually raised, throwing a rail at his front legs as he rose — everything we knew. Bless you, what did a rail more or less matter to Banbury Cross? He must have chuckled to himself as he watched our absurd efforts to educate him.

So at last the better minds of the household and stable and kennels went into a huddle and evolved a hellish plot which would teach Banbury the salutary lesson that he *must*, he **MUST** pick up those forelegs. Down below the kennels we constructed an innocent-looking brush jump about four feet four in height. At the very top, cunningly concealed behind sprigs of pine and fir, was a large telegraph pole, securely fastened at both ends, immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar. A suicidal young man in the stable volunteered to ride Banbury for a fall, and on the appointed day we all gathered at some distance from the jump to await developments.

Now Banbury was not afraid of any obstacle in the world; in fact I think it was largely to show his contempt for barriers that he knocked them all down. I would say that he rated a brush jump as beneath his contempt; a sheep hurdle was made of matchsticks for him; a stout post and rails was a challenge; stone walls he simply pushed over with a science all his own. He respected big 'chicken coops,' though on several occasions he turned them over, thus effectually blocking the way to any followers. So, when he saw himself confronted with one of those really laughable brush jumps, a gleam came in his eye, he pawed the ground, and shouted 'Ha, ha!' among the captains.

The suicide put him at it, and Banbury, ears forward as if he were the most careful horse in the world, cantered at the jump and as usual tried to brush through the top two feet of it. The suicide shook loose from his stirrups and,

with his hands on the horse's neck, flung himself cleverly to one side and landed on his feet, quite unhurt. Not so Banbury. As he breasted the telegraph pole, an expression of astonishment was clearly discernible on his face. Then in a slow, majestic arc, as though tied by the forelegs to the jump, he turned a complete somersault, landing flat on his back.

He lay there for a while, feebly kicking, then scrambled to his feet, shaking his head as though he were saying, 'There is something wrong, something very wrong, with this picture.' He wandered around, going nowhere, still shaking his head and wondering what had hit him. Suddenly my wife whistled to him and called out, 'Come here, Banbury!' He looked up, saw her, trotted over to her, and put his head on her shoulder, seeking comfort in his bewilderment.

We had been laughing uproariously at the whole performance, but when we saw poor Banbury, like a hurt child, go to those understanding arms, and saw my wife pet him and brush the earth and leaves from his face and ears, none of us wanted to laugh any more. I heard a groom behind me say, in a hushed voice, 'E's like a 'uman being, 'e is!'

For quite a while this lesson tempered the destructive tendencies of the little horse, and, whenever he forgot to remember, he would be taken down and merely shown the brush *cum* telegraph pole jump below the kennels. Then he would wheel and gallop as fast as he could go to the stable and clamor to get into his familiar box with its rustling straw. For the next week or two he would clear everything by a foot or more.

One other incident will illustrate the spirit and — to me — the charm of the horse whom everybody loved. It seemed a waste of energy that so strong and willing an animal should do no useful work during the summer. So he was broken, quite easily, to harness and taught to pull a rake during the haying season. I think he enjoyed it thoroughly. The rattle of the rake behind him was

music in his ears. He marched proudly, turned sharply, and stopped short when told to. It was like a little boy playing at being a soldier.

The old country road to Shirley comes past our foxhound kennels and after a while reaches the stable paddock and the stable, then swings to the right past apple orchards, and so on. For some reason, on this summer morning, Banbury's work had been temporarily halted, and, still harnessed to his hayrake, he was tied to an apple tree, behind the stable and away from the paddock. Fred Armstrong, as it happened, was walking the hounds along the Shirley road for morning exercise. In his white kennel coat he strode along, whistling that little birdlike call so characteristic of him and calling from time to time, 'Come along, Coop! Come along, Coop! Gently, Challenger! Have a care, there, Chorister.' His littlest son, Jackie, no bigger than a pint of milk, whipped in from the rear, rating on the laggards and cracking a portentous whip. It was an idyllic summer scene.

But Banbury heard the whistle and the voice and perhaps the rustle of hounds passing on the soft road. At any rate, he lifted his head and whinnied. Then, deciding that he would do no more servile labor on that day, he broke his halter and, with the rake behind him, took the shortest road to his beloved hounds. This involved jumping into the paddock and out again into the road. At the point which he chose for the 'in,' the paddock fence was at least six feet high. Nothing daunted, Banbury took off, hayrake and all, crashed the two upper rails, and, as his harness parted with pistol-shot noises and the hayrake subsided with a death rattle, picked himself off the ground, smiling broadly, crossed the paddock, and jumped through a five-foot fence into the Shirley road. In an instant he was with hounds, sniffing at Trinket, snuffling at Warrior, playfully kicking — very slowly — at old Rambler, and ignoring the

young entry as beneath his notice. He trotted carefully through the pack till he caught up with Fred, and then walked along beside him in his rightful place, proud as a peacock and snorting with glee.

He could, on occasion, when his virtuosity as a destroyer was not in question, perform extraordinary feats. Once I laid out a horse-show ring surrounded, until the rail could be built, by one strand of stout manila rope about four feet high. The jumps were to be more or less permanent, and I wanted to be sure that they were properly spaced, so I asked one of the grooms, named Malcolm, to bring a horse down and try them out. He arrived, to my astonishment, mounted on Banbury Cross. 'Farewell rewards and fences!' I said to myself. I explained to him that he was to take the brush jump first, then the stone wall with the rider, next a post and rails, followed by a white gate. Then he was expected to turn down the middle of the ring for an in-and-out of post and rails and repeat the process.

Malcolm nodded and trotted to the end of the ring. As always, Banbury went at his jump like Heatherbloom or Great Heart, but when he hit the brush jump there was a positive explosion of evergreens. As the cloud of pine, spruce, and fir slowly settled, you expected to see an army of bare-legged Scots appear carrying Birnam Wood to Dunsinane. My heart bled for the stone wall — so carefully and painfully constructed. When Banbury had finished his work, it looked like a village in the war zone after three years' intensive bombardment. The post-and-rails jump was not solid, so it merely disintegrated without great damage, but Banbury smote the gate, hip and thigh, and highly expensive carpenters were later called in to construct a new one.

Having destroyed four jumps, Banbury decided to go home and, taking a firm hold, began to run for the corner of the ring. (If I seem to square a circle too

flippantly, it is because I don't know the proper geometrical expression for this contradiction in terms.) As I said above, there was one strand of rope, four feet high, pinch-hitting for the rail around the ring. As they passed me, I murmured, 'Good-bye, Malcolm. You were a good boy.' Not at all. Banbury cleared that almost invisible death trap with a foot to spare and disappeared into the woods beyond. When Malcolm brought him back some time later, the rider was pale and shaken, but Banbury was quivering with happiness. I doubt if he had ever had more fun in his life.

'That was fine, Malcolm,' I said. 'You proved to me that the intervals between jumps were exactly right. But I think in the show we ought to have a special event — "Rope Skipping for Hunters" — or something like that. You can ride Banbury Cross and Fred can ride the blind mare and —'

'Excuse me, sir!' said Malcolm. 'My

grandmother is very ill and I promised I'd go down to Medford to see her the day of the show.'

Nowadays our stable is full up with some twenty horses; most of them are good, some of them are better than others, and a few are relics whom we cannot bear to destroy. They whinny when they hear us coming, bearing sugar; they paw in their stalls and glare ferociously. They caper and prance in the paddocks; and they and we know that they are touched in the wind or bowed, in some way incurably afflicted. But among them all there is, to me, not one horse of the color and character and quality of Waynesfleet or Martha Doyle or Banbury Cross. 'All, all are gone, the old familiar faces' — but I cannot and never could forget them. And of them all no image shines more brightly in my memory than that of the little gray-white horse with the iron legs and the sense of humor.

THIS THEN IS DEATH

BY MARGARET ELIZABETH RHODES

THEY said it was a little thing to die,
Dust unto parched dust given;
A sleep with no more waking, but to lie
Numb to all hell or heaven.

They said death was a swift, possessive thing
That sealed the eyes forever;
Never to know the spring's white blossoming,
Lover by quiet lover.

With such bold things to say, they did not know
When death comes in sleep's likeness
It asks for more than human strength to go
Alone into the darkness.

INSURING THE FUTURE

The Burden of Old-Age Security

BY M. ALBERT LINTON

[WHEN the Social Security Act was before Congress, it was estimated that by 1980 the total yearly expenditure for benefits under what is now known as the old-age insurance plan would amount to 3.5 billions. This amount was so much larger than the estimated annual yield of the then current 6 per cent payroll tax that it was felt necessary to create out of excess payroll taxes a reserve of 47 billions invested in United States Government securities, which, at 3 per cent, would provide interest sufficient to meet about 40 per cent of the estimated benefit payments.

The merits of the *reserve principle* implicit in the present Act were outlined in an article entitled 'Funds for the Future,' by Thomas H. Eliot, in the August *Atlantic*. Opposed to the *reserve principle* are many who, like Mr. Linton, president of the Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company, support the *current-cost plan* of operation. — THE EDITORS]

I

THE old-age reserve plan in the Social Security Act may best be understood if it is looked upon as a device for solving the fiscal problem of the government resulting from the existence side by side of a government debt approaching 40 billions and an old-age insurance programme entailing heavy future financial burdens. Looking forward to the time when annual old-age pension benefits

will have grown to exceed annual payroll tax receipts by 1.5 billions or even more, the country may well be concerned if the budgets of that day shall have to provide not only for a large subsidy to the old-age insurance system but also for interest of more than a billion a year on the government debt. The double load would bear heavily upon the taxpayers.

To solve this fiscal problem the reserve programme would, in effect, use excess payroll taxes to take up existing publicly held government debt, which would then be lodged in the Reserve Account and bear 3 per cent interest to be used for old-age insurance purposes. The old-age insurance appropriations required from general revenue funds would therefore be correspondingly reduced.

Contemplating this programme, we may well ask whether the burden of thus solving the fiscal problem of the government has been placed where it belongs. Does either a direct tax paid by workers on their earnings, or an employer's payroll tax, which in large measure will be passed on to workers through increased prices of the necessities of life or through retarded wage increases, provide the best method of putting government finances in shape to meet the pension load a generation hence?

Those who support the current-cost plan of operation believe that the fiscal problem should be solved in what

they conceive to be the normal way. That is to say, they would balance the budget without reference to the payroll taxes and leave a margin for normal debt reduction.

This might require new sources of taxation. On the other hand, it might not. It is certainly possible that those in authority in Washington will arrive at an understanding of the manner in which our economic system operates, with the result that business activity will reach and remain on a satisfactory level and the budget, including a sum for debt reduction, will come into balance through a decrease in relief expenditures and an increase in revenue from existing taxes.

If the national debt could be greatly reduced in the normal manner over the next thirty or forty years, the interest would be largely out of the way when the time came to make appropriations from general revenue funds to assist in meeting the old-age benefit payments — in which case payroll taxes would be used almost wholly for current benefits. A small margin should be retained to create a moderate contingency reserve — not exceeding, say, two or three years' current benefit payments — to be drawn upon in years of bad business when tax revenue would fall off but the benefits would not.

II

If, as argued by those believing in the current-cost theory, payroll taxes could be devoted almost exclusively to the payment of current benefits, the old-age benefits in the earlier years of the system could be substantially increased, and workers retiring in those years — that is, workers who are now aged forty-five or over — would receive more adequate benefits. The desirability of this change will be evident from the following table showing the estimated average monthly old-age benefits payable in various years under the present plan.

<i>Year</i>	<i>Average Monthly Payment</i>
1942.....	\$17
1950.....	21
1960.....	28
1970.....	35
1980.....	44

As we contemplate this series of figures, we should keep in mind the free pensions available under Title I of the Social Security Act providing old-age assistance for those now old and in need, and for those who in the future will become old and be found to have insufficient income. This group in the future will include not only the substantial proportion of the population altogether outside of the insurance plan, but also those in that plan who will receive old-age benefits that are inadequate according to current tests in their respective states, and who will therefore be entitled to supplementary free pensions.

When we realize that even at this early stage the average free pension in nine states is above \$25 and in twenty states above \$20, it is evident that trouble is likely to develop between the two systems. Why pay taxes and receive a \$20 old-age income when Brown down the street, who was not in the insurance plan, receives free a larger amount after the local board in his vicinity has found him to be in need? The situation will be all the more aggravated by the fact that under Title I each member of an aged married couple is eligible for a free pension. In a state where the average free pension per individual is, say, \$20, the pension per couple when both husband and wife are aged sixty-five or over is likely to be at least \$30. I understand that in California, where the average free pension per individual is now over \$32, the average per married couple is over \$60.

Unless I miss my guess, this kind of situation will cause a great deal of questioning among those included in the insurance plan. They are going to find it hard to understand the advantages to be

derived from paying taxes to receive old-age income after the pattern of the above table when, without paying a cent, those *not* in the insurance plan are able to qualify for generous free pensions simply by showing that they are in need.

It is interesting that one of the great advantages originally claimed for the insurance plan was that it would eliminate the 'dreaded' means test by which it was determined whether or not a person was in need. Well, we do not have to look far to perceive that, even for those in the insurance plan, the means test is going to be with us for a long time to come, since the old-age income under that plan will be relatively so low for those reaching sixty-five in the next twenty years.

III

The basic trouble with the old-age insurance plan as it is now set up is that it relies more upon the principles of individual private life insurance than upon the principles of social insurance. Under individual private life insurance, old-age incomes build up slowly. Time is required to accumulate enough to provide an adequate pension. Hence, if a person waits until after age forty-five or fifty to start to accumulate for old age, it is obvious that he can accomplish his purpose only by paying a large premium each year. The reason why the average monthly old-age benefits are small during the early decades is that they represent payments to be made to those now middle-aged or older, who have relatively few years to go before they reach age sixty-five. Had the principles of social insurance been applied, the benefits in the early years would have come much closer to the ultimate \$44 per month instead of beginning at the low rate of \$17. In other words, the middle-aged and older workers of to-day would not have been penalized so heavily because society had not long ago established a social-insurance system.

We obtain an insight into the way the

old-age benefit formula should have been set up by observing what a long-established business corporation would have done if it had put into effect a modern pension plan on January 1, 1937. The corporation would have found that in the case of employees then aged sixty the regular contributions to be made currently on their behalf would provide very small pensions indeed for their retirement five years later at age sixty-five. Assuming that in 1980, a generation hence, the average pension would reach \$44 a month, the corporation would have taken from its own funds enough to raise to a figure as near \$44 as possible the average pension payable to long-service employees retiring in the early years of the system's operation. If it could have found the money to do so it would certainly have raised the initial average above \$17. That, in a nutshell, is the trouble with the benefit plan in the Social Security Act. It should have adopted average payments in the early years more nearly comparable to the average ultimately to be attained.

But, it will be objected, that would cost too much money. Well, would it? Remember that the number of insured workers reaching age sixty-five each year is relatively small, — in the neighborhood of 300,000 at present, — so that the full quota of persons receiving old-age benefits will not be attained for many years. Suppose, for illustration, that the *average* benefit in the early years should be set at \$30. For about two decades this amount would exceed the average benefit under the present schedule. The cost would rise to about 3 per cent of payrolls by 1950 and would remain below 6 per cent until after 1970. These estimates rest upon the basic data underlying the original calculations in connection with the Social Security Act, and hence cannot be considered final. However, they give an approximate picture of the situation under discussion. As we weigh the social gains that would accrue from paying larger benefits in the early

years, does it not become evident that the old-age insurance plan would be improved by revising its benefit schedule to conform more nearly to the principles adopted by business organizations in setting up their own private pension plans?

In considering the broad problem of benefit schedules we must be concerned about the burden that is being passed on to the future if we hold out the prospect of paying benefits amounting to 10 or possibly 12 per cent of payrolls. Would it not be much wiser to increase the present benefits in the first twenty years of operation of the system and to be conservative with reference to the amounts promised after that time? By doing in the near future what we can reasonably afford to do and gaining experience as we proceed, we shall be better able to develop a system likely to prove reliable in the long run.

The British old-age insurance plan is an interesting example of the adoption of thoroughgoing social-insurance principles. During 1926 and 1927, old-age contributions were first collected from the workers. After this two-year qualifying period, benefits were paid to those reaching age sixty-five. The benefits were at the rate of \$11 per month per single man, or \$22 per month per married couple. These benefits are the same as those paid to insured workers retiring now or at any time in the future. Great Britain did not proceed on the theory that it was wise in a social-insurance plan to promise larger benefits in the future than were paid at the outset. In consequence her programme is likely to prove stable and dependable over the years. Granting that because of our higher wage levels the benefits in this country should be on a more generous scale, and that a uniform benefit would not be satisfactory here, we should have done well to follow more closely the social-insurance principles adopted by Great Britain. Furthermore, the British plan is operated upon a current-cost and not upon an actuarial reserve basis.

IV

Mr. Eliot pays much attention to the year 1960 and relates to that year the well-known estimate that the cost of old-age benefits will eventually reach about $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of payroll. As it happens, the estimate indicated that the $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent would not be reached until 1980 or thereabouts. The estimate for 1960 was only 4.18 per cent, well within the receipts from the then current 6 per cent payroll taxes. Even allowing for revision based upon new data, the 1960 figure would be considerably below 6 per cent. The argument for a reserve under the present plan concerns itself, therefore, with what will happen considerably after the year 1960.

Mr. Eliot takes the position that 'honest bookkeeping' requires a reserve account in order to show that the government owes a debt to millions of its people, payable in the future. As I see the problem, honest bookkeeping is not the issue. Rather it is the proposed use of payroll taxes to solve the fiscal problem of the government previously discussed. As we have seen, this places a heavy tax burden upon the wrong groups and makes it necessary to hold down old-age benefits in the earlier years.

I agree with Mr. Eliot that the country should be made aware of the magnitude of the burden it is assuming under the old-age insurance plan. One rather technical way of accomplishing this is to express the liability as a capital sum of tens of billions of dollars representing the net present value of obligations extending indefinitely into the future. Another, and one that is quite easily understood, is to prepare a schedule showing year by year the anticipated receipts from payroll taxes, rising to somewhat more than 2 billion dollars by 1980, and the anticipated benefit payments rising to 3.5 or possibly 4 billions by the same date. The difference between benefit payments and tax receipts represents the amount that must be raised from other tax sources.

In considering this subject of so-called honest bookkeeping we wonder why those who insist that it necessitates a reserve do not become exercised over the joint obligations of the states and the Federal Government to pay free pensions under Title I of the Act. Two estimates of Title I payments were made when the Act was being formulated. One was made by the staff in Washington and the other by the actuarial consultants. The first yielded payments running up to 600 millions a year; the other, payments running up to 1.4 billions a year. The capitalized value of the first set of payments, using 3 per cent interest, is about 18 billions; that of the second, about 39 billions. To date we have not heard it urged that honest bookkeeping requires the establishment of a reserve account for either of these sums.

Perhaps it will be argued that the payments under Title I are not contractual, whereas the old-age benefit payments are. Noting, however, the next to the last section of the Social Security Act which reads 'The right to alter, amend, or repeal any provision of this Act is hereby reserved to the Congress,' I doubt if any of the benefits provided by the Act can be considered contractual. In fact, I am convinced that no long-range plan now adopted will be carried out unaltered if a future generation shall find that changes must be made to avoid serious consequences to the economic life of that day.

In setting up a comprehensive old-age security programme based upon social-insurance principles, it is important not to look upon it as an individual savings or thrift programme analogous to individual private life insurance. It is, rather, a plan under which persons contribute during their working days to the support of the system, and thereby acquire, as it were, a claim upon society to receive support when old age arrives. In essence each generation will devote as much of its current production of food,

clothing, and the other necessities of life to the care of those then aged as it deems right and proper. Any attempt on our part now to dictate rigidly what that proportion shall be is likely to go far astray if future conditions turn out to be quite different from what we anticipate.

V

Much ado has been caused by the manner in which the small reserve already created has been handled. It has been charged that workers' payroll taxes have been used to pay current running expenses of the government rather than to create a real reserve.

In considering this situation it should be kept clearly in mind, as I have said, that the reserve plan is intended to serve in effect as a means of using payroll taxes to transfer publicly held government debt to the Reserve Account so that interest on that debt may be used in the future to pay old-age benefits. When the budget is in balance the theory can be made to work, and our concern then is whether that is the best way to prepare to meet future obligations. But when there is an unbalanced budget the theory falls down.

When the budget is not in balance, and the deficit is at least as large as the available funds in the Reserve Account, it is not possible to reduce the debt in the hands of the public. When the Treasury sells securities to the Reserve Account there would be little point in using the proceeds of the sale to pay off existing debt if it were necessary immediately to turn around and borrow a like amount of new money from the public. Thus there is a basis for the charge that payroll taxes are now being used to pay current expenses. Everything has been done in accordance with the law, but the reserve theory has failed in practice. The net debt of the government has gone up, and there has been an interruption of the programme to reduce the future burden of interest on the publicly held govern-

ment debt so that old-age benefits may be paid more readily a generation hence. Indeed, the interest burden *has been increased* so that it is likely to be harder rather than easier to bear the future pension load.

This necessary consequence of an unbalanced budget must give us concern regarding the working out of the reserve plan in general. Large sums of easy money which can be obtained for current expenditure simply by borrowing from the Reserve Account are likely to lead to a chronic state of unbalanced budgets. In that event, what is happening now would become the regular procedure. Treasury securities purchased by the Reserve Account would represent an increase in government debt and not in effect a transfer of existing debt from the hands of the public to the Reserve Account in accordance with the reserve theory.

If the law were amended to provide for the current-cost method of operation, this danger would be largely eliminated. Current tax receipts would be used to pay current benefits with no more margin than necessary to create an appropriate contingency reserve, and the huge excess of income over outgo contemplated under the present plan would not materialize. These considerations constitute a strong argument for the current-cost financing of old-age security supplemented by a normal method of debt reduction.

VI

In conclusion let me sketch in broad outline a method by which we might alter the old-age insurance programme so that it would more nearly meet the needs of the country. First develop a series of trial formulæ providing benefits more in consonance with social-insurance principles than are the benefits now provided. Seek the best possible estimates

of the year-by-year cost of these various formulæ, and then choose the one which best serves the social needs and at the same time keeps the financial burden within the capacity of the country to bear through taxation. In particular be careful about the ultimate benefit load forty or fifty years hence, when the maximum number of people receiving benefits will have been reached. Set the payroll taxes at rates necessary to pay current benefits, with some such upper limit as 5 or 6 per cent. Until the benefit payments amount to the tax receipts, keep the tax rates low, with no more margin than would be required to accumulate a reasonable contingency reserve. When benefit payments rise above tax receipts, appropriations from general revenue funds will be required. Since the national debt by that time should have been reduced in the normal way and the coverage would have been substantially increased to include groups of workers now excluded, sums that would have been used as interest on the debt could then properly be applied to pay old-age benefits.

Whether the present 2 per cent payroll tax rate should be increased as per schedule to 3 per cent in 1940 would be determined in the light of the new benefit formula to be adopted. Of one thing I am certain. It will be a lot easier to put the increase into effect if old-age benefits are actually being paid in 1940 so that the country may be able to observe some tangible results in the form of old-age income payments. The more than thirty million taxpayers will have to be shown a good and sufficient reason if they are to approve a 50 per cent increase in the tax rate. I doubt if the reserve theory, which attempts to solve the government's fiscal problem by placing a heavy financial burden in the wrong place, would constitute such a reason in the eyes of workers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHOM THEN?

THERE were seven of them, on the ferry going home from Jersey Sunday night. They were the last ones on the boat, the last ones off the train, and all eyes stared at them. The mother sat down opposite with one twin baby in her arms and with the youngest walking little girl standing up behind her in the seat to look out the window. The father sat down by me with the other twin baby in his arms and with the two oldest children, Abie and Esther, four and three, or five and four, straggling in front of him along with the luggage. They had no bags, just three bundles—two in newspaper and one in a big soft-looking packing box from a grocery store.

They were an alien and self-sustaining group, as unexpected as something seen if the side of a house blew off in a strange city. Not that they were incredible in themselves—only incredible here on the Jersey ferry, pure unadulterated Ghetto which so seldom strays from home. Pushcarts, garbage gutters, horrible smells, arose like genii out of this bottle. They themselves were unconscious of the startled scrutiny. They remained a self-sustaining unit; wherever they were was the family, complete and self-absorbed.

The mother was young—such utter youth of eyes and forehead and hair; only her mouth, an ugly, sagging, tired mouth, looked old. She sat relaxed, sloppy, on the edge of the seat, alert to the children, unconscious of herself, in an old white dress with short sleeves, her legs and feet in dirty white stockings and run-over, bulging black strap pumps, thrust out before her. She was, in her black and white and her startling youth of brow, more clearly defined than the rest. The father with that beard might have been any age. He and the children were one indiscriminate mass of old clothes. They smelled of tenelements.

The children were bundles of old petticoats, old coats, old coverings of any kind. In the feeling that there was nothing adequate to cover them with, they had been covered too lavishly, with everything in the house. There

was no shape, there were no colors. The knitted pink of the father's girl twin was hardly to be distinguished from the blue of the mother's boy. Abie, the oldest little boy, had a cap which he must have worn as a baby. Now the lining had been slit so as to stand out for an inch around the circumference of the cloth to give greater surface: and still it was to his head as a postage stamp is to its letter. But his face under it was beautiful, the clear, serene face of a contemplative, blue-eyed Jewish child. Abie in Hester Street, playing in those festering piles, would be a small, clear-colored flower in a bog. He looked about him with a mild, comprehending look while Esther, next oldest, dragged the soft-looking packing box out to the middle of the floor, knelt beside it, and laid her wild, hatless head down on it for rest.

The youngest walking child, about two and very tiny, got down from behind her mother and began to flop around. Her left foot turned in at a right angle from the ankle so that she had to run to get any distance before she fell down. She went like a circus seal. The boatload held its breath. Sometimes for a second or two she held a technique of throwing it entirely over the other foot, and then the other foot over it. So she flopped to her father and leaned up against him in great joy of reunion. Then she turned and laid her infinitesimal hand on my lap, rubbing it over my knees experimentally, as if the feel of texture, the quality of the goods, was fascinating to her.

'Dumbbell,' said the father in delight, looking at me for appreciation.

Abie came back then and stood before him, too—the old-clothes-man father seemed to be the magnet of the family—and began to collect and drag the luggage and apportion it for the exodus. Then the father got him right in front of him and began to talk to him in low tones in very careful, slow English. He must have gone to night school to get that English for talking to his children. There had been fragmentary mention of ice cream among them all the time; now they got down to cases.

'When, Abie, we will the little boxes of ice

cream have, and in each little box a little spoon, and when you, Abie, will be giving out the little boxes and spoons, whom will you give first?"

They had evidently rehearsed it before. Abie looked pleased and shy, up from under his eyelashes. He knew his part.

'Mama,' he murmured.

'Whom then?'

'Papa.'

'Whom then?'

'Esther.'

'Whom then?'

'Rachel.'

'Whom then?'

'Bennie and Beulah.'

This was a great joke, as the twins were too little for even little boxes, little spoons. They laughed.

'And whom then?'

'Abie.'

The father beamed with pride and delight in his boy. The two other walkers, Esther and Rachel the seal, gathered around, leaning heavily, to hear what it was their father was saying now. He it was who told them things, who made life interesting. What clothes, what filthy ragbags, what an unutterable smell! . . . But with it all this game, this intelligence about how children like things done, these ideas of careful speaking and courtesy and order and making little ceremonies out of life — this way of keeping life comprehensible anywhere by having at the heart of it this unit, their family.

They started off the boat, the mother carrying a bundle, the father a bundle, and Abie a bundle, the three who walked hanging to different parts of the father's coat so that he looked like a ship with tugs, a moored balloon, or better still a Maypole ready to be wound, for at any minute the coat might rend to ribbons in their grasp. He looked back and down and laughed to see them, and the mother laughed to see them, and the father and mother looked at each other and laughed, and even the children, who were so serious, must laugh.

They went like refugees out into a foreign land — but laughing as they went. Watching them huddle a minute before launching across the confusing plaza, I wondered about Abie, little Father Abraham. What a job he had on his shoulders, with that catechism of 'Whom Then?' growing a question longer every year, with Abie always at the end of it.

All his life he would be bringing up children. But still, he probably would like it. He got it from his father; from father to son they must have had it, back and back and back — the job of being patriarchs.

GRANDPAP'S A-MAKIN'

GRANDMA would look at the sun mark on the kitchen floor. 'It's not eleven o'clock yet, honey,' she would say. 'You just go right on down to the sorghum mill while yore ma and I set a spell an' visit. Better have a cooky to piece on.'

I'd get a cooky from the crock placed on the lowest step of the stairs. Then I'd go out the back door, through the thickets of peach and plum trees, past the cherry groves, and down the lane.

Visiting at Grandpa's was a little like going to see Once-upon-a-Time Land. My own memories were confused with the stories I'd heard of the childhood of my mother and aunts, a fascinating hodgepodge of things I knew and things I'd heard about, giving a comfortable feeling of deeply rooted continuity. My mother, too, had been a little girl playing under these trees and following the lane to the sorghum mill down by the 'little well.'

I can remember the October sun with that peculiar warm haze which I always associate with the Missouri Ozarks. The trees seemed to pen it in so that I walked in a golden glow.

The big orchard was on one side. As I walked, I chanted a magic formula of the names of the apple trees: 'Maiden Blush, Sweet Apple, Striped June, Red June, Wine-saps, Romanites, Ben Davis, Limbertwig, Hubbardston Nonesuch, Jennitons, Jonathans.' I could see my mother and her sisters, in the quaint calico frocks shown in their faded pictures, making playhouses under the trees in summer and going out on cold winter nights to dig buried apples. I'd never eaten a buried apple, but I knew all about its peculiar flavor.

Before I could glimpse the sorghum mill, I could smell the spicy odor of the boiling syrup and hear the creak of the mill as Dobbin and Coley pulled the pole around. Grandpa had a two-horse sorghum mill which gave him considerable prestige in the neighborhood. He made sorghum for the

whole district and occasionally shipped to the city.

Ben, the hired man, would be driving the team and pushing the cane stalks through the grinder. The juice ran into a tub and was piped down the hill into barrels to await its turn in the evaporator.

Grandpa would be at the evaporator, a long, shallow, divided pan on a stone fireplace. Hickory wood burned clear and hot under the pan. Grandpa did n't trust anyone else with the skimming of the boiling syrup. If the sorghum boiled too long it was no good. If it did n't boil long enough it was 'runny.'

As he gently removed the greenish scum which rose constantly to the surface, Grandpa sang camp-meeting hymns.

"At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light," he sang. 'Bout time for this batch to go down into th' coolin' pans.'

The cooling pans were covered with muslin to keep out dirt. They were terraced downhill from the evaporator. From the covered pans the sorghum was poured into barrels.

For a while I would stand silently, sniffing the aroma of bubbling sorghum, listening to the creak of the grinder, the slow 'giddups' of Ben, the minor music of Grandpa's singing. Then he would see me.

'Howdy, missy,' he would say. 'Want a sasser o' sorghum or a cane sucker?'

He always kept a saucer and a big spoon so that the farmers might have samples. Everyone licked the same spoon.

I took a cane sucker, though, a piece of cane which I dipped into the hot syrup and licked. Then I walked to the end of the furnace to peer inside. Sometimes sweet potatoes would be baking in the coals, to be eaten hot, dripping with butter and flavored with fresh molasses.

After that I'd sprawl on a pile of 'pummies,' which would later be used for thatching the stable and pigpens. Peace would settle drowsily over me. Eyes half-shut, I would stare dreamily at the sugar maples around the little well. In the distance beyond the orchard, a thin spiral of smoke arose from the kitchen chimney. A creaking of wheels, a neighing of horses, and the slow

clop-clop of hoofs heralded the arrival of a wagonload of cane.

Half-awake, I would listen to the slow ceremony of hillbilly greetings.

'Howdy. Get down, get down.'

'Howdy, howdy. How be ye?'

Then the doings of all the folks would be leisurely discussed while Grandpa continued to skim the sorghum, pouring the scum into a pail. Hogs were fattened on the 'skimmin's.' The visitor would 'sass' some sorghum.

'Ote Benskin's got a mighty good crop o' cane this year.'

'Yep, them's good sorghum,' Grandpa would reply.

The rhythm of the neighbor unloading his cane at one of the stakes surrounding the mill would be added to the pattern of the slowly treading horses, the bubble of the syrup, the rhythmic sweep of Grandpa's skimmer, his camp-meeting hymns.

Even to my childish mind there was something complete about it, a pattern of contented, productive living. Grandpa's sorghum would be long sweetening for the neighborhood all winter, providing cakes, pies, preserves, popcorn balls, even a 'drap t' sweeten th' cawffee.'

Nowadays I speed in shiny cars down the concrete highways that wind through my native hills. The smart young visitors in their chic culottes, Hollywood slacks, and the latest sandals from Palm Beach laugh at the sight of a sorghum mill along the roadside.

'Look, how quaint, how Ozarkian!' they shriek. 'We really ought to take a picture.'

But I have a nostalgic picture locked in my heart of a blue and gold and brown October day, of the smoke rising from a furnace chimney, the enticing odor of boiling spicy syrup, the creak of the grinder, the slow plodding of the horses, and Grandpa singing, 'There's a land that is fairer than day.' And for a moment I forget that my companions are enlightened, civilized people come to look at my quaint fellow natives, and wish that again I was sprawling on a pile of pummies, drowsing in the sunshine and happy because 'Grandpap's a-makin'.'

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

CONCERNING DICTIONARIES

THE editors of *Fortune*, in their famous survey entitled *Youth in College*, began a paragraph: 'If one queries the average undergraduate about his chances for the future . . .' Their use of *queries* is absolutely defensible, in the sense that it is ratified by dictionaries ('*query* . . . 2. To address questions to.' — Webster's Collegiate). Is it, then, a good use? I think not. My reasons: It falls oddly on the inner ear; it detracts attention from what is being said to itself; it suggests a deliberate effort to use a common word in a fresh, striking way; and it so palpably squirms away from the natural word for the place, *questions*, that the unused word becomes pointlessly obtrusive, as it would not have been in the least if used.

What we have in this oddly correct, uncomfortably allowable use of *query* is an affront to the universal *feeling* about the word — a breach of idiom. The fact is that there is 'authority' for the usage; but the feeling, more important than fact, is that we *query* assertions, conclusions, details, data, but not persons. Dictionary or no, I find the locution cited as seriously objectionable as, in the same trenchant article, I find *Chinamen* for *Chinese* (it too has some dictionary support, though it infuriates the educated Chinese), or 'a different sort of college man *than*,' or *definitely* as a mere slangy intensive, or the singular *tactic*, or 'neither Smith nor Radcliffe . . . offer.'

This officially approved, but still bad, use of *queries* makes as handy an approach as another to the truism that the dictionary, most indispensable and admirable of tools, is not much of a weapon, especially for defensive purposes. There are, in fact, no potent defensive weapons in the matter of style, for good writing does not exist in the same universe with the need of extenuation. It is simply not preoccupied with the good enough, unless by good enough we mean the best there is. One may as well say outright that uses of words that are no better than defensible are, *ipso facto*, indefensible. The meanings of words are like manuscripts under consideration by a publisher: if they do not compel acceptance, they compel rejection. Those who would write well are perpetually committed to discriminations, and hence to exclusions. And in that they are at the opposite pole from the dictionary, which is committed by its very nature and purpose to inclusion, comprehensiveness, exhaustiveness. It tells us primarily, not what is best, but simply what is; not what is desirable, but what is done. It is a collector first, a critic last. In short, most of its substance deals with mere permissions, not recommendations; and for that reason it is generally a poor and dubious service that we render to the cause of better diction when we set out to belabor or brain one another with the handiest unabridged lexicon.

A word has a spinal centre of essential meaning — often, though by no means always, its original meaning. But it is the nature of living words to spawn secondary meanings, and of each new one to lead to another until the newest has perhaps actually contradicted the original. (Cf. *notorious*, *cynic*, and *resent*, which once meant *to respond cordially to*.) Synonyms develop away from each other (*liberty*, *license*); antonyms grow toward each other until they have an overlapping area in common (*stout*, *obese*); and lexicography is inevitably as much concerned with the derived, marginal uses as with the central, nuclear ones. Good writing may be

concerned with both, too — but for strikingly different reasons. For the remote, acquired, secondary meanings of words tend on the whole toward subtlety, suggestion, richness of effect — the secondary or more ornamental qualities of style — whereas the primary meanings tend on the whole toward accuracy, clearness, and strength, the primary or more useful qualities of style. And what follows? Why, that one of the open secrets of telling language is to make the most of the central, nuclear functions of our words — the functions that really distinguish them from each other — and to resort to their marginal, penumbral, merely permissive functions *only when the context irresistibly supplies the definition*.

Excellent diction, or at any rate the conveyable, describable aspect of it, aims at bull's-eyes with a rifle. The dutiful lexicographer is trying to bracket a general area with a scatter-gun. For him who would use language truly well the first law is that *there are no synonyms*. And the second law is that he had better direct at least a goodly proportion of his words, not at what they may mean allowably and by occasional extension, but at what they mean spontaneously and unmistakably.

THE DRAGNET

A passing remark of mine on the prevalent confusion between *apparent* (=seemingly true) and *evident* (=manifestly true) brought forth by the earliest possible mail the following demur: —

I have always regarded the dictionary as fairly reliable. . . . It states:

Apparent. Plain, evident; distinguished from, but not necessarily opposed to, *actual*, *true*, or *real*.

Evident. Clear to the vision or understanding, and satisfactory to the judgment.

If *evident* means true absolutely instead of subjectively, why is this not stated?

— H. E. GHOLSON, *Clarksville, Tennessee*

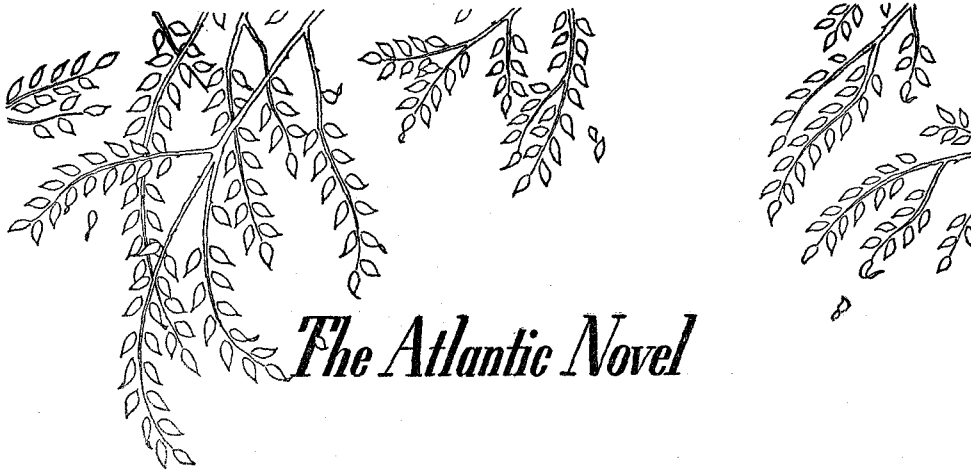
See above. The spinal core of *apparent* is the idea of seeming fact; that of *evident*, perceived fact. As a practical matter, how is anybody going to keep *apparent* 'distinguished from' without being 'opposed to' *evident*? The dictionary cited by my correspondent virtually throws up its hands when, for synonyms of the latter word, it tosses together *plain*, *obvious*, *manifest*, *visible*, *apparent*, *conclusive*, *indubitable*, *palpable*, *notorious*. Make the most, not the least, of what opposition there is between the words, and you don't have to bother about keeping them 'distinguished from' each other.

ONLY. The president of the Capital (not Capitol) City Spelling Club would like this department to pay its respects to his, and others', pet aversion, the chronic misplacement of *only*. He illustrates: —

Once in Washington I saw a car card advertisement of a school for secretaries. The closing statement: 'You can only afford the best.' An editorial in *Today* states: 'But the securities can only be sold once to pay for bread,' and 'One of the English answers to our requests for payment was that the debt could only be paid in goods.' — ELMER C. HELM, *Brentwood, Maryland*

Mr. Helm seems to have covered the ground, and the natural law that modifiers generally go with what they modify remains unrepealed.

WILSON FOLLETT



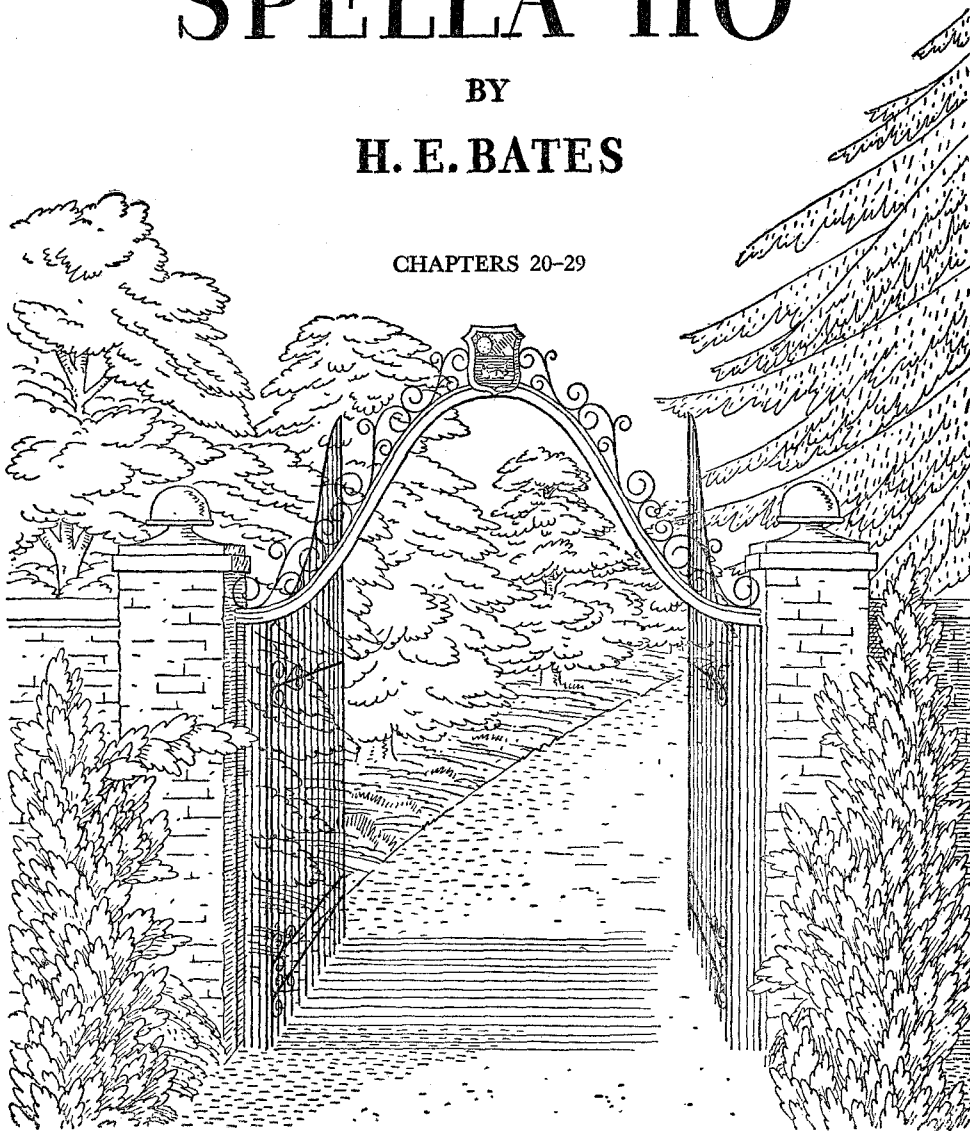
The Atlantic Novel

SPELLA HO

BY

H. E. BATES

CHAPTERS 20-29



The beginning of SPELLA HO

SPELLA HO is the name of a great stone country house built in the eighteenth century and standing out like a clipper ship above the rolling English Midlands. The house was empty and deserted at the beginning of the novel, yet the wealth and power it represented were a living tradition in the minds of the Shadbolts, whose miserable home was within sight of its chimneys.

At twenty, Bruno Shadbolt was no credit to himself. His father was a drunken carter who did odd jobs in the village of Castor, and as his assistant Bruno once went up to the great house to deliver a load of coal. When his mother died and his father abandoned the family, Bruno, faced with the problem of supporting them, pilfered coal from Spella Ho and peddled it through the village. Not until a young widow took pity on his uncouth ignorance and helped to clean him up did he have even a vestige of self-respect.

He was a swart, powerful figure, very broad, coarse-haired, blunt-featured. So he saw himself one evening in a pier glass at Spella Ho as he prowled through the empty rooms. But through his being there ran a vein of iron determination, which had been roused by the widow and was to give him power over men and an irresistible magnetism for women.

The boundaries of his world expanded. From Coutts, a loan shark, he heard of 'business,' 'discount,' 'speculation,' and from the trickery practised upon him he began to learn the use of money.

Spella Ho was reopened in the summer of 1874. The new owner was shrewd old Mrs. Lanchester, with her wealth and her shady past. Bruno beat her in a deal — and from this angry beginning came a larger opportunity; for, when the bailiff took to drink, Bruno replaced him. Bruno could neither read nor write, a defect which he confided to Louise, the secretary and companion to the old lady. His appeal won first her help and then her love.

Louise explained to Bruno the dishonesty of his agreement with the loan shark, and when Coutts next came to collect his interest Bruno kicked him off the estate. In his rage Coutts returned to Castor and roused the townsfolk, who were jealous of Bruno's advance and bitter against his methods of collecting Mrs. Lanchester's rents. Led by flashy Rufus Chamberlain, a mob stormed Spella Ho, breaking windows, pelting rotten vegetables at the façade. Bruno met the crowd head on, and beat down Chamberlain in a fist fight which was to be the talk of the county for decades.

That fight was the turning point in Bruno's career. It earned him the increasing gratitude of his employer, Mrs. Lanchester, and the friendship of the man he had beaten, Rufus Chamberlain. It strengthened his resolve to quit Castor and make a place in London for himself and Louise. But Louise held back. She felt that London would be more than a match for Bruno, and her intuition told her that they both had something to lose if they deserted Mrs. Lanchester before her death. So Bruno stayed on at Spella Ho, captivated by his love of Louise and being smartened up through his friendship with that flashy townsman, Rufus. Then Louise was taken ill. The country physician could do nothing to ease her agony, and with fear in his heart Bruno wrapped her in blankets and drove her in the phaeton fifteen miles to the nearest infirmary. Twelve hours later she was dead.

Bruno was stupefied by the loss of Louise. He lived on in a daze, meeting the increasing responsibilities at Spella Ho and seeking in his loneliness the consolation of the friendly Chamberlain family. He was much with Rufus and with Rufus's father, Charles Chamberlain, a man of ideas and economy, and gradually his self-confidence returned. His savings he invested in a leather business, in partnership with a man named Stokes. In the winter of 1880 he met Gerda Black, the wife of the doctor in Castor. She was a soft, blonde German without friends in this provincial English town. Loneliness brought them together, and magnetism did the rest.

With the years, Mrs. Lanchester came to rely upon Bruno, and as her last illness set upon her she turned to him for courage and comfort. She poured out the story of her life — how by her wits she had acquired her property in London, and how, because of his loyalty, this property might some day be his. Bruno lifted her in and out of bed, attended her bodily needs, stood by her while she was dying. As the frequency of Dr. Black's visits increased, Bruno had increasing opportunity for snatched-at meetings with the doctor's wife. When Mrs. Lanchester died and Spella Ho was once more deserted, Bruno ran away with Gerda Black. Through the summer and harvest they lived in country lodgings, in a fickle courtship that could not last. Gerda was homesick for Germany, so Bruno took her to Harwich and watched her depart. Then, with a few pounds left, he went up to London to look for work. After weeks of fruitless searching he was reduced to sharing a miserable attic room with the anarchist-clerk Bandy. . . .

With each twelve months of the Atlantic
**THREE GREAT BOOKS
OF THE YEAR**

SPELLA HO

BY H. E. BATES

XX

BRUNO went to a meeting of the Workers Democratic Federation two nights later, sitting at the back of a small square-pillared Russian Orthodox church lighted by hanging oil lamps. In an atmosphere of suppressed fervor and stale odors of incense and oil he listened for two hours to speeches he did not understand, his mind inattentive, forced back to the bitter preoccupation of his own case. Towards the end of the meeting he was no longer listening, and it seemed as though the voices of the speakers boomed up from some interminable tunnel beyond the altar.

This feeling persisted after the meeting had broken up and he and Bandy were walking together in the street. All this time he felt an increase of physical depression, and his head had begun to ache a little at the back. He was also thirsty. 'Let's get a gin,' he said.

'I can't afford it,' Bandy said.

'I'll pay — it's on me,' he said; and then for a moment it seemed as if he had not said it, and he repeated it. 'I'll pay — it's on me. I'll pay,' he said.

In the gin palace he took out his purse, fumbling for silver, feeling that there was no coördination between his brain and hands. It was as though he were partially drunk. Suddenly the purse slipped out of his hands and fell down between the counter and the brass foot-rail, not spilling anything. He moved to pick it up, but Bandy had already stooped. Bandy looked at the amount in

the purse and said: 'You're almost a capitalist, after all. You want to take care of it.'

Bruno drank three gins, breaking a purely economical resolution not to drink, and after them felt a temporary spasm of relief. His head was still being bumped continually by regular throbs at the back. Bright mirrors shot out a wild reflection of himself. He got up without warning, knocking over his stool, and elbowed Bandy into the street again. 'Come on, let's go somewhere.'

Then he was in a music hall, not knowing how he got there, not remembering anything. He and Bandy were standing up, at the back, in darkness. He clutched the promenade railing, felt behind and about him a crush of other people, men, tarts waiting for the lights to go up. Impressions began to assail him in waves, thundering in from the back of his head: dimmed gaslights, the red lights of exits, faces of women averted to look at him, long, dusty scent-waves of powder and cheap perfumes. Then in the interval he knew vaguely that he was ill, that he had never in his life felt like this.

A girl was on the stage, frilled skirts lifted to show soft pink thighs among frizzed swan's-feather whiteness. She was very dark, slim for music-hall taste, bare white arms picking up the skirts with easy devilry. He watched her and had the sudden feeling, as in the street, that he could reach out and touch her. He lifted his hands from the railing and

felt the world go round, the girl swinging away down a revolving slope of light and blackness. Then he got it into his head that somewhere, at some odd moment of time, he had seen the girl on the stage before. The sense of familiarity, frustrated, became a secondary pain. He struggled to get at the reason for her familiarity. It eluded him, and in a few minutes she also had gone. Then he was pushing his way out, trying to catch sight of the girl's name on the programme bill. He saw it at last outside, under the green-white gaslight. 'Italian Nightingale.' The name meant nothing to him.

After that he did not know what happened. He knew now that he was ill. He wanted to lie down. His head was on the verge of explosion. Then after a long time he was lying down, vaguely conscious that there had been some trouble, a scuffle, dirty names, Bandy struggling to get him upstairs, taking off his coat and trousers. 'You drank the gins too quick.' He lay fighting with the explosive waves of pain in his head, knowing it was not the gin, but pain and the girl on the stage complicated again into hideous nightmare.

When he roused in the morning Bandy had gone. He did not try to get up. He could hear rain pouring on the skylight. He had the occasional impression that there was no skylight, that the rain was pouring in on him, pricking his skin.

He lay there all day, alone, far-off feet bumping in the tenement below him, but no one ever coming. It continued to rain and he continued to have the impression that the rain was falling down in small sharp drops on his face and hands. Towards evening he raised himself up in bed and groped over to the box where Bandy kept his candle. He made three attempts to light the candle, all unsuccessful. Then he made a great effort and succeeded. Pale warm yellow light fell on his hands, momentarily comforting him.

Then he had a shock. It seemed as if the impression of rain falling on his hands must have a basis in reality. His hands were covered with spots.

He waited what he knew to be hours. Then Bandy was in the room, standing over him, lighting a new candle from the old stump.

'By God, it's what the landlady's kid had.'

'What? What is it?'

Bandy looked scared, mouth open in the candlelight. 'Scarlet fever. The kid died.'

Bandy began to undress, giving way to fear. 'How do you feel? Mean my job, if I get it. How did it start?' Then the candle went out, but it still seemed, for a long time, as though Bandy were walking about the room. Bruno's coat and trousers were hung on a nail on the wall, and once during the night it seemed as if they fell down and that Bandy was there, picking them up. He tossed and turned about in the wet bed all night, not caring, taking no notice of even the rats under the bed.

Then, in the morning, he woke to find Bandy lying fully dressed on his bed. 'I got as far as Elephant and Castle and could n't go no further. My head's banging like hell. Mean my job. Mean the sack if I can't get there 's afternoon.'

They lay there all day together, Bandy never attempting to get up. Bruno felt desperately weak, but calmer. All day he was puzzled by something about his trousers and coat. Whereas he had been sure that at first the coat had hung over the trousers, the trousers were now hanging over the coat.

Towards evening he struggled up on the bed and got down the coat and trousers. Lying down again, he went through his pockets. He could not find his money. Hammers banged in his mind: fear, desperation, weakness.

Twice that evening he went through his pockets again. Then he would lie down and the loss of the money would seem momentarily part of sickness and

nightmare. In this way he had periods of false security, and in one of them he fell asleep.

He woke to hear Bandy groaning, light-headed, now very ill. It was almost morning. He called down for the landlady, and in about ten minutes she came upstairs.

'Get a doctor,' he said. 'We both want a doctor.'

'Can you pay for a doctor?' she said. 'Because I know *he* can't.'

'Do something.'

'You can't do nothing,' she said, 'but let it take its course.'

'Undress Bandy anyway,' he said. 'He's sleeping in his kit.'

So she undressed Bandy. 'Clothes are wringing wet,' she said, and suddenly as she flung coat and trousers over her arm he heard the chink of money in the pockets and he knew by some extraordinary flash of intuition whose money it was.

That day he felt he struggled through all the possible conflicts of fear and bitterness, his soul prostrate at the bottom of a pit. He was conscious enough to hear Bandy groaning, to think: 'Sooner or later I can get up. I can go down. I can get it back.' Bandy was obsessed by delirious terror.

Two mornings later he woke and turned over to call Bandy. He felt better for the first time and had slept well. 'Bandy,' he said. Bandy did not move or answer. 'Bandy,' he began again. Then he saw the mouth of Bandy lying open, the lip stiff over the brown teeth.

Later in the day the landlady came up with an old walnut-faced woman wearing a large Inverness cape and a cockney bonnet, and between them they laid out the worn undernourished body of the clerk-anarchist.

Too weak to move, he lay there with Bandy for another day and a night. He woke later, feeling still another stage better, to hear the bump of Bandy's coffin being set down on the small landing outside. As the men opened the door and brought in the coffin and whipped

the sheet off Bandy's body he could bear it no longer. He pulled on his trousers and, holding them up with his hands, went down to find the landlady.

'Money?' she said. 'I ain't seen no money.'

'In a purse,' he said. 'Bandy took it. He took it the night I was taken so bad, the night before he was bad.'

'That's a funny thing to say if you can't prove it.'

'I could prove it,' he said, 'if I could see the purse.'

'You can look through his pockets,' she said, showing him Bandy's trousers and coat hanging on the airing line above the stove, 'but I ain't found no purse. Wish I had.'

He looked through Bandy's pockets, out of pure formality, finding nothing.

'As soon as I can get out I'll tell the police.'

Before he could speak again she laid the purse on the table. 'Don't fall over yourself,' she said. 'How can you prove it's yours?'

He took the purse and opened the flap. His initials, 'B. S.' had been pokered on the inside.

'He could never keep his flappers off anything,' she said.

He began to count his money. It was not all there. Where there had been almost five pounds there was now less than forty shillings. 'Depend he spent it,' she said, and he knew he could never prove it otherwise.

Bandy was buried on the following day, and Bruno stayed in the room for another week, feeling strength return in slow hesitant cycles. At the end of the week he paid the rent he owed, a whole week and a broken week at half rent, a whole week at full rent, a total of fifteen shillings.

He came out of the house with a little over a pound in his pocket. As he walked along, peeling off the old dead skin from his hands, he did not know what to do or where he was going.

XXI

He struggled through December, into January: doss houses, sleeping out, days with the sandwich boards, his shoes like paper, his money slowly but inevitably dwindling, days when he could have eaten cat's meat. The thing that kept him going was the thought that he could reclaim and sell the horse and trap, buy himself food and boots, and then walk back to Castor; or he could sell the trap and ride back to Castor. He would sell the outfit for anything — ten pounds, whatever he could get. But he would do it only in some insurmountable extremity.

He felt this extremity on January 17, of the new year.

Nothing happened; the day was no worse than others; but suddenly he could stand it no longer. He walked slowly, by painful stages, down to Stratford. It was bitter cold. He did not notice it. His defeat was concentrated into the pain of the sole of his left foot. He walked with it cringed up in the almost soleless boot, the flesh blistered like a scorch mark, so that he was almost lame. He had fifteen pence in his pocket, and he got down to Ash Wilmer's coach and undertaker's stables about two o'clock in the afternoon.

'Mr. Ash Wilmer about?'

'Ash Wilmer?' The stable hand was shoveling muck.

'Yeh.'

'Well,' the stable hand said, 'he's about, if you call it about. About somewhere. He's been dead about three weeks.'

Bruno stood dead still. He did not say anything.

Five minutes later he stood talking to a man he knew to be Ash Wilmer's son. He told him about the horse and trap, the arrangement. He was too tired to struggle against defeat.

'Come on,' the man said, 'bloody well git off while your shoes are good.'

Bruno turned and went slowly out of

the yard. As he reached the stables he saw the stable hand still shoveling muck. The stable hand spoke. Bruno stopped, and something made him say, 'Ain't got a mite o' leather I could tack on this sole?'

'Leather?'

'Harness leather. A strap or something like that. Anything.'

The man went into the stables and came out after a few minutes with a leather strap and buckle. 'How's this?'

Bruno took it. He wound the strap twice round his boot and buckled it over his instep. From the sudden thick tightness of the leather he gained momentary comfort. The strap kept his blistered foot off the ground. Leather, he thought. Better if I'd stopped in Castor, with Stokes, and sold leather. Better if I'd got a job with Chamberlain. He walked out of the stable yard, his foot slightly better. Castor, he thought. Castor's where I should have stopped — where I ought to go — where I can go.

He began to make his way, slowly, slightly less painfully, up through Hackney and Holloway, out towards Highgate. Some long time after darkness he was going on towards Colney Hatch. He stopped to spend a penny on bread and cheese, going to the back door of a small pub. There he had a piece of luck. 'Don't want no sticks chopping? No wood or anything?' he said. And the woman said: 'I don't know's we don't. It damn well blows cold enough.' She gave him an axe and a candle, and he chopped a pile of kindling for her in a small outhouse, working for more than an hour. Back in the pub kitchen she gave him bread and cheese and a glass of stout.

'Want anything else?' he said. 'I'll clean the privy out. Empty the bucket. Anything.' So she let him do that, surprised that he should ask to do it, surprised enough to say, when he asked if he could sleep in the woodshed, 'Yes, I don't know's you can't. Only it's a funny place to want to sleep.'

'I can sleep anywhere,' he said, and she said: 'Well, you're welcome. It's cold enough indoors, let alone out. Cold enough for snow.'

He slept that night in the woodshed, covering himself with sacks, lying down on a mass of sawdust, bark, shavings. There was a sack that rats had chewed beyond usefulness. He ripped it to single lengths and tied it round his boots. During the night his feet were almost warm, and when he set out, on the following morning, it was as though he walked on cushions.

The morning was intensely cold, the wind east, the sky a driven mass of snow-cloud. He walked steadily on, northward, less mindlessly than on the previous day, but still as though his thoughts were set in a void. About nine o'clock it began to snow. He did not mind it. The light fast-driven flakes gave him the illusion that he was moving fast. For a time it snowed thinly, with reluctance, the flakes hard, not settling. Then as he went on he looked up to see a mass of snow advancing out of the east and north, blotting out distance. He walked into it and it covered him, the sodden fury of the wind holding him momentarily still.

He walked on for a space of time which snow and his own blindness made it impossible to measure. During this time he did not stop to rest and the snow did not stop. He rammed mouthfuls of bread and cheese into his mouth as he walked along. He was driven by the same mindless forces as before. Thought had the repetitive quality of some inward pain. He knew that if he stopped there was some possibility that he would never go on again.

He stopped about four o'clock in the afternoon. He saw a pub, red-brick walls white-crustured with snow, row of empty beer barrels lying in the yard outside buried to the pure white shape of a switchback, and he went inside without thought or hesitation, as though he had been making for the place since morning.

It was still snowing, and he could still see the white wall of it advancing out of the now-darkening northern sky.

'By crikey,' the landlord said. 'You know you're the first man in here since ten o'clock this morning.'

'Eh?'

'You ain't come fur?'

'Colney Hatch.'

'God!' the landlord said. He could not believe it. He stood looking at Bruno, at the fantastic snow-covered bandaged boots. 'In them baf's? You better take 'em off and git warm.' Bruno stared and did not move.

When finally he did move, it was to put money on the table: a shilling. 'All I got,' he said. 'Something t' eat. You let me sleep in the woodshed? I can sleep anywhere. It's all I got.'

'You git summat hot down you,' the landlord said, 'and we'll talk about money.'

His wife came in, a robust, reddlenecked woman, kind-eyed. Bruno sat staring while she looked at him.

'From Colney Hatch,' the landlord marveled. 'Walked it. In them baf's. In this lot.'

She too marveled, voice soft, to Bruno soft and also far off. 'You must be daft,' she said, 'daft to do it. You better get your boots off. Quick!'

He did not speak. He felt daft: dumb and daft, like a man lying half over the edge of sanity. He tried to bend down to his boots. His hands went to the knots in the sacking. He touched them, made an immense effort to grapple with them. Where there should have been some point of contact there was nothing. His hands were frozen beyond feeling, and he began groping about like a child.

He saw the landlord's wife stoop down and begin to untie the rough snow-sodden knots in the sacking. 'Arth,' she said, 'you rub his hands. He ain't got no feeling nor nothing. That right? Can't feel nothing, can you?'

'Yes,' he thought, 'that's right.' Whatever she said was right. He sat

dumb, with no feeling, helpless, she untying his boots, the landlord chafing his hands.

The landlord held his hands sandwiched between his own, as though between lumps of warm meat. His wife went out, returned. 'Ask me, it'll snow all night. Think yourself lucky you got in when you did.' Bruno sat still, listening, his mind working. Agony slid slowly back into pain, pain itself into an ache of understanding.

He stayed that night with Arth and Emma Watford, sleeping in a bed, food inside him — his first turn of luck for weeks. The names of the man and woman fixed themselves in his mind, indelibly imprinted by gratitude and pain. In the morning the snow, ceased now, lay to a depth of three feet, in places drifted to six or seven feet.

All that day he and Arth Watford and sometimes the woman worked at the job of shoveling the snow from the house. He worked strongly, not tired, only his eyes weak sometimes in the freezing wind.

The sky remained sunless. 'Lick me if we don't git some more,' Watford said. 'You see if we don't git more to-night. You'll be lucky if you ain't here a week.'

He was there four days. On the fourth the wind turned and he could feel the warmth in it. People had also begun to move, and there was a man, a packman with a wicker basket of stockings, card buttons, bootlaces, and odd drapery, who came in an hour or so before Bruno set out again.

They talked. 'Well, there's a living in it,' the packman said, 'if you call it a living. What's your line?'

'Nothing.'

'If you're going far,' the man said, 'it's no trouble to sell a thing or two while you're going. Take laces. Everybody wears boots.'

'Fat profit on laces.'

'Sixty per cent. If you're going far, why don't you take something like that?'

I'll sell you laces at threepence a dozen. You sell 'em at sixpence. Take three or four dozen — you'd sell that in a day. Shilling profit. That'll keep you going.'

When he said good-bye to the Watfords, an hour later, he had two dozen ladies' bootlaces in his pocket. That day he walked another ten miles. The next day he walked almost twenty miles, working his way up through Bedfordshire. Everywhere the land was iron-frozen now under broken islands of snow, and men were not working.

At midday that day he got into a barn to eat, and to his surprise, as he sat there, three laboring men came in. He told them who he was. 'Peddling a bit. Can't sell you a pair o' laces for the women?'

One, the youngest, said: 'That is what I want. I bust my missus' high-legged 'uns last Sunday, lacing 'em up.' They all laughed. 'How high do they lace up?' They went on for a time pulling the young man's leg. He was eating his dinner out of a sheet of newspaper, and when they left, half an hour later, he left the paper lying on the snow. Bruno picked it up. It was an old newspaper, bacon-stained, slightly yellow. He sat there for some minutes, reading it.

Suddenly he was not reading any longer. He sat staring. Then he looked at the date of the newspaper: November. Then he was reading again what he had already read. 'It is now learnt that in the gale off the East Coast of Friday night last the packet *Northern Belle*, bound for Holland out of Harwich, foundered with all hands.'

He got up and walked out of the barn. He was flung back into the old mindless state, the void in which he moved mechanically. He was not conscious of a sense of loss. He felt oppressed by a sense of fatalism: that it had to happen, Gerda going, he not going, exactly as it had happened, everything, the bitter pain of it all driving out thought.

Going on, he came into Castor on the

following afternoon. On his left foot the old blister, opened again, was stinging as if with salt. He walked with a slight limp, head unconsciously down in the wind, the stubble black and frowzy on his face, his eyes wind-bleary. He felt the bitterness of things to be complete.

XXII

'Gapin' at you? I should think they was gapin' at you. Folks everywhere talkin' about you. Everybody lookin' for you high and low for months. Mr. Carmichael got notices in the papers about you.'

'Mr. Carmichael?' He was talking to Maria, back at the old Shadbolt place. Maria had got married, her husband an ex-soldier, a tall handlebar-moustached man who loafed about in carpet slippers tied on with bits of string. 'Mr. Carmichael? What Carmichael?'

'You forgot that too? Mr. Carmichael, the London man. The solicitor. Her solicitor.'

'Her?' He was a man trying to pick up the too-fine threads of the old life, his mind too numbed and coarsened to feel them.

'Her. Yes, her. The old lady. Her at Spella.'

'What about her?' he said.

'She's left you money. Two or three thousand pounds and property in London,' Maria said.

He could not say anything.

'I heard,' the soldier said, 'it were fifteen thousand and a row of houses in London and some land at Spella.'

It was still beyond him to speak.

'You got to get in touch with Mr. Carmichael,' Maria said.

'How? In touch, how?'

'Through Mason and Freebody. On the Square. They been here times. Said they were acting for you.'

'Acting?'

'Gettin' the dough,' the soldier said.

He had nothing to say. He felt that nothing could excite him now.

He went to see Mason and Freebody on the following day. They spoke to him, treated him, as a man who had come back from the dead. They called him 'Mr. Shadbolt,' and once Mr. Amos Mason's clerk called him 'Mr. Shadbolt, sir.'

In another two days he was talking to Mr. Carmichael, again in the office of Mason and Freebody. 'But Mr. Shadbolt, where have you been?'

'London,' he said.

'London? Where in London? Where did you stay in London?'

Trying to make an answer, he could think only of the bookseller. 'Near Gray's Inn Road,' he said.

'Well,' Mr. Carmichael said. 'Well. Did you ever! I was just round the corner.'

He tried to show interest in this extraordinary coincidence. Mr. Carmichael went on talking. Bruno listened, registered understanding through a series of impressions: papers taken from Mr. Carmichael's pocket, seals, a reading of extracts from the papers, figures, the sum of £250, more figures, the name of a piece of land, Anchor's Quick, connected with Spella Ho, more figures, then talk of property in London. Then more figures, more explanations. Finally a proposition from Mr. Carmichael, in terms of advice.

'If you will take our advice, Mr. Shadbolt. The land now, Anchor's Quick, here in Castor. To you, as land, useless. Sell it. Benefit yourself to the extent of another fifty pounds. Then the houses, in London. To you, here, in the country, more bother than they are worth — as houses. Repairs, rates, trouble with tenants, a source of endless worry. Sell them too. We could get you, say for the sake of argument, another £750. Give you a thousand pounds in all, Mr. Shadbolt. Make you a rich man, Mr. Shadbolt, a rich man.'

'I dare say,' he said.

He sat thinking. Houses in London, Bandy, the room in the tenement house.

For one room he and Bandy had paid seven-and-six — a room without windows, with no air except by the broken door and the skylight. In that house he knew there were ten other rooms. On the basis of seven-and-six a room, he tried to calculate the value of the house in rents. He knew it must come to somewhere between £150 and £200 when Mr. Carmichael spoke again.

'I may tell you,' he said, 'for what it's worth, that the rates in London are bound shortly to go up. There is an agitation for raising wages. Trade-unions, labor agitators, hot-headed fellows everywhere. If wages go up, rates are bound to go up.'

'If wages go up,' Bruno said, 'rents can go up.'

Mr. Carmichael went on talking, trying in a slightly aggrieved voice to induce him to sell the property in London. All the time he was not listening. He remembered then that Mr. Carmichael had said nothing about rents, that it was possible that rents might be higher or lower than he himself had imagined.

'What are the rents?' he said.

'On these six properties? Well, that would have to be gone into, Mr. Shadbolt — have to be gone into.'

'Gone into be damned!' He was suddenly out of patience, on the verge of anger. 'You've been solicitor to Mrs. Lanchester for God knows how many years, and yet you don't know the rents and prices of her property?'

'Well —'

'Well, well! What the hell's the use of a well without water? If you don't know the rents, give me a rough idea.'

Mr. Carmichael turned over his papers, found the figures, gave them out at last. 'The gross rental is £954.11.3 per annum.'

'Means a year?'

'Yes, Mr. Shadbolt.'

He made his decision. 'I keep the property,' he said. 'I want rents collected weekly and forwarded here every

week, less your commission. Mason and Freebody'll act for me here.'

Coming out of the office and going across the Square, he met Stokes. Stokes appeared to have changed. He looked alert, more in command of himself. He began to tell Bruno about it as they walked together to the workshop. 'I got converted.' He was a man being tossed on the waves of religious fervor. 'Happened while you was away. Come on me all of a pop. I got the blues one night and went into the Plymouth Brethren and suddenly it got me. I see God. See Him as plain as daylight. I never bin the same since, Shadbolt. I see Him. I feel His Presence. I know He's with me. It made a big difference, Shadbolt. You see if it ain't made a big difference.'

They went together to the workshop, and no sooner was the door opened than Bruno saw the difference. The shop had been fitted with benches, and four men, shoemakers, were standing at them, working over lasts. The place was alive with hammering, dancing of tacks and sprigs, the smell of hot wax and leather and warmed heelball. 'As soon as this thing come over me,' Stokes said, 'I went to old Abel Sanders and told him how it was. He said, "I thank the good God, Stokes. And if you can get the men I'll give you the work."'

'What profit are you making?'

'That's all right, don't worry about it.' He took Bruno into the office. 'Every week since this happened your fifty per cent has been put aside just as if you was here.'

'You want me to come in and work?'

'What, now? With this money the old lady left you?'

'There ain't no money. It's all in bricks and mortar.'

Stokes looked immediately depressed. 'Pity, pity. What we want is money, Shadbolt. If we had money we could build a business. See? Trade's coming on. See what I mean? All we want is money.'

'How much?'

'A hundred and fifty.'

'I'll find it,' he said.

And when, an hour later, he came out of Stokes's workshop, he felt as though he were walking upside down. It was as though the world had been turned upside down. He was caught up again by the old ideas of money and profit, ambition and progress, and the effect on his starved mind was exactly that of a sudden meal on a starved body. Intoxicating ideas of money, property, business, profits, drove him into a state where, momentarily, he did not know what he was doing. His mind went through a period of brief but complete blankness.

When this blankness had gone he found himself walking up the avenue to Spella Ho, as though the old lady had never died and he had never gone away. He did not know quite how he had got there. He walked along under the bare trees and went up on to the terrace and stood looking at the house.

It was empty. He stood there looking at it for a long time, the white stone faintly outlined against the winter sky, and then he walked slowly round it, his head slightly down, unconsciously, like a man who had come back to look for something lost.

XXIII

From this moment he began to get on — not solidly and slowly, with the old blundering determination of a man advancing in darkness, but suddenly, shot up like a rocket. In the summer of 1882 he and Stokes moved their premises, taking the empty factory Stokes had suggested, the partnership under new agreement, Bruno putting up £150, Stokes £50. These sums seemed to him colossal. Colossal days, colossal sums of money, but who knew? — perhaps colossal profits.

At first he and Stokes employed only six girls on the sewing machines and about a dozen men in the making and clicking rooms. By the end of 1883 they

employed twenty girls and about forty-five men. Profits rose too: a bare £85 on the first year's working, a good £300 on the second. 'All due,' Stokes would say, 'to God watching over us.'

Bruno knew nothing about leather, less about making boots. He never learned. It was his job to interview commercial travelers, hard workers and often weary men who walked the five miles from Orlingford Station with large leather bags of samples, thread, eyelets, linen, buckram, grindery — men who did not like Castor, a dead-alive town without a railway or a hotel or even, in those days, a decent place to eat. He found it easy to intimidate these tired men, who hated the town but hated still more the thought of walking another five miles without an order in their pockets. It was his system to set himself a figure as far below their figure as he dared, and then browbeat them down to it.

He interviewed travelers at the top of the stairs, never in the office. There on the matchboarding partitions were tacked printed notices of Stokes's invention or selection: 'The Lord Is My Shepherd, I Shall Not Want'; 'To whomsoever it may concern: There Are Many Roads in Life, the Rough and the Smooth, the Narrow and the Wide. Take Rough and Narrow, rather than Smooth and Wide, for Smooth is the Way and Wide is the Gate that leadeth to Destruction'; and in larger letters than the rest: 'YOU HAVE COME TO SHOW US YOUR SAMPLES. REMEMBER THERE ALSO COMETH A DAY WHEN YOU MUST LAY OUT YOUR SAMPLES BEFORE HIM.' Under these notices Bruno browbeat dozens of sun-weary or half-famished travelers, adamant to a farthing or an eighth or even a sixteenth of a penny.

In this way, hard, unsentimental, consistently relentless, he felt that he gained a revenge on a world that had been for so long hard and relentless towards him. He gained something else. As far as the gossip of travelers could

extend at that time of day, for a radius of twenty or thirty miles, he gained the reputation of being a hated man.

Gradually the form of ambition had crystallized, become unchangeable. Money — he thought of it as with capital letters. He knew that money made money; and where, to Stokes, money was linked with a creed that was itself beautiful and powerful, to him money *was* a creed, unconscious but wonderful, a force that inspired and obsessed him. It was inevitable that he should be driven by this force to try, as time went on, to make more money.

During this period he was very friendly with Rufus Chamberlain. He began to dress like Chamberlain: the latest in swank hats and collars, oiled hair, pointed shoes, an inclination towards dandyism in canes and colored waistcoats. Flashy clothes sat on him with an air of discomfort and a slightly ludicrous depravity, accentuating his ugliness, the tight coats bringing out the long arms, the light-colored shoes making the great feet seem larger and flatter, the high choker collars raising up the huge head, with the protuberant determined eyes, as though it had been barbarously cooked and served up in a basin too small for it.

He was never aware of this. It made him conspicuous wherever he and Chamberlain went, and throughout the eighties they began to be known in every pub and hotel and ballroom and penny gaff and traveling vaudeville all over the country. All the time the legend of notoriety, begun by the fight at Spella Ho and the gossip of the inheritance from Mrs. Lanchester, grew up about him steadily and fantastically. He became a man regarded not only with hatred by tired commercial travelers whom he outwitted on farthings, but with jealousy by almost everyone who knew anything of his history.

He saw much not only of Rufus Chamberlain but of Charles Walker Chamberlain, too. The older man now

had something like reverence for the younger. They found a dozen questions which argument could never settle. They talked of the old, vexed, and now much more pressing question of the railway. Chamberlain held that a long new main line would come, starting from Bedford, going on through Castor and so to Uppingham and the small towns between. It would come through the south and southwest sides of the town.

'You only think that,' Bruno said, 'because you own half the damn land there.'

Chamberlain agreed. 'Of course I do. I should n't have bought the land there in the first place if I had n't thought that. You're so cocky, where do you think it'll come?'

Bruno said: 'I don't know. But not from Bedford. That's certain. There's no place between here and Bedford that's worth a passenger a week to a railway company.'

They would argue with unrelenting stubbornness on these questions until the early hours of the morning. They were agreed only on one thing: that Castor was not, and could never be, a town of any importance until the railway did come. 'Even if it's only a damn single line,' Bruno said.

One evening he stayed very late arguing the railway question with Chamberlain. Just before twelve o'clock Chamberlain felt hungry, and they sat and argued for another hour with hunks of bread and cheese under their thumbs. At home, Bruno had a vivid and terrifying dream. He was standing in his field, Anchor's Quick. He had lately let the field for bullock grazing, and now, at one end of it, a herd of bullocks were massed ready to stampede. Suddenly they moved towards him at a great pace, in one immense roaring mass of flesh, and he tried to run. In his sleep he could not run at all. He could only turn round. When he did turn round he saw that it was not a herd of bullocks that was pursuing him, but a railway train. He saw it

with terrible clarity coming down a single track. As it roared and shrieked behind him he flung himself with a great effort off the track, falling just in time to see the small-tendered engine and half-a-dozen coaches go rumbling past. A second later, waking up, he found himself lying on the floor, his body oily with cold sweat.

In the morning the dream remained with him. He went to the factory, but he could not forget it. That afternoon he walked up to Anchor's Quick. The bullocks were there, grazing quietly, and he climbed over the gate, standing in the field much as he had stood in it in the dream. Anchor's Quick was on the east side of the town, below but separated by a road from Spella Ho itself. He went back to the factory and got down a map from the wall of the office. He laid a ruler along the east side of Castor; the line made by the ruler ran down to Orlingford. From that moment he felt there was no doubt that the railway, when it came, would come from Orlingford. It would be a little branch line, on a single track, and it would go through Anchor's Quick.

From that time he began to go about with almost nothing else in his mind but this inspired idea of the railway. He went again and again to look at Anchor's Quick and the fields stretching away on a straight line on either side of it. Who owned this land? Was there a chance of buying it? He went to see Mason and Freebody. 'Parker owns about a hundred and twenty acres of it,' they said. 'Candlestick Parker.' Then he remembered Parker, an old man now, a man who for forty years had gone about with the legend of patent candlestick clinging to him like a comic story.

Bruno decided to go and see him. He found Parker alone in a large house of sienna-colored ironstone which Parker had himself built in the forties. He had told Parker that he had come because he was interested in inventions, and the old man, feeble, a little weak-minded,

and egg-bald under the plum-colored smoking cap, took him upstairs to a large room, empty except for a plain mahogany table, on which stood the famous candlestick. Up to that moment Bruno had imagined a candlestick of normal height, shape, and size. Parker's invention, built of solid brass, stood almost four feet. It looked like some complex and silent chronometer: an affair of dials and weights, a hopeless, polished intricacy of beautiful and insane mechanism.

'It works,' Parker said, and he touched a spring. The wheels revolved; a small blue flame on a methylated taper blobbed up and lighted the wick of a candle. 'If you have enough candles,' Parker said, 'it can go on forever and you never need be without light. You like it?'

'I thought it was smaller,' Bruno said. 'A thing I could do in a small way. It's so big.'

'You don't think it's any good?'

'I think it's a knockout. But how ever am I going to develop it? Two thousand to you, then I got to buy land and build a foundry. Then put it on the market.'

He stayed talking for another two hours. Parker brought in an almost empty bottle and glasses. 'Rum,' he said. 'You see, when I was a boy I went to sea for a time. It has always been my greatest ambition to make a boat that would not sink.'

That night they did not even talk about the land. It was a subject that came to be approached gradually, over many weeks and over many bottles of rum, supplied as time went on by Bruno. When it came to be discussed at last it seemed that Parker also had ideas about the land. 'It has been my idea to invent a new kind of steel. Steel that would not stain or rust. You see what it would mean? In engineering, in the house, on railways.'

'Well, what's that got to do with the land?'

'There's iron there. Don't you know? Don't you ever look at the color of the soil there?'

'That red color? Is that iron?'

'Of course, yes. Thirty years ago I mined enough there to experiment on. You come with me. I mined enough to build this house.'

He took Bruno into the back yard of the house and there, in an outhouse, showed him a small experimental furnace. Steel in many shapes and sizes, and in degrees of color from dull blue to silver, was littered about the place. 'I can't do it now. I have n't the strength. I got it so that it would not stain, but it broke just like slate. Then I got it hard, but it was a bad color. Always something. I wanted twenty more years.'

They would talk on about steel and land and Parker's schemes until the old man was feebly drunk. One night, as they were drinking, Bruno said:—

'Well, if you can't sell the land, I can't buy the candlestick.'

Parker began to cry. When he had ceased crying he said:—

'What makes you so anxious to buy the land?'

'The candlestick. I got to develop it. You can't develop a thing like that on ten pole of ground.'

Parker thought it over. 'No,' he said, 'I want to keep the land.'

'Because of the iron? The steel?'

'Yes.'

'Look, Mr. Parker. I tell you what, I'll buy the candlestick and the land. But you can reserve the mineral rights in half the land as long as you live. Then they come back to me. How old are you now?'

'I'm almost seventy-five.'

'Nothing! You got another twenty years.'

'You think so?'

'Why not? Another thing. You keep on with the steel experiments and some day you'll hit it. Then we'll go into partnership.'

Looking into Parker's eyes, he saw

them illuminated with a slightly insane delight, and he knew that it was settled. He knew also that he had no more belief in the steel than in the candlestick, and no more belief in either than in Parker himself.

XXIV

Irish's Traveling Vaudeville Theatre came into Castor at the beginning of the second week of August, feast week, in the same year. That Monday night Bruno turned down Rufus Chamberlain's suggestion to go into Irish's and stayed working in the office, going over the books, until midnight. The next morning Chamberlain came round to the office before nine o'clock in a state of immense excitement.

'Irish's got the hottest bird I've ever set eyes on. God, you can burn your fingers on her from the back row.'

'What's she do?'

'It's not what she does, man, it's what she looks like. She picks her skirts up above her knees and you can see her legs. No tights, nothing. Anyway, if they're tights, they're the tightest tights I ever seen. Everybody went barmy.'

'You did n't get near her?'

'No bloody fear. All we want to-night,' he went on, 'is a pair of field glasses.'

They sat that night on the plank seats of Irish's Vaudeville Theatre, hearing from outside the faint moan and crack of fair organs and shooting galleries, and waited for her to appear. All about them there was a state of suppressed tension. The crowd let out a roar when the girl came on. She was full-breasted but otherwise rather slightly built, with slim legs and very slender thighs. It was the thighs, covered with smooth flesh-colored tights and suddenly revealed by uptossed scarlet skirts, that set the house roaring. Chamberlain fixed his eyes to a pair of large black field glasses like a man eagerly watching a race horse, and the

girl was singing her last song, rolling large dark eyes, before Bruno could get the glasses from him.

When he first looked through the glasses the focus was wrong. He had the impression of looking at the girl through mist. Gradually he altered the focus, and in a moment he could see her with a strange magnified proximity. He could see the slightly unreal painted expression on her face, and it was as though he could reach out and touch her.

Then he knew, suddenly, where he had felt that odd emotion before. He was standing at the back of the music hall with Bandy, ill, fainting down slopes of space, and he was looking at this same girl with the smooth pink tights, his sick mind occupied with the impression that he could stretch out his arms and touch her. He looked hard through the glasses. There was something he recalled very vividly about her. She had white, slim arms. Then he saw that the girl on the stage also had white, slim arms, and suddenly he knew that she was the same girl. He was overcome immediately with a tremendous, fatalistic sense of familiarity, the idea that at some moment of his existence, perhaps far back in time, he had known this girl before.

In another moment she had finished singing and had disappeared. He went outside and looked up at the names of the artistes painted up on the paraffin-lighted boards above the platform entrance. She was there, slightly changed, but the same without any doubt at all: 'Italian Jenny.'

'What's up?' Chamberlain said. 'God, she's good, is n't she?'

'I know her,' Bruno said. 'I met her in London.'

'You what?'

He did not speak. He felt that he did know her. The sense of familiarity bred in him a sense of unshakable certainty.

'Well, I'm damned,' Chamberlain said. 'Where do I come in?'

'I don't know,' he said. 'I don't know where I come in myself.'

They went together to see her dancing and singing in Irish's hot cheap tent, two houses a night, for the next four nights. Bruno could not rest. On the fourth night he lost Chamberlain in a boxing booth after the second performance at Irish's and went round, alone, to the back of the theatre. He could not see her. He saw Irish himself, a tremendous cask-shaped man with topper and white waistcoat, talking to some of his men, and from Irish, after a moment's reluctance, he got to know which was her traveling van.

'Who are you?' Irish asked, and something made Bruno answer, with natural promptitude, that he was a shoe manufacturer. 'She send for you?' Irish said, and he said yes, she had sent for him. 'All right. In the yellow van.'

He went up the steps of a long yellow living van at the back of the tent and knocked on the door. He could see a lamp burning inside, and heard her voice: 'Who is it?' He opened the door, his mind made up now as to his reason for coming. He stopped a foot or so inside the van. The van, shut up all day in the August sun, smelt hot and airless, and he saw her lying down, in her red performing dress, on one of the bunks. 'Who the hell and blazes are you?' she said.

He told her. As he spoke he looked straight at her, fascinated beyond himself by the small dark eyes shining with familiar indignation. 'I saw your feet to-night through a pair of field glasses. You'll kill yourself if you don't get some different shoes.'

'What difference does it make to you if I do?'

'You're a hot dancer,' he said. 'You want good shoes.'

'Hot's about it.' She dropped her arms, exhausted. 'Well, I got no money for new shoes. So that settles that.'

'We shan't charge,' he said. 'Not a cent. Nothing.'

'You don't mean you're giving shoes away?'

He had not once taken his eyes from her. Now she looked at him, for the first time, with the same unremoved directness. 'Funny,' she said. 'I thought I'd seen you somewhere before. You know that funny feeling you get about some folks?'

'I seen you before,' he said.

'What?' she said. She sat up, trying to straighten the stiff ruffles of the dress over her knees. They sprang up again from her hands, like scarlet springs. 'How do you mean you seen me before?'

He told her: where it was, what year, the exact night, as near as he could remember it.

'That was you?' he said. 'The Italian Nightingale.'

'Yes,' she said, 'that was me.'

He did not know what else to say. For the first time his eyes left her face and he looked instead at her feet. She was not wearing shoes.

'What shoes do you walk in?' he said. 'Slippers.'

'They're no good,' he said. 'You want something to rest your feet and support 'em as well.'

'Go on, tell me next I want crutches.'

'Your feet hurt, don't they?'

'They hurt like hell and blazes,' she said. 'And you're a good man if you can do anything about it. I never had shoes to fit me yet.'

He raised his eyes slowly from her feet, looking gradually up the legs and thighs and body to her face. 'I'll make you a pair o' shoes that'll fit you like your tights do your legs,' he said.

'That'll be close enough,' she said.

They looked at each other in silence again for about half a minute, she drowsy and ironical, dark eyes tired but shining, he with the sense of familiarity, at intervals almost hypnotic. Finally she lay down on the bunk again. 'When do I get these free shoes? With a pound of tea?'

'I'll come and measure you to-morrow,' he said. 'What time you like.'

'Don't come before twelve,' she said.

He went away, five minutes later, with a sense of elation that was more like a feeling of hot illumination than any emotion. He felt at once burning and dazzled, his mind like a lamp glass, ready to crack with the heat inside it.

He began to be oppressed by an increasing sense of inevitability. The next day, soon after twelve, he went round to the back of Irish's and knocked on the door of her traveling van and heard her voice asking 'Who is it?' again. He went in and she was lying on the bunk, in the same tired attitude as before, bare arms branched over her head, as though she had not moved since the previous night except to take off the red dress and the tights. Her legs were bare under a gray dressing gown, and old red velvet slippers hung on her toes, showing bare heels and ankles.

'I come to measure you for the shoes,' he said. He had paper and pencil and a piece of buckskin in his hands.

'Well, knock me down!' she said. 'I thought it was a joke.'

'No,' he said.

'You mean you'll just give me a pair of shoes? Like that? I thought you were boozed when you said that.'

'No. Stand up,' he said.

'Eh?' Her eyes shot open, black splits of indignation. 'First you kid me and then you order me about.'

'Stand up.' He unfolded a large sheet of drawing paper. 'I want to draw your feet.'

She grinned then, and stood up. He spread the paper on the floor. 'Stand on it,' he said. 'Both feet. Natural.'

She stood on the paper, bare feet apart. 'Thought you were kidding. I get hot-tempered all of a sudden if folks kid me.'

He drew the pencil slowly round the shape of her right foot.

'Whatever you do, for God's sake

don't tickle me. Is this for dancing shoes?'

'No.' He explained: 'You got to have special lasts, special patterns. I don't think we could do it.'

'I always wanted a pair of high-legged buckskin, right up,' she said. 'White. With black laces and a bow and high heels.'

'Just what you like,' he said.

She went on talking of how she would love the high-legged buckskin boots. He drew the pencil round her other foot: a man moved by some inexplicable force of inevitability, by something just beyond reason and emotion.

'How long to make them?' she said.

'Tuesday,' he said.

'Tuesday? We go on to-morrow morning.'

He already knew this. 'Where to?'

'Peterborough.'

'I'll come to Peterborough,' he said.

He had finished the drawing of her feet, and she stepped off the paper and he rolled it up. She moved to lie down on the bunk again. 'Stand still,' he said.

'You give your orders, don't you? Hell and blazes!'

'If you're going to have high-legged,' he said, 'I got to measure your legs.'

'Me all over.' She grinned. 'Hot-tempered.'

'Hold your dressing gown up. How high do you want the legs?'

She held up the dressing gown. 'Right up. Real swanky right up to the knees.' He ran the tape measure up her white legs, to the small knees, hard and round, like apples. 'Funny, you seeing me down the Waterloo Road there.'

'Yes.' He told her how he had been taken ill soon afterwards.

'Compliment to me. Stomach-ache?'

'I got scarlet fever. I got lodgings and there was an infected bed.'

'No!' she said. 'Go on! Just like me. I got lodgings and picked up a germ or something and got landed with congestion of the lungs. Pleurisy. Laid me

flat, and I lost my bookings. That's how I came to be landed with Irish.'

He finished measuring her legs, but she still stood looking down at him, holding up the dressing gown, smiling. 'A nice free look for you. Think yourself lucky.'

'Why do they call you Italian?' he said. 'Italian Jenny?'

'Simple. My name's Jenny and my mother was Italian.'

As he listened to her telling him things about herself he felt himself drawn slowly and inevitably towards a central point of intimacy. In his mind he saw her in the white high buckskin boots. He saw her traveling in the van to places at immense and impossible distances away. He saw that there was some possibility of his never seeing her again. 'Where do you go after Peterborough?'

'Grantham,' she said. 'Then Lincoln. Oh! I don't know where then. Nottingham Goose Fair, anyway, in the autumn.'

Outside someone began banging a spoon on a tin frying pan, and she got up off the bunk. 'Cook house,' she said. 'You'd better go.' He went out of the van and across the fair ground like a man in a dream. She called after him: 'I believe you about the boots when I see 'em!' — laughing.

It was still in the same dream of inevitability that he drove the thirty miles to Peterborough on the following Tuesday to take her the boots. He saw her in the afternoon. She was asleep in the van when he arrived and got up, frowzy and sleep-muddled, her hair still in pigtails, to ask who the hell and blazes it was. 'Well, knock me down!' she said. 'Come in.' He went in and she tried on the boots, more excited than a child. He took her leg and held her foot between his knees, pulling up the laces firm and tight with his fingertips. 'How do they feel?'

She was in a rapture. 'Grand. Skin-tight. I feel as if I'd wore them months.' Then, when she had both boots on, she strutted up and down the van, holding

up her wrap, swinging her hips, looking over her shoulder to see how the boots looked. 'Swanky,' she kept on saying, 'terrible swanky.' And then: 'Are they fast?' 'Yes,' he said. She laughed and clicked her heels together. 'Fast is just how I wanted them.'

She flashed her arms up and down and then rested them on her hips, fingers spread fan-wise. He saw the shine of a wedding ring. He felt dismay. 'I did n't know you were married.'

'Married? Me? Don't make me laugh!'

'The wedding ring,' he said.

'Just a blind. Like barmaids. Must wear it or I'd never get any peace at all.'

They talked like this for about an hour. He told her he would make her not only a pair of red boots but a pair of black. 'You want to spoil me?' she said.

'Yes.'

'You're going the right way.'

'I could bring the black over one day,' he said. 'Friday or Saturday.'

'We'll be here till Saturday,' she said.

All the time, in the van, and again as he drove back through the stormy hot countryside to Castor, he could feel the thick moist heat of thunder increasing. That night the storms broke. They kept on all night, and he got up to see a land flooded and steaming slightly in the sun. The air did not clear that day, and the storms began to gather up again in the late afternoon, breaking at dusk, lightning splitting over Spella Ho all night, with the same immense roar of rain.

On Friday he decided to go by train to Peterborough. He did not arrive until after twelve o'clock and he went straight to the fair ground, knowing that it would be a good time for her.

He stood looking at the empty fair ground for almost five minutes before realizing what had happened. He stared at the blank churned mud and listened to the voice of a man telling him all about it. 'You should ha' seen 'em! Mud! Water! Looked like Noah's bloody ark.'

'Where'd they go?'

'Grantham, they said.'

Back at the railway station he found that there was no train to Grantham until nearly three o'clock. He did not think of going back. He got to the fair ground in Grantham just before six o'clock. It was trying to rain again, and the girl, when he found her, was in a fit of depression. 'Boots? You better make me a pair o' sea boots. I'm sick of it. Smashed the whole theatre down at Peterborough, one man killed by lightning, everybody flooded out. We pulled out of there at three o'clock in the morning. Have n't got over it yet.'

She looked out of the window, pulling back the lace curtain, and Bruno could see the rain steadily falling on the awnings of shut-up shows and roundabouts, the warm straight rain of the aftermath of days of thunder. 'See that? Nice how-de-do again. Irish'll be happy.'

'No performance?'

'Not likely. Still, I got to dress up and show up. That's Irish's rule whether it snows cats.'

'Want me out?'

'Go out and get me a bag o' buns from somewhere, there's a duck. I'll be ready when you get back. Have n't eaten a morsel since dinner.'

He went out and bought a loaf and a pound of cheese and some Grantham cakes and four bottles of beer. 'Oh! You're a duck,' she said. 'First you give me a pair of boots, and now this.'

'You want to try the boots on before we eat?' he said.

'No. Let's eat first.' She began to cram cakes into her mouth. 'Oh! You're a real duck.'

By the time they had drunk half the beer and had eaten most of the food it was almost dark. He sat on the bed, all of a sudden, and put his hands on her bare arms. She did not say anything. He ran his hands up her arms to the shoulders and then down again, very slowly, looking at her. She continued to say nothing and she looked at him in a way,

as though with some latent accumulation of passion or anger, that made him wonder what she was going to do. He moved his hands along her arms again, slowly upward, and then suddenly she pulled him down.

Some long time afterwards she told him to get up and turn the key of the door. It was dark, and when he moved back to her he put out his hands and touched the frills of her frock. 'Take it off,' he said.

Her voice was surprisingly quiet and remote: 'You give your orders, don't you?'

'Take it off,' he said.

She lay in complete acquiescence, in a dead stillness that he knew afterwards to be a sign of immense passion. 'You,' she said. 'You do it for me.'

XXV

He stayed with her for two days, going back to Castor on Sunday. More and more he felt as though it were all the recurrence of something that had happened before. He felt as though he were being driven, arms and hands tied, to some inevitable and preconceived point of time.

In Castor, Stokes was troubled. He had become prominent among Plymouth Brethren, wore a semi-frock coat on Sundays, and battled hard for a religion of fire and blood, talking of a new Jerusalem. With a position to keep up, he was ashamed of a partner in business who treated morals with contempt and latitude and had never entered chapel or church in his life. For a long time he had been tolerant; now he felt obliged to speak. 'This gadding about with women, Sundays an' all, I don't hold with it.'

'Who asked you to?'

'You been away half the week with some woman or other.'

'Who said it was a woman?'

'All right. I suppose you had white buckskin boots made for yourself?'

This position grew worse; Stokes sus-

picious, troubled by conflict between respectability and immorality. Gradually there arose a second point of difference between them. Stokes was for caution in all things. 'Steady does it. Expand gradual.' Bruno was for opening out, taking risks; he wanted to enlarge the existing factory, if possible build a new factory. Stokes would not hear of it. This conflict between ambition and vegetation went on for the rest of that year, iron grinding itself on stone, sharpening itself but gradually wearing stone down and away, until, towards the end of the year, Stokes surrendered. They would build a new factory. 'The biggest factory in Castor,' Bruno said. 'We're going up, and don't forget it.'

Building on the new factory started in the new year. It began to rise in a huge raw rectangle of brick on the east side of the town, and was filled with a hundred and twenty workers by July.

It was a year in which he was hardly conscious of the progress of time. He was caught up by the fascination, almost the hypnotism, of two dreams: the factory and the woman, Italian Jenny. She moved about the country with Irish's Traveling Vaudeville from the August when he first met her on through the winter and spring of the following year, never staying more than a week in one place, and there were times when, momentarily, he lost touch with her. Yet her existence in his mind remained unshakably fixed. He never thought of her as being at a distance. From time to time he wrote short, painfully conceived letters to her, and after an interval of a week or even a month he would get a reply, from as far north as Newcastle or as far west as Bristol: 'Dear, dear Bruno.' Then suddenly she would move and come down to the Midlands, to Nottingham or Oxford, and he would get her hastily scrawled postcard, or even a telegram, urging him to meet her there.

In May that year she moved back from traveling vaudeville to music hall. In this way he saw her more often. She

was more in big towns, and he made slow roundabout railway journeys, twice and sometimes three times a month, to see her, leaving Castor on Friday and not coming back till Monday. There was one difference: she took lodgings, and they would live for three days as man and wife, sleeping in cheap rose-papered rooms, lying late on Sunday mornings like a newly married couple, luxurious sometimes in great brass bedsteads.

In the August of that year he went as far as Halifax, late on a Friday afternoon. When he got there she met him at the station and told him how, that morning, there had been a small fire at the theatre. 'It was n't much, but it burnt the stage quite a lot, and while they're at it the management are going to shut shop and put in a new stage altogether. It means a week off.' She was excited, had made plans. 'We'll go to Blackpool.' They went on the following day and took lodgings for the whole week. He bought her a red silk dress and a red parasol to match her red boots, and he smoked cigars while they drove in a landau along by the sea and out into the country. She was ecstatically happy, and he went back to Castor like a man who could not see straight.

When he arrived, Stokes was furious. Bruno had not written a word of his whereabouts. Stokes argued: 'Here we are with a brand-new place, overheads enough to kill us, trade slack, and you go gadding off for ten days and don't say a word.'

'Trade slack?'

'We had a gross in last week. A gross! A month like that and we'll go broke.'

'Keep your hair on, for God's sake.'

'Leave God out of it!'

'All right, leave God out of it. But don't horseface at me!'

They quarreled in the new office all that afternoon. In the morning, for Bruno, it was all over, a thing of the past, and he interviewed and browbeat a dozen commercial travelers as though nothing had happened. For Stokes it

was different; he could not forget it. It seemed to him that there was some connection between the immorality of Bruno and the fall of trade. By the reasoning of his religion the one was fruit of the other. He began to go about obsessed by this idea. Women, immorality, loose living, bad trade, bankruptcy, one terrible thing producing another. It began gradually to bring the pressure of some malignant growth on Stokes's mind. Trade hung slack all through September and October, men standing off, rooms silent. Stokes saw it more and more as the fruit of Bruno's behavior.

On the last Saturday in October, Bruno set off for Nottingham. He came to the office dressed in his best clothes, but to Stokes it was as though he had come naked. The factory was not working, and the huge silence of it closed in about the office like some depressing vacuum. Stokes could not bear it any longer. 'We're losing money, but you can throw money about on women as if it growed on trees! I won't have it! It can't go on! I won't stand for it!'

Bruno remained calm. Stokes began to shout about sin and God, punishment and wickedness. 'I was wicked, but not like this! Not like this! Not *this* wickedness.' He continued to shout, his voice wild and righteous, and he was shouting about sin and redemption and fire when a sweeper-up from downstairs came into the office to see what was the trouble. 'Fire! The eternal fire of eternal damnation! *That* fire! That's what you'll have to face.'

The sweeper-up asked if anything was the matter.

'Nothing's the matter!' Stokes shouted. 'Get out!' He slammed the door so that the key bounced out of the lock. He turned and continued shouting at Bruno.

To Bruno the way out was simple. He had a train to catch at Orlingford at twelve-five, and at eleven, with Stokes still raging in the office, he went to catch it.

For another hour Stokes remained in

the office. The pressure on his mind seemed to increase. He sat with his head on the deal desk, trembling, like a man in a conflict of prayer. Towards midday he locked the office and went out. He felt weak and faint. He walked slowly into the centre of the town like a man coming out of a long illness. His hands were trembling and he did not know what to do. Then eventually, driven by sheer physical necessity, he did something he had not done for a long time. He walked into the Swan and had a glass of brandy. After it he felt better. The fire of fresh confidence began to burn out the weakness of his mind. He sat drinking till four o'clock, more and more driven by self-pity towards the idea of taking some kind of revenge on Bruno.

Soon after four o'clock he went out of the Swan and back to the factory. He did not know what he was doing. He could not fit the key into the lock of the office door, and as he stood there fumbling a man going by with a barrowload of potatoes stopped to unlock the door for him. Stokes went in and down to the making rooms. He dragged a heap of scraps of kip leather together with his feet. He overbalanced and fell down and then stood up again, clinging to a bench. His obsession with fire had at last become a realization. He put a heap of newspapers and linen lining over the leather and a half-empty wax pot on the paper. He then lit a match and dropped it on the heap. As the first flames sprang up he felt as if they were the consummation of all his confused anxiety for revenge. Crawling out of the factory, holding on to the benches, forgetting to turn the key in the door, he felt suddenly purified and frightened.

By six o'clock the whole of Castor and the surrounding countryside could see the furnace of Shadbolt and Stokes against the night sky. While it burned, Stokes sat in the dark front room of his new house, crying in the scared way of a child after nightmare.

XXVI

Bruno was arrested at Orlingford Station as he came off the two-forty-seven from Nottingham on the following Monday afternoon. He spent that night in the two-cell lockup at Castor. He was brought up in the courtroom, with Stokes, on the following morning, on a charge of conspiring with Stokes to set fire to the factory, maliciously, in order to get the insurance money. Stokes, without the advice of a solicitor and in a fit of tears and remorse, pleaded guilty. He was persuaded to revise the plea, and both he and Bruno were committed for trial at the Quarter Sessions.

From the first, things went against them: the evidence of a sweeper-up hearing their quarreling, Stokes shouting the word 'fire,' on the morning of the day when the fire broke out; the evidence of the landlord of the Swan, as to Stokes drinking until the late afternoon like a man trying to put courage into himself; the evidence of the man with the potatoes, letting Stokes into the factory because he was too drunk to put the key into the lock; the evidence of a courting couple just off for an evening walk who had seen Stokes, but whom Stokes had not seen, as he half crawled, half fell, down the factory steps an hour before the alarm was given.

This was not evidence against Bruno, but it began to build up against him, slowly, an atmosphere of prejudice. Fixed in his own mind was the knowledge that he was innocent — nothing could shake or alter that. Nothing, it seemed to him, was needed to prove or disprove that. It came as a terrific shock, like an explosion near his face, when Stokes was sentenced to two years and he himself to six months.

He went into Northampton Jail towards the end of the year. While he was there, something important happened in Castor. On a mild February afternoon Dr. Black came home from a meet of hounds; it was warm, he was hot with

sweat, and he unbuttoned his coat. That night he took a chill. He lay very ill for five days, dying of pneumonia on the following Sunday. Long before this, even before Bruno had come back to Castor from London, Black had given it out that Gerda had gone home to Germany. 'The climate never suited her, and she did n't seem to get on with people. She is German, and Germans are not English, you understand.'

When Black died a search was made for Gerda's German address. It could not be found. There was a letter from Gerda instead. She had written it on the night before she and Bruno had reached Harwich. It was a very simple letter. 'Dear Alistair: I am running away from you. I am running away with a man named Bruno Shadbolt, who has been kind to me and has lent me German books. We are in love with each other and to-morrow we shall get a boat for Harwich, to go back to Germany. We have been staying on a little farm and I think we shall try to get a little farm in Germany. My Aunt Anna Maria has a little farm on the Rhine and perhaps we shall go there.'

In two days it was all over the town: not merely that Bruno had run away with Gerda, but that he had come back without her; not simply the scandal of it, the immorality, but the treachery. 'Take her away, then leave her stranded. By God, that gets me.' The bitterness of opinion against him, already strong, went sour. It spewed itself up like some rank and acid sickness, stinking.

The stink of his reputation had not died down at all when he came out of jail in the early summer of that year. When he came out he had the hope, very faint, but stimulated by sudden freedom after confinement and loneliness, that someone — perhaps Maria, just possibly Jenny — might be there to meet him. He came out into an empty street.

He began to walk along it, slowly, a little dazed, in the early morning sunlight. Suddenly, at the end of it, he saw

the wave of an unmistakable straw hat.

'Shadbolt! Bruno!' Charles Walker Chamberlain shook hands enthusiastically. 'I'm glad to see you, I'm glad, I'm glad. Don't say anything. Don't talk. You're a great man, Bruno, a great Spartan. Don't say anything! I got things to tell you. Come and have something to eat. I got news for you.'

Over a meal of coffee and bacon and eggs he listened to Chamberlain talking.

'What d'ye think happened? What d'ye think's *going* to happen?'

'I don't know. A hell of a lot of things have happened to me.'

Chamberlain tilted his straw hat forward and put a hand over his mouth.

'The railway's coming.'

'Eh?'

'It's coming. The railway. It's been settled.'

Bruno felt his heart stand still. 'Where? Where's it coming?'

Chamberlain put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. 'Where d'ye think it's coming? Where's the only place it could come?' Bruno waited. 'Where I've been saying for twenty years it would come! Where d'ye expect?'

Bruno could not believe it. 'It's a rumor. A tale.'

'No, Bruno. No. Not this time. They've been to see me. They've been to look at the land. They're making a valuation now.'

Bruno could not speak. He drove home in almost complete silence in Chamberlain's trap. He walked on to his sister's. She was nursing a baby of three months, and he felt somehow that he could not breathe in the small house, with the crying baby and the rest of the family and the sourish smell of baby clothes drying by the stove. He walked outside into the yard and found Maria's husband, the ex-soldier, nailing and sawing at a rabbit hutch. 'Paying game, rabbits.' He talked to the soldier for a moment or two, and then got over the

fence, into the meadow that led up to Spella Ho. He had a sudden longing to go up to the house, to stand and look at something substantial and large and familiar, some immense bulwark against which his mind could rest.

'Here, where are you off?' the soldier said.

'Up to Spella.'

'Not bloody likely. Look.'

He looked up at the house. He could see then the smoke of its fires blowing in small dark clouds above the bank of summer trees. 'Who is it?' he said.

'Hell of a big family. Arkwright. Twenty-three servants and about forty horses and I don't know what. Much as you dare do to look at the place.'

Bruno climbed back over the fence and went into the house.

'A lot of things can happen in six months,' Maria said. 'You seem to think you can come out and find things just as they was when you went in.'

'Any letters for me?' he said.

'They was some,' she said. She found four letters, gave them to him. He looked at them, seeing his own handwriting on two of them, the address to Italian Jenny crossed out and a new address written and then crossed out, and finally the penciled 'Return to sender.' He looked at the others, at the postmark; they were from her, posted in January from Newcastle, in February from Manchester. 'Dear, dear Bruno.' She wrote as he knew she would write: in distress, tenderly, wondering what had happened, why he had never written. In the letters she gave him addresses of places where she knew she would be. They were all out of date. In despair and rage against himself and Stokes and everything, he tore up the letters and threw them into the empty fireplace.

Maria swooped down on him. 'Ah, go on, litter up the place now you have come back.'

'What's up?' he said. 'What the hell have I done?'

'Done?' she said. 'What you done?' She got up off her knees, her face flushed. 'Things I never thought you'd do.'

He was quiet. 'What things?'

'Jail's too good for you!' she cried.

'What?' he said. 'What?'

'After the bits you done, the dirty bits you done to some folks, after the bits you done.'

'What bits? What bits I done?'

'Make out you don' know! Make out you never run away with her, never had nothing to do with her. Now he's dead it's all come out — it's all come out.'

'Now who's dead?'

'Black. Dr. Black.'

He did not say anything. He opened the door and walked out, carrying his bag. She came to the door shouting after him, beside herself. 'I'm ashamed on you if you ain't! Gittin' folks in trouble — I'm ashamed on you, downright ashamed.'

He walked down the road and back into the town. In the lower end of Castor, by the river, there was a district nicknamed the Rookery. He went down to it: rows of dog-kennel houses, broken windows nailed over with cardboard, fences broken and torn up for firewood, hopscotch chalked on yards and pavements, a man playing a cornet in a bedroom; and there, some time later, he got lodgings with a family named Brand.

After he had some tea he went out to buy a chair and some candles. Forced in upon himself, he wanted to read. It was early evening, and before buying the chair and the candles he went up to see Chamberlain. In the library, he looked for books, still not fully himself, unable to make a decision. 'You better take the encyclopædia,' Chamberlain said. 'That's got everything.'

XXVII

He took home Volume One of Chamberlain's encyclopædia that night. It went up to the letter H, and for the next

week he sat in his room reading it, solidly and systematically, with the iron attention of a man condemned to do something in penitence.

One night he read for so long that his eyes ached. He had reached the letter G. And soon, after resting his eyes, he found himself reading about Gas. And suddenly he was struck by the enormous stupidity of the situation in which he found himself: here he was reading by candlelight when there was such a thing as gaslight. Incandescence, the white-green brilliant light — he remembered it in London. He got up, excited, and looked out of the window over the dark countryside. The railway, expansion, building, new houses, new works — they all needed light. He felt suddenly as though his mind had been illuminated. He wondered then what time it was. He went downstairs. It was not quite nine-thirty by the clock in the Brands' kitchen, and he walked straight out of the house and up to Chamberlain's. Rufus was there, and Bruno told both him and Charles Walker Chamberlain what he felt about gas. 'Everything'll need gas — the railway, the station, factories, everything. Only a dead-alive place like this would have been without gas so long.' They talked until three o'clock in the morning, Rufus and Bruno on one side, Chamberlain on the other. 'I'll have nothing to do with it. Rufus may do what he likes. He has money of his own. But me — no. I'll sell you a piece of suitable land if you like. Near the railway. You'll need that.'

A week later Bruno met the creditors of Shadbolt and Stokes in the offices of Mason and Freebody. He talked to them in an atmosphere of hostility and distrust. He and Rufus Chamberlain had raised, together, almost £2000 towards the formation of a gas company. It was not enough. He told them how he would pay them in full on the old account, how he was about to form a new company, how he could give them, as business men of the town and locality,

the first refusal of taking up part of the issue of shares.

'What company?' a man said. 'What sort of company?'

'Gas.'

The man put his hat on. 'That's about all you do! Gas — and women!'

The creditors left one by one. He stood alone in the room with Mason and Charles Walker Chamberlain. Hostility had hardened him, made him bitterly resolute.

'You can make a public issue of shares,' Chamberlain said.

'And if there's no response?'

'There will be a response. But whether there's a response or not I'll stand as your guarantor at the bank. For ten thousand.'

'I thought you did n't believe in it?'

'Who said I believed in it?' He tilted his absurd ancient straw hat back on his head, defiantly. 'I believe in you.'

So he gradually got it moving: the Castor Gas Light and Coke Company. The public response was slow, distrustful. He moved it forward by his own energy and determination, by a colossal, stoical refusal to be defeated. He worked late at night, not tiring, working over plans, schemes, finances, interviewing applicants for posts. From the North of England came a burly young man with yellow-white hair and hairy fingers, who looked as though some inner fire burned just beneath the skin of his face. He was a chemist, had come through a university, and was named Preston. He understood what was still, to Castor, the new miracle of gas, was eager and ready to rip up any cobble in any pavement, cherished dreams of gasometers, retorts, wholesale illuminations. Gas seemed to burn with candescent white energy in his own heart.

All the time the railway itself was approaching, a huge furrow of clay ploughed by river diggers and men across the bare countryside from the south, past the little outlying villages, through flat acres of grass and corn.

There began to spring up in Castor and on the fringe of it box-like workers' dwellings, in long rows. Run up fast, they were like red scabs on the face of the land. Bruno saw the urgent need for such houses and began, in the spring of the following year, to build them himself. Whenever he looked at these houses he thought of his mother, the house in which he and Maria and the rest had been born; he remembered the tenement in London. By comparison he felt he was putting up palaces.

Then, as though to support the idea, he went to live in one of them himself, an end house, from the windows of which he saw a permanent and to him almost beautiful picture of gasometers, red-lead color in the sun, the new raw houses, the white steel railway track running in its bank almost level with the upstairs windows of the houses. He could see at night the white or orange glow of house windows, lit by gas; he felt in a way that they were lit by his own energy, by his own bitter and irrepressible determination to get on. He knew now that he would get on. 'Nothing can stop me,' he thought, 'if I want to do it. Nothing can stop me. Nothing is going to stop me.'

That year he used Chamberlain's influence to try to get the town itself lit by gas, the streets, the few old-fashioned public buildings. Instantly it was as though he had come up against the old solid wall of prejudice. He saw the need for a miracle, some realistic revolution that would make a staggering impression: a wholesale display of illumination, an advertisement in light. With Preston he tried to evolve some scheme, knowing it must be outside the range of official prejudice. It did not come to him until Preston said: 'Some big building, some big house — if we could light that,' and he was caught up instantly by the fascination of a new dream: to light Spella Ho.

Almost blindly, the scheme not fully developed in his mind, he went up to the house. He had not met the Arkwrights; knew them only as living behind a guard

of livery and horses, held aloof by the impenetrable network of class. In his mind he conceived the Arkwrights as stuffed birds, old, fat, pouch-eyed; drink-ridden, perhaps. He was surprised to find Julius Arkwright a young man, with no interest in the world except, apparently, water. The lake at Spella Ho had been drained and cleaned, and now Arkwright was planning a complicated system of weirs and fountains, arrangements by which he could raise and lower the level of water. He had introduced a pumping system, a costly steam-driven plant housed in a converted summerhouse on the edge of the lake; it was his aim to take the water by pipe to Spella Ho, lay it to the kitchens and stables and even perhaps the garden. He was a man so blinded by the passion of an idea that he saw Bruno and talked to him for an hour without knowing who he was or inquiring who he was, taking him for a foreman of the gang of laborers already cutting the first trench across the park, walking up and down the lake edge with him, arguing, waving his small fine hands or brushing them against his thick aristocratic moustache, laying out before Bruno, in elaborate language, all the details of a marvelous scheme for laying water to the house.

'I come about another scheme,' Bruno said.

'Eh? I beg your pardon?'

'My name's Shadbolt.'

'You mean to inform me you're not the foreman?'

'No.'

'How fatuous of me! A mental aberration on my part. Don't you know that's a damned remarkable necktie you're wearing?'

Arkwright was dressed like a laborer: corduroys, string round the legs, a black muffler, thick flannel shirt. Bruno did not know whether to like or dislike a man so much the poseur and so much the idealist at the same time. Uncertain, he began to talk of his scheme for lighting

Spella Ho, what a magnificent thing it could be.

'Yes, yes, magnificent.' Arkwright agreed with everything, effusively, with elaborate aristocratic politeness. 'I agree, magnificent. A noble scheme. But perhaps later. When I have finished my water scheme.'

'Yes? When would that be?'

'Impossible to forecast. A year, two years. Five years.'

'As long as that?'

'Why not? Why not longer?' Arkwright said. 'I'm young. I bought Spella Ho with the specific purpose of reconstructing the lake and the water arrangements. I can wait twenty years. I've nothing else to do.'

Bruno went back to Castor, not depressed by Arkwright's remarks, but fired. He called a meeting of his three directors that afternoon; told them what had happened, how they could never hope for another chance like it in the history of the company or the house. 'He's opening a trench a mile long. If we're quick we could use it. It would save time, money, everything.'

All that afternoon he bullied the three directors, with Preston supporting him, as he had once bullied tired commercial travelers on the stairs of Shadbolt and Stokes. After they had gone, unconvinced but bullied at least into temporary acquiescence, he stayed on in the office with Preston, preparing plans, roughing out estimates. Just before eight o'clock he went home, washed, changed his clothes, putting on a spotted black and white cravat, and then drove up to Spella Ho. 'Name, please?' the butler said, and he answered with a half-savage feeling of resentment. 'Shadbolt. And tell him it's about the waterworks.'

After a few moments he went straight in. Arkwright was in the library, playing chess with a woman. They were both in evening dress, the woman in a long, tight-waisted gray-blue gown, silk, low at the neck. He looked at her, arrested. She was very fair, with pure Nordic skin

and ice-blue eyes, with magnificent shoulders. 'My wife,' Arkwright said, and she shook hands. He felt an immediate emotional response, a slight start of sickness. She spoke with a full, heavily round voice. 'Don't tell me it's about the water again. We'll all have water on the brain.'

He told them, speaking to her rather than Arkwright, why he had come. He became aware of a recurrent sensation of magnetism when he looked at the woman. He felt words drawn out of him with unexpected readiness. He felt slightly shaken.

'Yes, an interesting scheme, Mr. Shadbolt,' Arkwright said, 'but hopelessly uneconomic.'

'Uneconomic!' she said. 'You to talk about uneconomic!'

'Now, my dearest —'

'Hark to him talking about uneconomic, Mr. Shadbolt. He with a waterworks scheme that's economic from first to last!'

'Now, my dearest, you know how —'

'Am I teasing?' she said. 'Well, I can only say that a gaslight would be very useful at the head of the stairs. Where the two extra steps go up. Before I break my neck.'

'Yes, it's bad there,' Bruno said.

They looked at him, astonished. 'How do you know?'

He told them how he knew, how every inch of the house was as familiar to him as his own hand. 'Well, that's wonderful,' they said.

'I know how much this house needs light,' he said.

'We had gas in the town house in London before I was married,' Lady Caroline said. 'It was great fun. We liked it. My sister blew the ceiling out of the music room. An explosion.'

'I have no sort of doubt,' Arkwright said, 'that that is what would happen here. Water at least can't explode.'

Suddenly Arkwright stood up. He stood up as though startled and began to walk round and round the room like a

man with some form of mental toothache, clenching and unclenching his hands. He walked round the room five or six times. 'Water. We could illuminate the water. The lake. We could illuminate the lake!'

He continued to walk round and round. All the time Bruno and the woman stood looking at each other, detached, faintly ironic, not saying anything, as though there were things between them that did not need to be said.

XXVIII

On a midsummer night of that same year, 1896, he saw Spella Ho illuminated as he had wanted to see it. The house and gardens and park were thrown open to the public and were crowded, the lake like some miniature sea on a Bank Holiday: fairy lights piped among the embroidery of trees along the water edge, the water oar-rippled and rainbow colored, shining as oil. And all the time, a background to the noise of voices, there was a sibilant hissing of gas, drowned finally by the string band on the terrace, the Strauss waltzes, the laughter, the shuffle and swish of feet and skirts, dancing on lawn and stone. He stood on the terrace and made a speech, his crude strong voice like a tear in the plush fabric of the evening, and felt it to be the supreme moment of his life.

On the following Monday morning he sat in his office with the slightly lost, dead feeling of a man who has completed a piece of creative work and does not know how to go on. About eleven o'clock his office boy came into the dark, pitch-pine, slightly gas-odored office to say that a lady was waiting to see him.

'Who is it?' he said.

'It looks like Mrs. Arkwright,' the boy said.

'Show her in,' he said.

When she came in she was dressed as he had never seen her before, in a pure cream silk dress, with large cream hat and cream parasol to match. He got up

to shake hands with her. 'Lady Caroline?' he said.

'No,' she said.

He stood looking at her, dumb for a moment. Then he knew she was fooling him. 'You were last time I saw you,' he said, 'and that was Saturday.'

'No,' she said. 'No. I was n't — all the same.' She was smiling. All the time there was something about her he could not get quite straight in his mind.

Finally he gave it up. 'If you're not Lady Caroline, you're her twin sister.'

'I am her twin sister,' she said.

He sat down in his office chair, baffled, then remembered himself and got up again.

'You talked to me long enough on Saturday,' she said. 'You knew me then.'

'I was talking to Lady Caroline,' he said.

'You were talking to me down there by the lake.'

'Down there? By the lake? That was you?'

'Down there by the lake.'

She was still smiling. He could not speak. He could only look at her again and see the extraordinary resemblance between the two women, with the slight difference only of the eyes, a difference between two shades of light, between ice and water. He walked away and looked at her from another angle. 'It beats me. I can't get it. I can't believe it,' he said.

'On Saturday,' she said, with the slow ironical smile, 'you were n't so slow, Mr. Shadbolt.'

'Saturday,' he said, 'Saturday was different.'

'You were talking to me.'

'So you came to explain things.'

'If you're going to tickle women, Mr. Shadbolt, you ought to know one from the other.'

'It's a bad habit I got,' he said.

He grinned and she widened her beautiful ironical smile and they stood looking at each other exactly as he and

her sister had first stood looking at each other, amused, in instant contact, the point of intimacy preëstablished. She stayed in the office for almost another hour, talking. It ended by her asking him to dinner at Spella Ho. That, she said, was what she had come for. She would be there for the rest of the summer.

On the following night he went to dinner at Spella Ho in the same incongruous vaudeville rig-out he had worn Saturday evening — top hat, ordinary suit, white dicky, white waistcoat, pale brown shoes. They were clothes which brought out in him some curious quality of strength and attraction, making the ugliness itself fascinating. All through dinner — the plates whisked away before he could decide whether to turn them over or not — he sat looking at the two women, with their clear cream-white flesh as alike as two statues made from the same cast, only the emotional response of the blue eyes different.

He stayed at the house until after midnight, talking, laughing, bantering, lifted off his feet by a remarkable sensation of light happiness. He was talking for the first time in his life with people who had been born with money, to whom the problem of the struggle for existence meant nothing and had always meant nothing. He felt it color and illuminate the way they spoke and walked and behaved, what they spoke about, how they lived. It awed and fascinated him. All the time he was fascinated too by the sight of two lovely creatures who looked at him all evening with candidly ironic, teasing blue eyes, with brief moments of fixity when they appeared to have been suddenly fascinated by him. In this way, like a man who, looking at one thing, sees two of it, he began to feel that he was looking only at one woman but that he saw her, by a miracle, twice. Then, just as he saw her as two, he began to see himself as double — double in everything, in size, importance, money, power, prospects, achievement, fascina-

tion, the big man of Castor, the little king of a new era of light, the moving force behind the gasworks, a man who could and would do anything. He was not now merely going somewhere — he had got somewhere: a man of achievement now, a man of new ambition, seeing himself as the potential builder of a new Castor.

XXIX

That was it: the builder of a new Castor. Suddenly, even in his sanest and most phlegmatic moments, he began to toy with that not quite crazy idea. It was at first rather nebulous, a colored cloud, real but remote, pleasant to contemplate. He did not yet think of it as even possibly concrete.

During that summer he was always at Spella Ho. They liked him there; their word for him was *unconventional*. Arkwright, aping the workingman with his string-tied corduroys and neck muffler, a devotee of Tolstoyan philosophy, slightly ahead of his time in England as a socialist aristocrat, saw and admired in Bruno all the raw virtues of the self-made man. As the purest sort of product of his own class, he had come to the point where he did not believe in class. He had picked up from Tolstoy, believing it to be new, something very old: that all men are equal and free, the gospel that under another name was already two thousand years old.

The two sisters were *unconventional* too, but differently. They had that curious godlike gift of twins, a double dose of divine devilry. They were not thirty-five, an age when, in Castor, women still began to think of black and the long staid years beyond the forties, their spirits caged in corsets of a terrific convention. They flew into the crow-black small-town Castor world like two bright hummingbirds. Castor tried to peek them for a bit: swift, dazzling, outrageous creatures. 'Did you ever? I never would! I'd never be seen out like it, I would n't — not for love or money I

would n't.' But it could not go on pecking forever two creatures who for every fault had some lovely virtue. And so finally Castor took them to its heart rather as the public takes an actress, as an ideal, as something lovely and romantic that each one might have been if things had been different.

At Spella Ho, Bruno saw them, almost always, together. Dressed differently, so that even Julius Arkwright should know them, they still baffled him. If they saw him as unconventional, he saw them as female revolutionaries. They loved talking, and they talked, in long heated discussions over the dinner table or the after-dinner brandy at Spella Ho, as he had never heard women talk: anarchy, social equality, William Morris, divorce, votes for women, education for women, the virtues of bloomers, Fabianism, sport, free love. They talked terrifically.

On a hot afternoon in August of that year he drove up to Spella Ho and saw them coming down the slight incline of the lime avenue on a bicycle, Lady Virginia steering and pedaling but not sitting, her sister sitting with legs wide out. They were not dressed for cycling, and when they saw him coming Virginia, in a panic, steered into the grass. He saw them go over with legs and skirts flying high. As he came up they lay flat on the grass in hysterics, laughing so much that they forgot his standing there looking at them, in natural fascination. At last they sat up. 'Oh, great heavens! Here's Bruno looking at our legs. I hope you like them, Bruno.'

That set them laughing again. He got down out of the trap to look at the bent front fork of the bicycle. Seeing it too, Caroline was sorrowful. 'First she tries to make a water bicycle out of her own and sinks it. And now she must ride tandem on mine and bust that.'

'Put the bike in the trap and I'll drive it back,' he said.

She held the handle bars and worked the front wheel. It responded. 'No. I'll ride back,' she said. She felt her

waist with one hand, grinning. 'Something's gone in the underwear department. If anything's coming down I'd rather it came down on the bicycle.'

She rode back up the avenue, magnificent even on the absurd seat of a bent bicycle, waving her hand as she went out of sight.

'You'd be safer in the trap,' he said to Virginia, 'than on that thing.'

'Safe!' Terrifically scornful. 'Who wants to be safe?'

'Take you for a drive,' he said.

'If you drive fast, yes,' she said.

'Fast as you like.'

'All right,' she said. 'Fast as hell.'

They drove off out of the great gates of Spella Ho like a couple of eloping lunatics, at something under fifteen miles an hour, and off along white August-dusted roads towards woods and cornfields in the east. He drove at a furious pace, Virginia bouncing up and down on the seat, the horse lathering. He cut a corner and they bounced briefly up and down in the air like two acrobats falling into the safety net. They drove later under an avenue of low beech, and he felt more than ever as if he were doing tricks in a circus.

They shot out into the open and she made him drive on the verge, a wheel prancing on the ruts, the horse slightly frightened. Terrific. He had known women — but not like this. 'Drive over the stones!' she shrieked. He drove over a heap of roadside stones. The world went drunk on its axis and they looked for a second over the edge. He did it again and saw ahead of him a long white chain of stone heaps. 'We'll bust the damn trap,' he said. 'Good. Bust it. Over! Bust it.' Woods again, and the piles of stones lying in shadow. He was caught suddenly between two hazards, stones and branches, and the trap went over, the horse rearing in air like the rampant figure on a crazy coat of arms.

He lay still among summer-flattened leaves of bluebell, feeling his bones, and then knew it was all right. He got up to

look for Virginia. She was sitting on the verge, between tears and laughter. 'All right. I fell where all nice ladies ought to fall. Accidents will happen.' He looked at the trap, heeled over, the horse still struggling. Between them they righted it.

'A cracked shaft,' he said. He bound it up with string and a strap. 'Well, we gotta walk it.'

'Need we? Must we all at once? Let's stay a bit.'

'Quiet, then. It's hot.'

'Ladylike,' she said. 'Let's walk through the wood and see what's at the other end.'

At the far end of the wood, cornfields opened out and ran away, almost white, the farthest tented with shadowy shocks, on a little hillside. They walked along the small gap between corn and trees and sat down, and then she lay down, looking up, strong fair face almost the color of the wheat. 'Lie down,' she said, 'and look at the sky.' He lay down and looked up, and then, after about five minutes, he came to himself — knew suddenly that women did not lie in cornfields simply to look at the sky, and put his arms round her, quite quietly, wondering how she would take it. 'You want me?' she said. He nodded, fired with anxiety. She looked at him, conveying something more powerfully than by words. 'Promise it'll be all right?' she said. 'It'll be all right,' he said, and he saw a small look of fear beat itself into anxiety and then out again.

They stayed there, between the high corn and the sunless woodland, until most of the light had gone, talking things out. With other women it had never been necessary to talk things out. Passion spent itself, was renewed, petered out, there was an end. He had played with most women, Gerda, Louise, and Italian Jenny excepted, but there was less playing here than ever before. Now he found himself up against an affection that was like silk, rare and delicate and almost in a way untouchable.

Her effect on him was quiet, but very powerful. She softened his character, brought out something in it that had never been even remotely touched before. He was happy, but it was the conscious and controlled happiness of the mind. He rose to a new plane.

She, in turn, was the first complete woman he had ever met. She satisfied mind, senses, body, ambition. She could not bear secrecy. She could not bear the idea of hushing up the thing that had happened to them. It must come out into the light. She wanted to share it with the world on the principle that the food you share has a finer taste. 'We must tell Caroline.' She was drawn back to her sister as if they were tied together by some invisible natal thread. 'We must tell her. I can't bear not to tell her.'

So they told her on the following day, simply, without formality. 'We're engaged.' She immediately began to cry. 'Oh, darling, darling!' She put her arms round Virginia and they cried and laughed together for about five minutes. Sometime afterwards Arkwright shook hands with him and Caroline said, 'Oh, Bruno, I'm glad. I'm happy. I could kiss you.'

'Kiss him,' Virginia said.

So Caroline kissed him, and it was almost like being kissed by Virginia. He felt that it was all like a baffling dream, that he was being kissed by two creatures so alike that they had been sent to torment him.

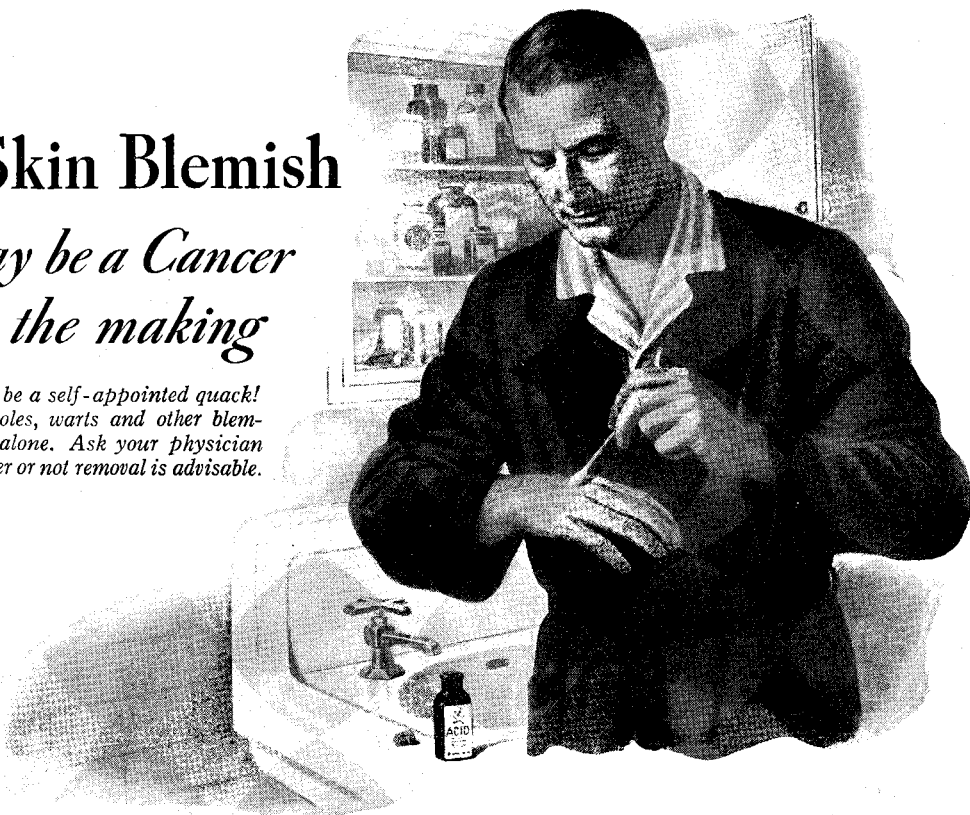
Then they had a small family conference. 'We must announce the engagement.' It was Caroline speaking. 'Yes, but no fuss, please.' It was Virginia. 'We could wait a little. Give an immense supper after harvest.' It was Arkwright.

Finally Arkwright rang for the port and they stood, five minutes later, looking up through the raised glasses, all very happy, with the sentimental, tearful happiness of people who are happy for each other: the most romantic moment of his life.

(To be concluded)

A Skin Blemish *may be a Cancer in the making*

*Don't be a self-appointed quack!
Let moles, warts and other blem-
ishes alone. Ask your physician
whether or not removal is advisable.*



MOLES and other skin blemishes usually are just what they appear to be — entirely harmless disfigurements. But as the years go by they sometimes develop into skin cancers, chiefly because the danger is not recognized and they are not treated in their early curable form.

As long as a mole, wart, brown or crusty patch, scar or other skin growth does not change from year to year, you need not give it serious thought. But be on the lookout for such signs as darkening in color, increase in size, scaliness, or a tendency to bleed.

An open wound which refuses to heal is rarely cancerous in the beginning. However, if untreated, it may develop into a stubborn form of skin cancer which is exceedingly difficult to conquer. Prolonged exposure to strong sunlight may lead to skin cancer. Excessive smoking is held responsible for many lip cancers.

Beware of quack remedies such as salves, oint-

ments and other "cures" for any abnormal skin condition which may be cancer. Only surgery, X-rays, or radium in the hands of a competent surgeon or physician can, as a rule, cure cancer. Self-treatment is dangerous. Innocent moles and warts, which many men attempt to remove with caustics or amateur surgery, may reappear as malignant growths.

Let your doctor decide whether or not early surgical removal is necessary, especially if the growth is located where it is constantly exposed to irritation.

Skin cancers are the easiest of all to detect and cure, yet they kill more than 3000 persons every year in the United States. If you have the slightest suspicion that a mole or other skin condition may be developing in any unusual way, see your doctor at once. Most skin cancers, given prompt and skilful treatment, can be cured without deformity.

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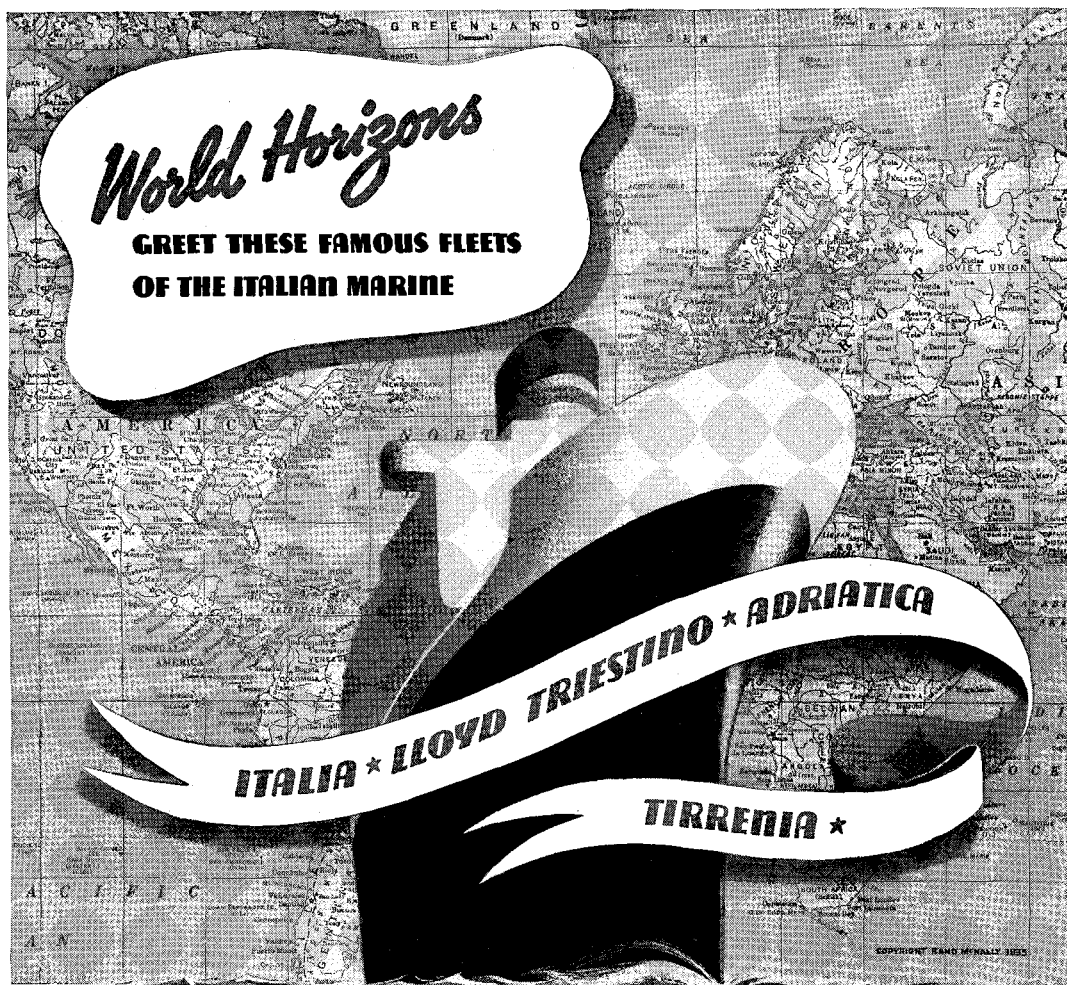
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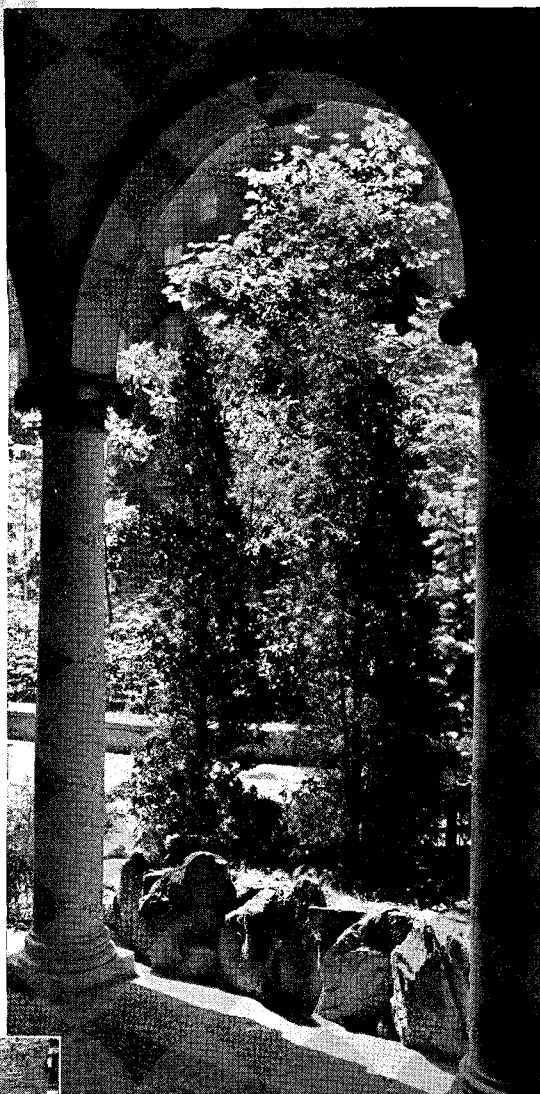


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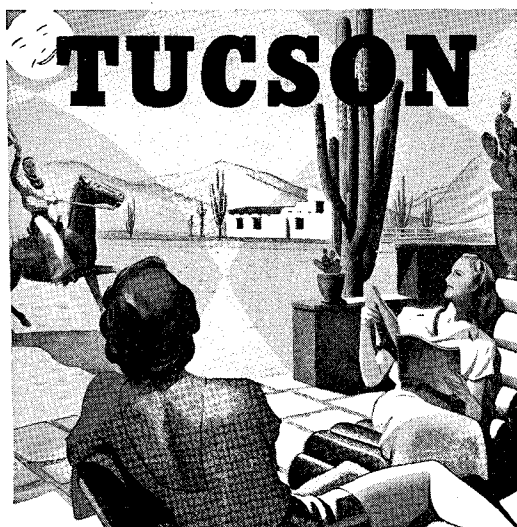
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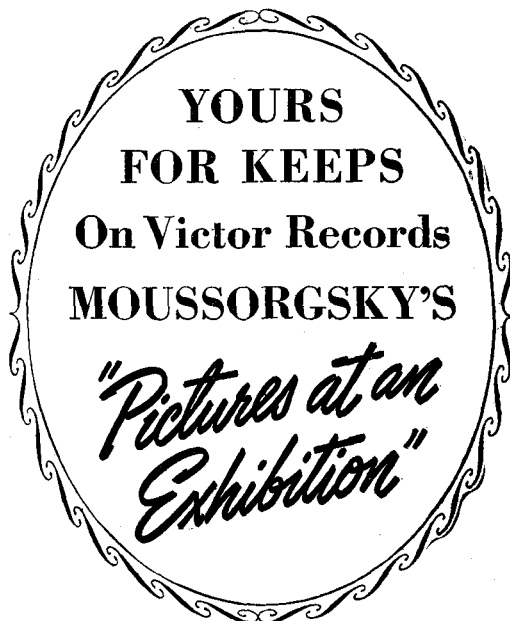
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ANSWERS TO "BETHLEHEM QUIZ"

1. (c) Toledo. (See page 1)
2. (c) Frederick W. Taylor and Maunsel White. In their laboratory at Bethlehem, Pa. in 1899 they developed a new method of heat treatment which resulted in producing high speed tool steels of higher quality than had ever been known before. The first public exhibition of the Taylor & White steels was made at the Paris Exposition in 1900, and created a sensation.
3. (b) Wheat flour. Palm oil is used to decrease friction and prevent the tin from oxidizing at high temperatures. Bran absorbs this oil and polishes the tin surface.
4. (c) Blast furnace operations. When the melted pig iron is poured from the blast furnace, the molten slag which floats on top is poured into another container. On cooling it becomes a light feathery substance known as slag wool. The material may also be processed through compression into insulating boards and similar materials.
5. (c) Wire, used in making springs.
6. (d) Henry Grey, inventor of the Grey Mill. Grey was an Englishman who enlisted the support of Charles M. Schwab, with the consequent construction of the Grey Mills at Bethlehem, Pa., in 1907. Other mills of this type were subsequently licensed in other parts of the country.
7. (a) Employment in the steel industry reached a new peak of 513,000 in 1937, compared with 419,500 in 1929.
8. (b) A series of rolls which produce flat lengths of steel several hundred feet long. The term strip is used because of the ribbon-like appearance of the product. In trade terminology strip applies to such elongated sheets which are less than 24" in width. Some modern mills of this type are called sheet-strip mills, rolling great lengths of steel in sheet width sizes which may be slit for the making of strip.
9. (b) Billet. This is a semi-finished rolled ingot, approximately rectangular in cross section. The term "billet" is used when the cross section ranges from 4 up to 36 square inches.

10. BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY.



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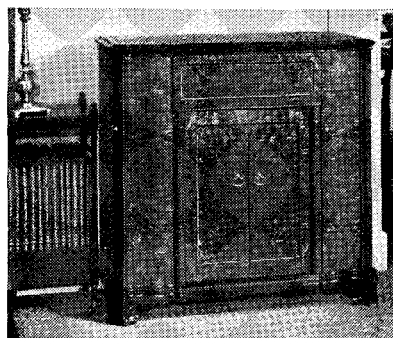
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